April 18, 1994 49145 $2.95 U.S., $3.95 Canadian

How to Minimize Your Taxes—the Clinton Way

Florence King On Compassion

NATIONAL REVIEW

A GUIDE TO PLEASURE

#BXNCMYG ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#9430UZZ555BY003# 436
88 NTRV 501508
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some things weren't meant for a wild ride.

Your savings, for example.

Move your dollars to a secure investment with proven performance — National Review-sponsored GoldPortfolio,® FDIC-insured deposit accounts with higher interest rates than the average market rates.

You may have already seen GoldPortfolio® deposit accounts listed in nationally recognized financial publications. For more than four years, GoldSavers® Money Market rates have exceeded the national average rates calculated by *Bank Rate Monitor*. And at least one GoldCertificate® CD term has been ranked in *100 Highest Yields* for more than 80 weeks.†

Unlike a mutual fund, GoldPortfolio accounts feature the added safety of FDIC Insurance — up to $100,000 per depositor. And because GoldPortfolio is offered by MBNA America, your money is in the care of the nation's "top-ranked" bank in 1993, as determined by *Financial World* magazine.*

Rely on GoldPortfolio for performance, security, and Customer satisfaction — because when it comes to your savings, the last thing you want is a wild ride.

Control your financial future with FDIC-insured GoldPortfolio.

Call 1-800-345-0397, Extension 6034

Investor Service Representatives are at your service
Monday - Friday 8 am - 8 pm, Saturday 8 am - 5 pm, Eastern time.

NATIONAL REVIEW

MBNA AMERICA®

Member FDIC

NATIONAL REVIEW

*December 7, 1993 issue.

MBNA America®, GoldPortfolio®, GoldSavers®, and GoldCertificate® are federally registered service marks of MBNA America Bank, N.A.

†Substantial penalty for early withdrawal of certificate of deposit funds.

© 1994 MBNA America Bank, N.A. AD 3-828-94

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 18, 1994 VOL. XLVI, NO. 7

Cover Story

28 ***A Taxpayer's Guide for the Nineties***
Forget your accountant, says **Lisa Schiffren**. For advice on how to cut taxpaying corners, look to the Oval Office. . . . **Stephen Moore & Michael Markson** ask: Was Clinton's tax hike constitutional?

Special Section

The NR Guide to Pleasure
There are a thousand and one ways to have fun. Here **Roger Scruton** philosophizes at a gallop, **Priscilla L. Buckley** tees off, **James Le Fanu** eats more fat, **Marvin R. Shanken** lights up, **Alistair McAlpine** does Europe, **Derrick Hill** lounges in Spain, **Digby Anderson** catches a hare, **Sharon King Hoge** cruises, **William A. Rusher** takes the train, **William Letwin** downs single-malt whiskies, **Ian Hindmarch** eats and drinks science, **Taki** puts on the Ritz, **Linda Bridges** ignores the critics, **Robert Conquest** rhymes and scans, and **Joe Queenan** enjoys the afterglow of it all.

Sections

2 ***Letters***
5 ***From the Editor***
6 ***For the Record***
8 ***The Week***
26 ***Random Walk***
34 hel
47 ***Letter from Al***
57 ***Books in Brief***
61 ***Trans-O-Gram***
62 ***On the Right***

Articles

21 ***On the Whitewaters***
President Clinton looks worried—and he should, says **Richard Brookhiser**. . . . **Harold Johnson** listens to the Clinton accuser whom the press ignored. . . . **James Bowman** watches the First Lady get shredded.

36 ***Prosecutorial Tyranny***
Charged with prosecuting the abuse of governmental power, Lawrence Walsh instead contributed to it, says **Mark R. Levin**.

40 ***The New Rules of Trade***
When free trade is made "fair," argues **Benn Steil**, Adam Smith would cry foul. . . . Congress is setting up the oil-tanker industry for a nasty spill, reports **Russell Lewis**.

45 ***Worldwatch Watch***
Oil your bicycle chain, advises **Stephanie D. Moussalli**. Worldwatch is getting ready to save the planet.

Books, Arts & Manners

48 In *On Looking into the Abyss*, **Colin Welch** sees the considerable virtues of historian Gertrude Himmelfarb—both intellectual and familial. . . . Does good usage matter? Not in Steven Pinker's *The Language Instinct*, says **John Simon**. . . . Liberal bromides find no shelter in Christopher Jencks's *The Homeless*, remarks **Thomas J. Main**. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** taps his foot to recordings from Mozart to Jelly Roll Morton. . . . **Digby Anderson** takes his adventure the reactionary way.

64 ***The Misanthrope's Corner***
Florence King has nothing kind to say about "compassion."

Cover illustration by Charles Loupet

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1994. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Whose Ordeal?

Robert Elegant calls the heroine of *A Mother's Ordeal*, Chi An, a "thoroughly immoral woman" ["Mother Dearest," March 21]. She had been a population-control enforcer, you see. She had browbeaten women into abortions they did not want, emptied the wombs of women desperate to bear their children, and even assisted as full-term babies were killed by lethal injection. These are evil acts, without question, but is it fair to conclude, as Mr. Elegant suggests, that Chi An is evil to the core?

There is, I think, much to be said in mitigation of Chi An's crimes. She lost her second child when a soulless official ordered her to have an abortion on the grounds that she had become pregnant too soon after the birth of her first. Then, after she obediently became part of the machine, her conscience was numbed by fear of reprisal. Yet so onerous did Chi An find her duties that she eventually fled to the United States. None of this is mentioned in Mr. Elegant's review, though it bulks large in the book itself.

Mr. Elegant understands the myriad means a one-party dictatorship has at its disposal to break individuals to its will. Why is he then not sympathetic to one who has been broken on the wheel of the state but has managed to put the pieces back together again? One suspects his lack of sympathy for Chi An has to do with his ambivalence about China's population-control program. "Chi An and Steven Mosher fudge the moral issue," he asserts, because "excessive population in China has invariably resulted in declining economic progress."

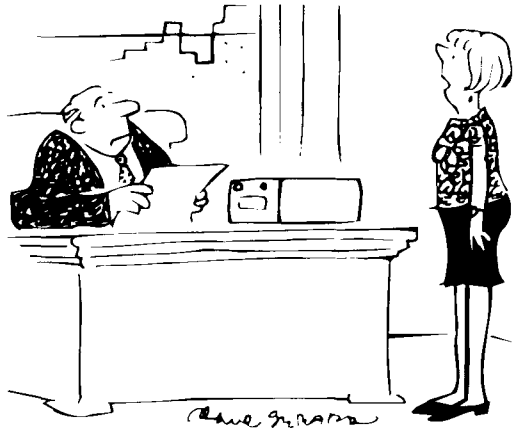
I do not happen to believe that is an accurate description of Chinese history, much less a convincing rationale for the Chinese state—or any state—to intervene in the reproductive choices of its citizens. Mr. Elegant concludes that I must therefore be an "unreconstructed Marxist" or an "Adam Smithist disciple." I am neither. But I do believe that it is unreasonable to dismantle Chinese society on the basis of speculative ideas about the negative effect of population increase on economic growth.

Having made peace with God, Chi An is devoting herself to her two children, and hopes to work as a nurse again, helping women instead of hurting them. And that is all anyone can ask of her.

Steven W. Mosher
Claremont, Calif.

How disappointing to see accepted in NATIONAL REVIEW the environmental movement's mantra that "excessive population" causes declining economic progress.

There's no evidence that high population growth impedes economic progress. During the Industrial Revolution, Europe and the United States became rich as their populations grew at unprecedented rates. Resources and investment from abroad, which was far smaller than domestic capital accumulation, cannot adequately explain that progress; as Peter Bauer has said, if foreign investment were required for development, no country would be developed today. Hong Kong, without natural resources, amassed great wealth as its population grew faster than Britain's did in the nineteenth century and India's in the twentieth. The economic decline of China to which Mr. Elegant refers was relative to the West, not absolute. If China would follow through on its modest start toward capitalism and allow full personal liberty, it would have no trouble sustaining its economic growth.



"Yes, sir, I shredded those documents, after making two copies for the files!"

Westerners undercut their condemnation of this one-child policy when they urge an alternative form of population control. What would Mr. Elegant propose in lieu of the barbarities Chi An and Steven Mosher have described?

Sheldon Richman
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

I never said that Chi An was "evil to the core." However, it did appear that she chose to escape as much to free herself from the pressure of a tyrannical regime as to bear another child. There is nothing wrong with this, but it hardly makes one a heroine. It was anything but heroic for Chi An to return to the butchery of forced abortions so that she would not have to commute as far as she did while working at the sanitarium.

Mr. Mosher is superficially correct in saying that I am ambivalent about China's population-control program. But only superficially. I am not ambivalent about the evils of enforced abortion and sterilization, which I condemn. That revulsion does not, however, compel me to argue that population and productivity are unrelated.

Agreeing with Mr. Mosher, Mr. Richman asserts that a constantly increasing population spurs economic growth. I must disagree. I find it difficult to believe that he really holds to the simplistic notion that a large population in itself ensures economic growth at a rapid pace. China in particular displays the harmful effects of overpopulation. Quite simply, more and more mouths consumed the fruits of the easy economic growth of the 1950s, devouring the surplus that should have been reinvested.

As for Mr. Richman's argument that foreign investment cannot adequately explain economic progress, I would point out that seed money must come from somewhere. The chief source of surplus for investment that powered the so-called East Asian miracle was the vast market afforded by the United States. Not so much foreign investment as large exports to the U.S. were the key—and remain the key for many countries. China is, however, the classic example of growth owing to outside investors. Even before the West discovered investment opportunities, the economy of the currently booming regions was energized by tens of billions of dollars from Overseas Chinese, from Hong Kong, and from Taiwan.

If Mr. Richman had written that a well-educated and highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEFORE OUR DESIGNERS CREATE A CAR THEY TALK TO OUTSIDE *EXPERTS.*

BUCKLE UP–TOGETHER WE CAN SAVE LIVES.

SEVERAL times a year we invite people to come and brainstorm with Ford Motor Company designers and engineers. We talk about cars, sure. But often we talk about NON-CAR THINGS: computers, appliances, music, the environment, quality in very general terms. We know that to design cars and trucks with relevance and appeal, you have to LISTEN to your customers. It's part of the learning process that leads us to quality.

• FORD • FORD TRUCKS • Ford • LINCOLN • MERCURY •

QUALITY IS JOB 1.SM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skilled population was the basis of economic growth, its numbers increasing its productive capacity, I should have been inclined to agree with him. But he did not—and it is sadly obvious that large numbers of illiterate and unskilled citizens act as a brake on economic growth, especially when the complexities of a computer-driven "information age" make so many unemployable—and a burden on the body politic. —RE

Setting the Record Straight

A recent Political Notebook [Feb. 7] dismissed three Minnesota Republican candidates with a sentence each, then made an extended paean to Rod Grams. It might have had some credibility had it been accurate.

First, the article said that my candidacy suffers from only mild activity in party politics. That is completely wrong. My active party service spans 22 years (compared to Grams's 2). The article also accused me of having "no political experience to speak of." I would again point to my record, and mention that the companion piece on Massachusetts praised a candidate precisely because he lacked political experience.

As to voting the same way as Grams, you can be sure I would not have voted for the Supercollider, as Grams did, nor would I have told the Concord Coalition that I would not support faster deficit-reduction measures because they lacked "political support."

In the future, I hope you will look more closely at all Republican candidates before endorsing one.

Douglas D. McFarland
Arden Hills, Minn.

Mr. McFarland would likely be a terrific candidate and a fine senator. He no doubt has been valiant in his party-building efforts within the state, for which he should be commended. But choosing candidates is a matter of judgment—easy only when the choice is between a conservative and a liberal. When all the candidates are conservative, the choice can be endlessly disputed. In my book, Representative Grams's experience, leadership, and overall track record give him the leg up. —GM

A Modest Proposal

Want to solve the health-care "crisis"? Then let's demand the same health-care options as the President, the First Lady, and our congressmen and senators. If we do this, we may actually end up with something worth while.

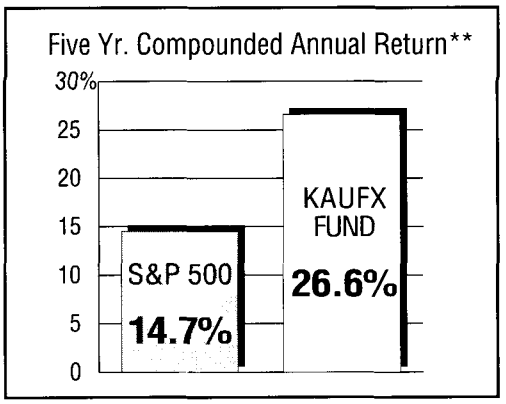
Dr. Brett R. Bolhofner
St. Petersburg, Fla.

#1 Performing Fund Since the Market Low of 1987

—per Mutual Fund Forecaster*

The Kaufmann Fund

A Small Company Growth Fund



IRA

More than twice the average total annual return of all funds.**

Morningstar 5 Star (*****) Rating

(as of 12/31/93)

The Kaufmann Fund is an aggressive growth fund dedicated to the objective of capital appreciation through investment in small growth companies. The Fund invests primarily in companies beyond the venture stage that are profitable and have substantial growth prospects.

Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utsch
Portfolio Co-managers.

For information call: **1-800-666-9233**

*** Period of 12/4/87-12/31/93.**
****Five year period ending 12/31/93, per Lipper Analytical Services.**
Since February 1986, the date the Fund became fully operational after reorganization, the Fund's total return was 229.63%. The Fund's compounded annualized return to December 31, 1993 for the one year, and 2/86-12/93 periods are ***18.2%, 16.4%*** *respectively. Total returns for periods ending December 31, 1993 are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The S&P is an unmanaged index consisting of the common stock of 500 publicly traded U.S. companies. For more information including charges and expenses, please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost.*

THE KAUFMANN FUND, INC.
17 Battery Place, New York, NY 10004 • Fax (212) 344-6227

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

April 18 issue; printed March 30

John O'Sullivan *Editor*

Senior Editors
William J. Bennett / Peter Brimelow
Richard Brookhiser / Priscilla L. Buckley
Jeffrey Hart / Peter W. Rodman
Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
Geoffrey Morris *Executive Editor*
David Klinghoffer *Literary Editor*
Rich Lowry *Associate Articles Editor*
Lawrence Kudlow *Economics Editor*
Ed Rubenstein *Economics Analyst*
Radek Sikorski *Roving Correspondent*
Luba Kolomytseva *Production and Design*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Tony Savage *Assistant to the Editor-at-Large*
Jeanne Shanahan *Assistant to the Editor*
Jane Buckley Smith *Editorial Associate*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Millie Fletcher
Michael A. Watkins
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Research Assistants
Russell Jenkins / Frederick W. Campano
Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Wick Allison / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Andrew Ferguson
John Gray / Florence King
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn / Anthony Lejeune
Stephen Markman / Richard John Neuhaus
Kate Walsh O'Beirne / Paul Craig Roberts
Peter Samuel / John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Vin Weber
Timothy J. Wheeler

Thomas L. Rhodes *President*

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor-at-Large*

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / David Brudnoy / Richard C. Carpenter
John Chamberlain / Donald Coxe
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
M. Stanton Evans / Chester E. Finn Jr.
Doug Gamble / James Gardner / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Brad Miner
Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak / Gerhart Niemeyer
Michael Novak / Grover Joseph Rees
Alan Reynolds / William F. Rickenbacker
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher
Robert S. Strother / J. O. Tate / Terry Teachout
Taki Theodoracopulos / S. L. Varnado
Richard Vigilante / Charles Wallen Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.
Jack Fowler *Assistant Publisher*
Catherine Moraetis *Assistant to the Publisher*
Barbara Nowack *Assistant to the President*
James X. Kilbridge *Chief Financial Officer*
Theresa Maloney *Comptroller*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
Arthur F. Stetzner *Fund Director*
Business Services
Alex Batey / Julie Crane
Karen Pinckney / Galina Veygman
Circulation
Virginia L. Bauer *Circulation Director*
Jason Ng *Circulation Manager*
Kevin Longstreet *Fulfillment Manager*
Advertising Sales and Services
212-679-3923
Donald W. Burkett *Marketing Sales Director*
Scott Budd *National Sales Director*
Todd Westover *Direct Response Advertising*
Jennifer L. Bancks *Advertising Sales Assistant*

Edward A. Capano *Publisher*

Printed in the U.S.A. 212-679-7330

FROM THE EDITOR

My Pleasure

■ *"Life itself is not the most important thing in life. Some cling to it as a miser to his money and to as little purpose. Some risk it for a song, a hope, a cause, for wind in their hair."*—Sir Theodore Fox, President of the Royal College of Physicians.

We take the words of this distinguished British doctor as the motto for *NR*'s Guide to Pleasure. They unmask the fraudulence of the puritan attack on our pleasures: we must forgo them in order to enjoy better health and to live longer. The jogger should be our moral model.

As well as removing much that makes life worth living, however, this health-puritanism cannot deliver on its promises. As another doctor remarked (I quote from memory): Should someone claim you will not die of heart disease if you cut down on cholesterol, ask him, What will I die of, then?

To oppose puritanism is not to embrace hedonism. The hedonist is someone who pursues pleasure with the same single-minded passion that the jogger devotes to health. In the end neither course is much fun.

A full life is one that includes pleasures and duties—and risks—but is not defined by them. The young lady on our cover, who is worshipping the deity Kipling called the "great God Nick O'Teen," would certainly agree with Sir Theodore. So do we.

■ But we are sometimes wrong. NATIONAL REVIEW opposed Rudolph Giuliani's campaign for mayor of New York because he ran on both the Republican and Liberal tickets, seeming more Liberal than Republican. Since there was an articulate Conservative candidate available in George Marlin, we urged support for him.

We do not repent our support for Mr. Marlin, who ran a feisty and principled campaign. But Mr. Giuliani in office has been a pleasant surprise. He has produced a realistic budget, proposed long-overdue cuts in the city's union-bloated payroll, faced down racial huckstering (by Al Sharpton and the Usual Suspects—a great name for a rock group, by the way), and given strong backing to the police.

Indeed, this may be the first time that Evans's Law—coined by the distinguished conservative columnist M. Stanton Evans, and holding that "when our people get into power, they cease to be our people"—has produced a shift from left to right.

■ I cannot share the distress of Mrs. Clinton's former admirers, as chronicled by James Bowman on page 24, at her fall from grace.

Hillary Rodham Clinton, as shown in the early photographs, filled me with terror and foreboding. With her granny spectacles glinting ferociously and her endless supply of moralistic uplift, I saw her as a sort of Madame Defarge, PhD (Gender Studies).

The "New Hillary"—a perky, glamorous blonde showing off frocks in *Vogue*—at first struck me as a disguise: by day she drank cocktails and lunched with the girls; by night she litigated.

But it turns out that the Real Hillary is a Material Girl. She made out like a bandit in cattle futures—in the *Seventies*; she rarely appeared in court, her position as governor's wife being her chief legal qualification in Arkansas; and she spent most of her time "networking" (i.e., seeing old friends and gossiping).

Well, what a relief.

■ With this issue we welcome Larry Kudlow—formerly chief economist at Bear Stearns and before that an associate director in President Reagan's Office of Management and Budget—as economics editor.

He will be writing regularly, and later in the year he will oversee a new economics section. Kremlinologists, familiar with his Bear Stearns column, may notice his presence already.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ **Bill Clinton**'s press conference notwithstanding, biggest Whitewater winners thus far: Republican **Jim Leach** (Iowa) with low-key, effective performance on Whitewater; **Bob Bartley**'s *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, which focused early on Arkansas cronyism problem at Justice Department in person of now-resigned Associate Attorney General **Webster Hubbell**; and *Washington Times*, whose articles by investigative reporter **Jerry Seper** last fall renewed media interest. . . . *Village Voice* says Whitewater would be impossible to understand without *Washington Times*, and *Guardian* of London cites paper for "winning the exposé race thus far." . . . *Times* has nominated Seper for Pulitzer. Inside Beltway, Tuesday, Friday columns by *Times* editor **Wes Pruden**, an Arkansas native whose Confederate ancestors fought at Shiloh, anxiously awaited. . . . Biggest Whitewater losers, besides Clintons, stonewalling Democrats like **Henry Gonzalez** of House Banking Committee, pussy-footing Speaker **Tom Foley**, and **James Carville**, whose inept stage-managing of counterattack has earned him nickname "Captain Cover-up." . . . Monitor Radio's Washington chief **Rod MacLeish** and *Washington Post*'s **Haynes Johnson**—tigers on Watergate and Irangate—deplore "feeding frenzy" over Clintons. . . . National Journalism Center head **M. Stanton Evans**—of "I was never for **Nixon** until Watergate" fame—turned down spoofing offer from fellow conservatives to "bring all Americans together" by heading Clinton defense committee called "Respect the Institution of the Presidency" (RIP) on grounds, "I've never respected the institution of the Presidency."

■ The season's chutzpah award goes to **Oliver North**—whose response to blast by **Ronald Reagan** at his "misrepresentations" of Iran–Contra affair in Virginia senatorial campaign was: If the **Gipper** says it, it must be right. North, running in primary against Reagan's OMB chief **James Miller**, added that he's "the only candidate [in race] who can admit when he makes a mistake." . . . Rep. **Olympia Snowe** (R., Me.) is GOP liberal, but she stands good chance of capturing seat of retiring Senate Majority Leader **George Mitchell**. . . . In Texas, opinion polls show Gov. **Ann Richards** just four points ahead of GOP opponent **George Bush** (Jr.). . . . Lost behind coverage of **Rostenkowski** in Illinois primary was success of longtime conservative and 1980 presidential candidate **Phil Crane** in beating back serious challenge.

■ Good news on international front. Well-informed *Jane's Intelligence Review* reports decline in oil prices, 25 per cent devaluation of riyal, and rising religious-political tensions have caused "unprecedented strains in Iran." Mideast expert **James Wylie** feels they might even lead to revolution. . . . Georgetown U. Near East specialist **John Esposito** agrees: "What's being challenged is both the religious and the political legitimacy of the government." . . . More trouble for **Castro**. Legislation picking up bipartisan support in Congress offers Cuba extensive aid—once Castro is gone. Rep. **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.) worries bill might be invitation to coup and possible "bloodshed," a delicacy absent when Rangel pushed for sanctions against South Africa regardless of consequences. . . . Catholic theologian **Michael Novak**, winner of this year's **Templeton** prize, will use part of million-dollar prize money to set up medical clinic in Asia in memory of missionary brother killed there.

"Unfortunately my wife completely understands me."

■ Democrats' attempted co-option of "family values" goes not even skin deep. In single week: Surgeon General **Joycelyn Elders** called gay sex "wonderful" and "healthy," Health and Human Services Secretary **Donna Shalala** defended TV ads urging use of condoms, and Justice weakened traditional stand in child-pornography cases. . . . On Right, **Paul Weyrich**'s cable network is now in 8.5 million homes in 25 markets. Among its shows, folk-music ditties by former **Jesse Helms** staffer **Chris Manion**, son of Fifties anti-Communist **Clarence Manion**. . . . Former Reagan speechwriters moving out, and up. *New York Post* has given **John Podhoretz**, author of well-received *Hell of a Ride* (about Bush Administration), regular TV column. Superagent **Andrew Wylie** is representing **Josh Gilder** in bidding war for book on GOP fortunes in '96. (Gilder recently wound up working with **David Rockefeller** on Rockefeller's memoirs.) **Peter Robinson**, now at Hoover Institution, has gotten pre-publication plaudits from business expert **Tom Peters**, and authors **George Gilder** and **Bill Buckley**, for his book on Stanford Business School, *Snapshots from Hell*, due from Warner Books in May.

■ Maestros of *Vanity Fair*'s gigantic Academy Awards party refused **Moët & Chandon**'s offer of Dom Pérignon on ground that there were "too many Democrats in the room," says *Hollywood Reporter*. Magazine's party was eclipsed by post-Oscar bash of hostess **Dani Janssen**, a closet *NR* reader in liberal Hollywood, which drew major winners **Spielberg**, **Hanks**, among others. . . . At this year's less-than-hilarious Gridiron Dinner, what kudos there were went to **Al Gore**: "When people ask me what it's like to be No. 2 at the White House, I say," looking at **Hillary**, also on dais, "she seems to enjoy it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The final word in stock brokerage.

Joe Ricketts, Chief Executive

AccuTrade® is a revolutionary, automated system that allows you to trade stocks, get quotes, and much more by personal computer or by a common touchtone telephone!

It's so easy to use! Plus, you have experienced brokers standing by should you ever want assistance.

You also get these unique advantages:

- Enter orders, receive quotes 24 hours a day, seven days a week*
- No set-up, software or monthly online fees

Only 3¢ Per Share Commissions!

- 3¢ per share regardless of stock price
- $48 minimum commission
- $5,000 minimum equity to open your account

For free, no-obligation information, call toll-free

1-800-542-9300

AccuTrade®

A TransTerra Co.

MEMBER NASD / SIPC

WA-23

*Orders executed during normal market hours. SIPC account protection is $500,000 with $100,000 for cash claims. Additional $2.5 million account protection is provided.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ We hear a new bar is opening down the street from the White House. It's called the "Modified Limited Hangout."

■ Shortly after 1 A.M. on Saturday, March 26, the Senate passed President Clinton's "Goals 2000" education bill, a top priority for both the Administration and its chief sponsor, Senator Ted Kennedy. The *Washington Post*'s front-page story on the legislation was subtitled "Democrats in Congress Give Clinton a Victory After GOP Filibuster." Not true. Lame-duck Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell could come up with only 53 votes to end the filibuster led by Jesse Helms. (Senator Helms was protesting the dropping of his voluntary-school-prayer provision, which had previously passed the Senate 75 to 22.) So nine Republican senators (Bond, Chafee, Danforth, Domenici, Durenberger, Gorton, Hatfield, Jeffords, and Specter) rushed to the rescue of a bill which Senator Moynihan had earlier described as "evidence of a dysfunction in the political world far more portentous than in our high schools." The vote is also evidence of dysfunction in the Republican Party. "Goals 2000" represents a colossal waste of money, but thanks to liberal Republicans, President Clinton will soon preside over a Rose Garden signing ceremony, symbolizing the end of gridlock and a refusal to be distracted by Whitewater.

■ An article in *U.S. News & World Report* explains that "the most powerful woman in American government" does not reside in the White House, but rather serves as chief of staff to Minority Leader Bob Dole. We are told that Sheila Burke, who joined Dole's staff 17 years ago as a Democrat with a "bias on the liberal side," is the person most likely to write the final health-care-reform compromise. Indeed, the article explained that Miss Burke does double duty—Senator Dole's top aide also happens to be Senator Moynihan's "favorite resident health-care expert." How convenient. Unknown outside the Beltway, Sheila Burke wields enormous power on Capitol Hill. She has been responsible over the years for much of the Republican me-tooism that puts a bipartisan gloss on liberal legislation. An enthusiastic backer of Senator John Chafee's "Clinton Lite" health plan, Miss Burke is likely to have it re-emerge as the Dole plan, sell it to Senator Moynihan—and Mrs. Clinton will have "health reform's other woman" to thank for the passing of a bipartison version of her own plan. But just where is Bob Dole in all this? The article explains that Mr. Dole adopted the "no-health-care crisis" line over Miss Burke's opposition, and now realizes it was a mistake. Implied message from Sheila Burke to her boss: Slip the leash and you could be hit by a bus.

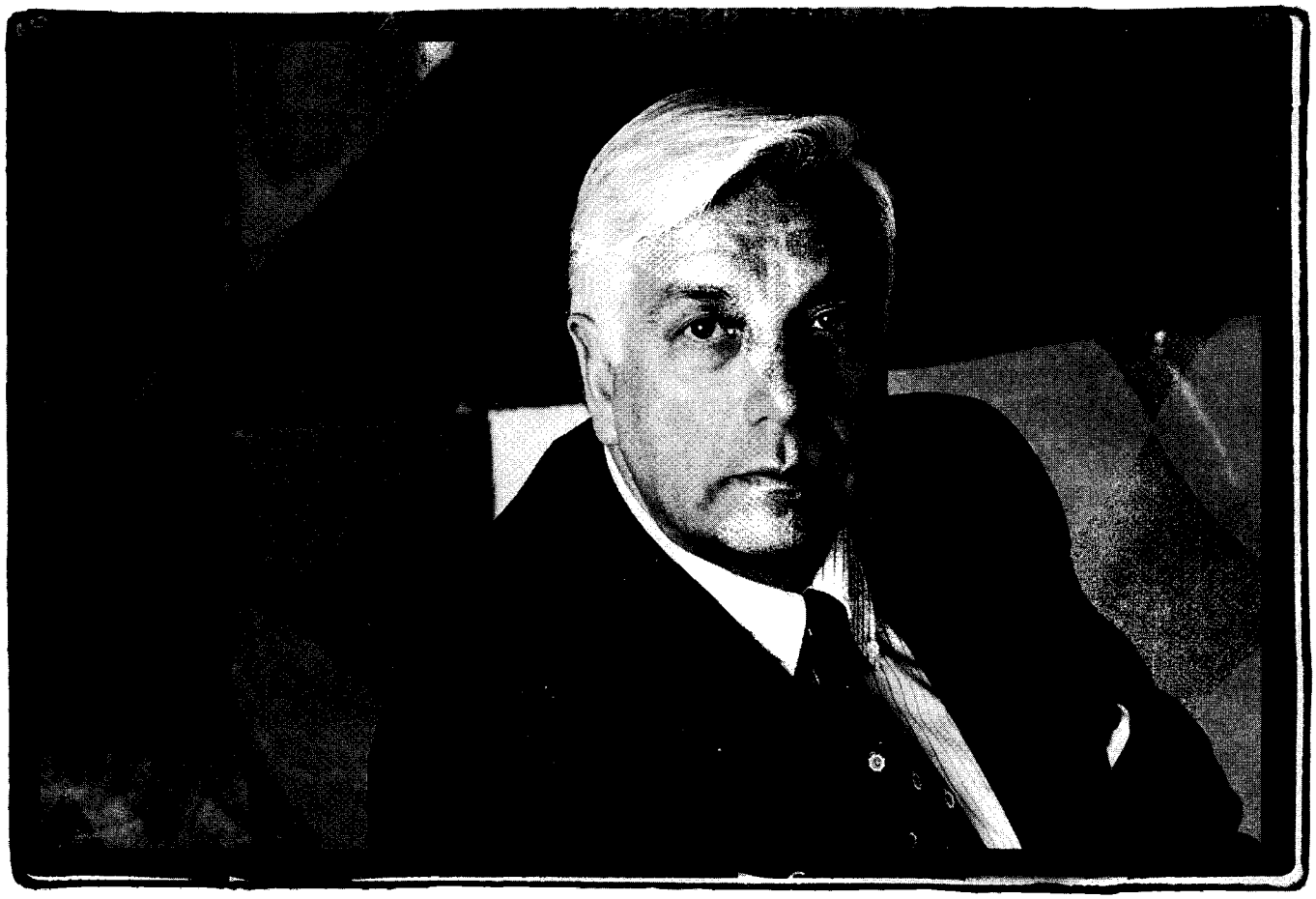
■ George Stephanopoulos is in trouble for trying to prompt the firing of a lawyer looking into the bankruptcy of the Madison Guaranty S&L. Apparently Mr. Stephanopoulos forgot all about his interference until he read his mother's autobiography.

■ Governor Pete Wilson has done a great deal to unpopularize himself and the Republican Party in California since he was elected governor in 1990. He has deserted the GOP rank and file on matters such as taxes, regulation, and the voucher initiative. For the last two years, when Governor Wilson's popularity hovered just under 20 per cent, there were occasional murmurs of a primary challenge. One has now materialized. Ron Unz, who owns a successful financial-services software company called Wall Street Analytics and who is on the board of David Horowitz's Center for the Study of Popular Culture, will announce his challenge for the nomination in early April. Mr. Unz apparently is willing to spend his own resources and has prominent conservative Republicans in his camp. Dethroning a sitting gover-

"My, we have important friends."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why A Hispanic Heads An Organization Called U.S.English."



Mauro E. Mujica, AIA – Architect
Chairman/CEO, U.S.English

"I am proud of my heritage. Yet when I emigrated to the United States from Chile in 1965 to study architecture at Columbia University, I knew that to succeed I would have to adopt the language of my new home.

"As in the past, it is critical today for new immigrants to learn English as quickly as possible. And that's so they can benefit from the many economic opportunities that this land has to offer. I believe so much in this concept that when elected to head an organization that promotes the use of English, I eagerly accepted.

"U.S.ENGLISH is a national, non-partisan, non-profit organization committed to making sure every single immigrant has the chance to learn English.

"Our mission is the preservation of our common bond through our common language: English. We are dedicated to making it the official language of all levels of government, of course, exempting such activities as emergency services and foreign language teaching. With our help, today 19 states have passed laws declaring English their official language. In the courts we have won a number of key federal and state language cases. On the job and in the schools we're supporting projects that will ensure that all Americans have the chance to learn the language of equal opportunity."

To make a contribution or to find out more information, call our toll-free number **1-800-787-8216.** Or write: U.S.ENGLISH, 818 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20006.

U.S.ENGLISH

THE LANGUAGE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor is always difficult (and Mr. Wilson has won back conservative and populist support by his leadership on the immigration issue), but teaching him a lesson may not be.

■ Two veterans of the Reagan White House are seeking the Virginia Republican senatorial nomination: Jim Miller, who is pro-growth and rock solid on social issues, and Oliver North, the man in the uniform who humbled congressional blowhards during the Iran–Contra investigations. Since his moment of glory, however, Mr. North has claimed that President Reagan knew about the diversion of Iranian money to the Contras and then instructed Mr. North to lie about it to Congress. Mr. Reagan accordingly made an unprecedented (for him) intervention in a Republican primary, by writing in an open letter to former Senator Paul Laxalt that he was "pretty steamed" about these assertions. Deftly, Mr. North accepted Mr. Reagan's account on the theory that the Gipper was always right. And there—with Mr. North damaged, but not fatally—the matter should be left. If Republicans are to beat Democrats, they cannot fight their internal battles to the death. Mr. Miller has *NR*'s support because, among other reasons, he meets the test of being the conservative with the best chance of beating Senator Robb. But he will not manage that without North supporters on his side; and he will not win them over if he seems to join with the local GOP establishment, which wants the votes of the Religious Right so long as they are neither seen nor heard.

■ Barry Goldwater recently made headlines by suggesting that journalists and Republicans hot on the scent of Whitewater should "get off [Bill Clinton's] back and let him be President." We still wish the voters had let Barry be President in 1964, and if more of them had paid attention to what he was saying about Bobby Baker and other unsavory LBJ cronies, maybe he would have gotten the chance.

■ James McDougal, the Clintons' Whitewater partner, may have devised an interesting strategy for getting legal immunity. He announced that he will run for Congress.

■ We apologize to our readers and to Andrew Ferguson for abruptly ending his April 4 "Gimlet Eye" column. The last paragraph should have read: "His sentence, come to think of it, is worse than death. Chased by the acolytes of NOW, pelted with charges of sexual harassment, begging forgiveness from editorial writers: even the Puritans with their pillories were kinder. This is the fate that swam into view for Martin Hoke in those seconds of horror the videotape captured so pitilessly. Anyone who has seen it will not soon forget it, this archetype for the Nineties: the frozen aspect of a man about to be done in by boobs."

■ "Penny foolish, pound *insane*," is how the Center for Security Policy correctly characterizes the Administration's gutting of U.S. national-security export controls. Throughout the Cold War, the U.S. and its allies maintained restrictions on the export of militarily sensitive technologies to the Soviet bloc and to other undesirable recipients. While U.S. businesses complained of the complex regulations and the lax enforcement of allies' restraints on their own companies, the regulatory mechanism had a vital purpose—to disprove Lenin's dictum about the capitalists selling their enemies the hanging rope. With the end of the Cold War, NATO's collective regulatory regime is being allowed to lapse, and the Administration offers in its place a watered-down Export Administration Act. This responds to the wishes of U.S. companies to sell their wares unhindered—not to the continuing danger to national security represented by high-tech weaponry in the hands of Iraq, Iran, North Korea, et al. (not to mention a resurgent Russia). It's a disappointing response from a Clinton–Gore team that made hay in 1992 out of the Bush Administration's sales of weapons technology to Saddam Hussein. Republicans, responding to short-term pressures for jobs, haven't been much better. It's time to wake up before both parties have the responsibility for a catastrophe on their hands.

■ By ship and helicopter, the last 1,100 U.S. Marines departed Somalia on March 25, a few days before President Clinton's self-imposed March 31 deadline. A great success, the Administration calls it. On the contrary, the Somalia intervention will go down in history as a bungle. When Americans are asked to risk their lives, no matter how noble the humanitarian purpose, there is still a requirement for sobriety—indeed for strategy. In Somalia, President Bush sent 28,000 troops on the carefully restricted mission

Iowa's Savonarola

With rectitude like Emerson's,
  And gravitas in spades,
Jim Leach piles faggots by the bunch
  Around the barricades
As Hillary remains aloof
  And Bill deflects the press,
While Democrats uneasily
  Inch backward from the mess.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST POWERFUL COMPACT RADIO IN THE WORLD!

First and ONLY world band with award-winning vertical design. Measures approximately 7⅜" x 4½" x 1⅝", with built-in stand and retractable ferrite antenna.

©1994 MBI

THE GRUNDIG YB-500
FM/AM Shortwave Receiver

Listen! Here is the BIG BREAKTHROUGH in powerful performance and design. Not in stores. . .Now available to you in the U.S.A. from Willabee & Ward. No other compact radio packs all these powerful features.

▲ POWERFUL RECEPTION. The Grundig YB-500 **does it all:** pulls in AM, FM, FM stereo, **every** SHORTWAVE band, even aviation, military and ship-to-shore. All with lock-on digital precision.

▲ POWERFUL SOUND. Exclusive Audio Power Boost — found on no other world band radio — gives the YB-500 big, rich, room-filling legendary Grundig sound.

Powerful Features.

Power scan! The YB-500 has continuous power scan on shortwave — stops at every signal and lets you listen. When you hear a broadcast you want, you tell the radio to stop. Only Grundig has this feature.

Power timing features! The YB-500 can send you to sleep on FM, wake you with weather on AM, then switch you to BBC shortwave. Even shuts itself off. Elsewhere, you'd pay $500 for these features.

Powerful Memory.

The BBC and *all* major world broadcasters are pre-set for instant retrieval. You can add 40 more stations on any band and display call letters for reference. No other radio at this price offers such powerful memory.

Also has instant keypad access to all frequencies. Illuminated, adjustable LED display for bedside use. Advanced RDS FM station information display. It will be years before other makers catch up with the YB-500. But it is available today from Willabee & Ward.

Powerful Value.

The Grundig YB-500 is only $299 (plus $9.50 shipping and handling), payable in eight monthly credit card installments of $38.56. Includes 4 AA batteries, deluxe travel pouch, stereo headphones, owner's manual, and Grundig's shortwave listening guide. INTRODUCTORY OFFER: ORDER NOW AND GET A FREE DUAL-VOLTAGE INTERNATIONAL ADAPTER!

Grundig 1-year warranty on parts and labor. 30-day money back guarantee. Grundig is to radios what BMW and Mercedes are to cars. European look! European sound! European quality! Order now!

Phone orders normally shipped next business day.

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534
Extension 697-355

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534
Extension 697-355

Please send me _____ Grundig YB-500 Digital All-Band Shortwave Receiver(s). For each receiver, charge eight installments of $38.56* to my credit card:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date

Name _____
Please Print Clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(Orders subject to acceptance.)

☐ I prefer not to pay by credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $299 plus $9.50 shipping/handling, a total of $308.50* for each receiver.

**Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Higher shipping/handling outside U.S.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of providing relief supplies; President Clinton reduced the U.S. force to about 4,000 while simultaneously expanding the mission into an exalted enterprise of "nation-building." The mismatch between ends and means guaranteed a fiasco. Having declared ambitious goals, Mr. Clinton has essentially bugged out, turning the country over to the warlord Aidid, whom we had earlier tried to defeat. This inglorious outcome may nonetheless be for the best, since Somalia embodies no U.S. strategic interest worth more than the casualties our forces have already incurred (if that). But a heavy price will also be paid in the coin of American credibility, whenever the U.S. tries to warn a foe or reassure a friend on some future occasion and perhaps for more substantial reasons.

■ A new postcard features a six-year-old Bill Clinton with his first-grade class in Hope, Arkansas. The Clinton boy was so thoughtful, explains the blurb, that "Relatives recall kids going over to Bill's house 'just to watch him think.'" (Whether before or after watching the grass grow is unclear.) How things have changed! Mr. Clinton is now President, and his classmates can turn the TV to one of his sessions with the press—and watch him rethink.

■ Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders keeps discharging her duties as chief health educator with aplomb. In a recent interview with *The Advocate*, a magazine for homosexuals, she reminds us of our need to find sex pleasurable. "We have to be more open about sex, and we need to tell people that sex is good, sex is wonderful . . . whether it is homosexual or heterosexual"—information we thought pretty well disseminated by now, and on a par with national AIDS Coordinator Kristine Gebbie's comments last October that we Americans must start thinking sex an "important and pleasurable thing" or "we will continue to be a repressed Victorian society," a cultural trait not widely noticed lately. Dr. Elders also approves of homosexual adoptions and calls the Boy Scouts' ban on homosexual Scout leaders "unfair." She even reflects on divine purposes. "Well, I feel God meant sex for more than procreation. Sex is about pleasure, as well as about responsibility." With her theological credentials firmly established on the matter of sex, Dr. Elders's crusade against smoking points up interesting priorities. "I feel we shouldn't advertise something [smoking] we know to be a poison and a killer," she has said. Well, let's do a comparison. A rough estimate is that, given the failure rate of condoms, one in 3,300 acts of protected anal sex results in the transmission of the AIDS virus. Would someone who smoked 3,300 cigarettes—165 packs—run an equal risk of contracting cancer?

■ The Dutch have named a tulip in honor of Hillary Rodham Clinton. It grows best beside a stone wall.

Beyond His Depth

Mr. Clinton, whose expertise ends
At the water's edge, gamely pretends
    He's a Talleyrand, though,
    With Pyongyang set to blow,
Both his tootsies are blue from the bends.

W. H. VON DREELE

Mr. Clinton's Model

WAY BACK in the autumn of 1965, President Johnson unexpectedly summoned Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin into his office and persuaded him to hold off on a discount-rate hike, at least long enough for the issue to be re-examined after the President had his gall bladder removed. When the Fed finally raised the key central-bank rate on December 5, 1965, from 3½ to 4 per cent, President Johnson exploded at Mr. Martin and hauled him down to the ranch in Texas for a private tongue-lashing. Although the dollar was not finally devalued and de-linked from gold until President Nixon terminated the Bretton Woods monetary system in 1971, Mr. Johnson's political interference in 1965 signaled the beginning of the end of U.S. price stability.

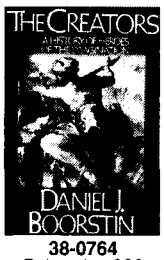
From a 1.6 per cent yearly rate in 1964, the increase in the consumer price index steadily grew, hitting 5.5 per cent in 1969, then 11 per cent in 1974, and finally peaking at 13.5 per cent in 1980. Credit-market interest rates followed obediently upward, peaking around 14 per cent in 1980 and 1981, with the bank prime rate actually averaging 19 per cent in 1981. From the mid 1960s to the early 1980s the age of inflation and related tax-bracket creep created the dreariest and most austere economic period since the Depression of the 1930s.

This is why President Clinton's dramatic summoning of Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan a few weeks ago—forcing Mr. Greenspan publicly to cancel a previously scheduled speech in Dallas only two business days before the March meeting of the policy-setting Open Market Committee—has caused so much concern in the financial markets. The White House meeting was billed as just a routine gathering to review recent economic data. If so, why was Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen not there? And why *was* political operative George Stephanopoulos there? Where big money is concerned, market memories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

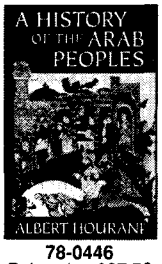
TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at 35% off the publisher's price. **NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.**



38-0764
Pub. price **$30**

68-1569
Pub. price **$27.50**

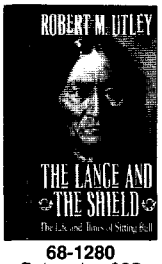


78-0446
Pub. price **$27.50**

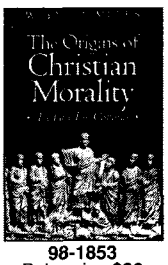
48-1703
Pub. price **$27.50**

48-1584
Pub. price **$25**

18-1532
Pub. price **$35**

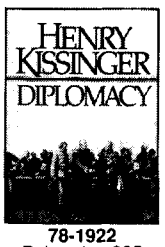


68-1280
Pub. price **$25**

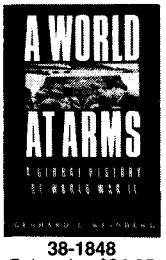


98-1853
Pub. price **$30**

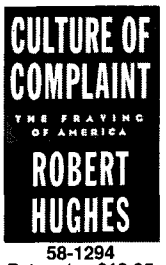
98-0800
Pub. price **$30**



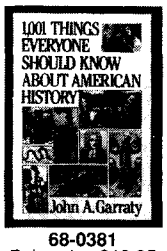
78-1922
Pub. price **$35**



38-1848
Pub. price **$34.95**

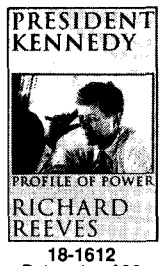


58-1294
Pub. price **$19.95**



68-0381
Pub. price **$19.95**

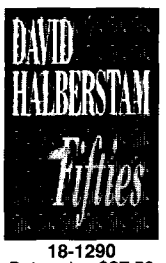
88-1756
Pub. price **$30**



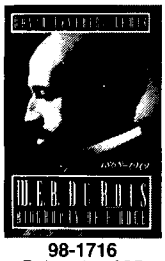
18-1612
Pub. price **$30**

98-6767
Pub. price **$29.95**

98-0786
Pub. price **$39.95**

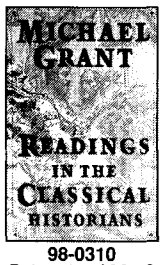


18-1290
Pub. price **$27.50**

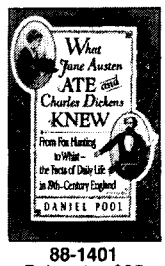


98-1716
Pub. price **$35**

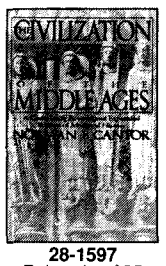
28-1613
Pub. price **$30**



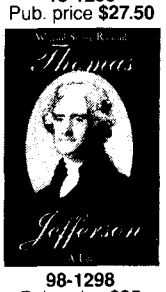
98-0310
Pub. price **$32.50**



88-1401
Pub. price **$25**



28-1597
Pub. price **$35**



98-1298
Pub. price **$35**

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings—as much as 25% off publishers' list prices. You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel your membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form up to 17 times a year (about every 3 weeks). If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Guarantee of Satisfaction

You may examine your introductory books for 10 days, free. If you are not satisfied, for any reason whatsoever, simply return the books and you will be under no further obligation.

History Book Club®, Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001. Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for 3 choices, and the fourth at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling.

3 choices at $1 each: 4-19

– – –

4th choice at 35% off the publisher's price: –

H123-4-4

Name _____
(Please print clearly.)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ #053

To help us serve you, please tell us what you like to read.	STRONGLY DISLIKE	SOMEWHAT DISLIKE	NO OPINION	SOMEWHAT LIKE	STRONGLY LIKE
A. Civil War	1	2	3	4	5
B. Ancient History	1	2	3	4	5
C. Military History	1	2	3	4	5
D. American History	1	2	3	4	5
E. British History	1	2	3	4	5
F. Russia, Asia, the Middle East	1	2	3	4	5
G. European History	1	2	3	4	5
H. Current Affairs	1	2	3	4	5
I. Social/Intellectual History	1	2	3	4	5

© 1994 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices and offer may differ in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run long. While Mr. Clinton frequently cites John F. Kennedy as his hero and model (JFK favored a strong dollar, pegged to gold, and lower tax rates), his personal and political wheelings and dealings more closely resemble those of LBJ. So bond-market participants cannot be condemned for suspecting that economic history may be repeating itself.

Much credit is due Mr. Greenspan for attempting to restrain inflationary expectations by striking preemptively, before actual inflation figures register serious increases. He knows well that today's inflation was set by Fed actions a year or two ago, and future inflation figures out to 1996 will be determined by monetary decisions made this year. Continual reference to the current 3 per cent inflation rate by the Clinton Administration—and by discredited Wall Street bond-market bulls—amounts to driving by looking through the rear-view mirror. Trying to look forward, Mr. Greenspan has been warning since last summer that real short-term interest rates are too low, and the Fed would have to tighten credit.

It is a pity he did not heed the advice of Wayne Angell, the recently departed Fed governor, who strongly urged that the central bank begin tightening last autumn. Instead, Mr. Greenspan waited until this winter to lift the key federal-funds rate—the overnight rate for bank reserves—in two quarter-of-a-percentage-point steps, from 3 per cent to 3½ per cent. And the markets are not responding. Bond prices have collapsed instead of rallying, and yields have soared from 5.75 per cent to 7 per cent. The much-vaunted Clinton bond rally of 1993, allegedly born of last year's record tax increase, which was supposed to lower the deficit, has suddenly evaporated. Meanwhile, the gold price has moved above $390, or roughly 11 per cent higher than the $350 target that supply-siders associate with price stability; broad commodity indexes have mounted their best performance since the late 1980s; the dollar has weakened despite higher U.S. interest rates; and the stock market looks very wobbly.

The strength of gold and commodities, and the weakness of bonds, stocks, and the dollar, are market-price indicators that strongly suggest the Fed has not yet quelled inflation fears because it has done too little, too late. Inflation-sensitive market prices contain far more information about future inflation and interest rates than econometric models or even Oxford-trained policy-makers. The Fed must protect the international value of the dollar by promptly raising the discount rate. If it does not, then the domestic value of the dollar will falter as the gold price moves well above $400.

Already, implied future interest rates (derived from the U.S. Treasury securities' yield curve) suggest that short-term rates will reach 5½ per cent in a year's time, as the inflation rate rises above 4 per cent. Of course, decisive Fed restraint this year can disprove these expectations. But a President beset with Whitewatergate, looming foreign-policy failures, and the approaching impact of a tax hike that by itself is capable of throwing a wet blanket over the easy-money boomlet, may be in no mood to cooperate. Then financial market memories may be rewarded, as history repeats itself.

Super Sunday

THE post–Cold War world had a kind of "Super Tuesday" on Sunday, March 27, when parliamentary elections were held on both sides of the former Iron Curtain, in Italy and in Ukraine. As in Canada and Japan earlier, old establishments are crumbling, new political forces emerging, and a vigorous populism, whose ultimate political destination has until now seemed unclear, sweeping the board.

Richard Nixon has called Ukraine a pivotal country—its survival as an independent state will be a crucial test of the new European balance of power. That's why the election results there were so disturbing. Most of the seats in the national legislature won't be decided until an April 10 run-off, but the early results show deep divisions. Russian-speaking regions voted for pro-Russian, Communist, and socialist parties, and Crimea voted for outright separation. The rest of the country voted for nationalist parties, either democratic or extremist. It's improbable that a cohesive government will emerge that can lift Ukraine out of its economic swamp and hold it together in the face of Russian pressures.

This fits the pattern of other ex-Communist countries. Where market reformers have gained power and acted boldly, as in the Czech Republic, they have established modern democratic polities reasonably quickly, though not without some transitional economic pain. Where they have been effectively neutralized (as in Russia), or kept out of power altogether (as in Ukraine, where the old party bosses stayed on in new party hats), the results have been economic failure, political extremism, and the revival of former Communist parties as voters either despaired economically or sought protection from other ethnic groups.

In Italy, an entire generation of political leaders and political parties has been swept away. The Christian Democrats, who saved Italian democracy after the war and kept Italy a faithful NATO ally, were brought down by their own mediocrity and corruption in a new era where their previous achievement counted for little. The Communist Party, allied with other forces on the Left, survived in light disguise as the Party of Democratic Socialism and, until two months ago, seemed foreordained to form

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why does this differ from every other handbook on our government?

Clarence Carson pulls no punches as he explains why:

> "It would be a considerable fraud to do a book on American government which talked as if the Constitution were still being substantially observed, that pretended that when Presidents took the oath of office they intended to observe the bounds set by the Constitution, that Congressmen recited their pledges with the same intent, and that federal judges were still construing the Constitution as it was written. In sum, any book on American government worthy of the name ought to make clear how remote from the Constitution the government has become."

This is the book. Which is why we believe that it's the only book on our government that Americans can trust today. Carson gives you all the basics, including:

- ► The roots of the American system, both scriptural and secular . . . key contributions of ancient Greece and Rome . . . the Middle Ages . . . the Renaissance . . . the Reformation . . . modern Europe and England . . . and our own colonial experience
- ► The battle over the Constitution. The framers' real intentions, as shown in their writings
- ► Betrayed, especially in our time: the letter AND the spirit of the Constitution
- ► How government functions at each level — federal, state and local. The court system, from justice of the peace to the Supreme Court
- ► The changing presidency. The impact (for better or worse) of Washington . . . Jefferson . . . Lincoln . . . FDR and his successors
- ► The rise of the Welfare State. The staggering growth of government spending and bureaucracy
- ► Massive departures from the Constitution in our century (on the way to the Leviathan state). How to get the government back on course

Use coupon to get this $32.95, 603-page volume FREE

What every American must know about our government

Carson exposes errors and myths that litter most other texts on our government as he refutes decades of liberal propaganda:

- The God-derived "natural law" principles on which our government was based. How they were corrupted, and finally abandoned. The secularist philosophies that took over
- Why the Civil War was unconstitutional. How it upset the balance of powers and led to unprecedented federal control
- The three events that mark the "great divide" in American history — even more than the Civil War
- Why it is inaccurate to call our system a "democracy"
- The rise of "judicial activism." The Court's effort to drive religion and morality out of public life. How Constitutional *protections* of religion gradually became laws against religion
- How new "rights" not found in the Constitution (e.g., abortion, pornography) were created by Court fiat
- The difference between revolutionary and evolutionary socialism. How the latter dominated our government in recent decades — in everything but name

This book is valuable for parents who want to correct the misinformation fed to our children today. Homeschoolers will never find a better text.

But please, don't think of this simply as a fine textbook. Think of it as the perfect companion to your own ideas about where our country SHOULD be headed; and the ideal guidebook for your own efforts to restore decency to government and society. Clarence Carson puts the sources and the answers at your fingertips.

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, education, homeschooling, politics, children's books, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do not count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

33 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me FREE the 603-page, $32.95 *Basic American Government* by Clarence B. Carson. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-228

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the next government. Fortunately for Italy, a dynamic new political force appeared on the Right and filled the vacuum: Forza Italia, created by the media and sports tycoon Silvio Berlusconi, who—contrary to the assertion of the *New York Times* that he campaigned on "vague slogans and flattering camera angles"—preached an undiluted Reaganite–Thatcherite message. Dismissed as a clown only a few short weeks ago, Berlusconi is now the White Knight, embodying a muscular entrepreneurial populism.

Again, there is a pattern here, which our own hapless Republicans would do well to notice. The populism overthrowing Western establishments is essentially a headless conservatism. Where conservative politicians fail to rally it with an unapologetic conservative message, as in Japan or in the 1992 U.S. election, it wastes itself in uncoordinated gestures of "reform" or divides between the establishment Right and directionless populists like Ross Perot, who are symptoms rather than agents of political change.

RIGHT DATA

The Richest Americans

A FEW YEARS ago the Federal Reserve announced that economic inequality rose significantly during the 1980s. Or so it was widely reported. In fact, the Fed researchers found that the share of total private wealth owned by the richest 1 per cent of American families rose to 37 per cent in 1989, up from 31 per cent in 1983. The wealthiest percentile had an average net worth of $6.0 million in 1989; the average for everyone in the bottom 90 per cent was only $81,000.

The picture of a few Gatsbys getting richer at the expense of everyone else energized Bill Clinton's "soak the rich" agenda. But look closely.

AVERAGE WEALTH OF AMERICAN FAMILIES
(Thousands of 1989 Dollars)

	1983	1989	Change
All Families	$ 149.1	$ 183.7	23.2%
Wealthiest 1%	4,731.1	6,010.5	27.0
Next 9%	593.2	563.7	–5.0
Family Income			
Below $10,000	30.0	30.1	—
$10–19,999	53.0	63.1	19.1
$20–29,999	69.5	89.6	28.9
$30–49,999	117.6	150.2	27.7
$50,000+	550.5	586.7	6.6

Source: Federal Reserve and Joint Economic Committee

Middle-class families, earning between $20,000 and $50,000, enjoyed the fastest expansion in net worth during the Reagan boom, a 28 per cent rise. And the data show an across-the-board increase in wealth—with one notable exception. Families just below the top rung—the 2nd to 10th percentiles—saw their wealth *drop* 5 per cent during the 1980s. Since many of them had once been in the top group, sweeping assertions based on the richest 1 per cent are clearly invalid.

Nonetheless, the distribution of wealth is far more unequal than the distribution of annual income. The gap grew especially large during the 1980s, with sharply rising real-estate and stock prices. This leads many Americans to view the wealth held by the top 1 per cent as being largely unearned.

In fact, most wealthy people got there the old-fashioned way. The latest evidence comes from U.S. Trust Company's 1993 survey of affluent Americans (defined as having an adjusted gross income of $200,000, or a net worth of at least $3 million). Forty-six per cent of respondents said that a privately owned business had been their most important source of wealth. Earnings from corporate employment (33 per cent) and from a professional practice such as law or medicine (29 per cent) were the next most common sources.

Inheritance was the least important source by far, cited by just 10 per cent. Indeed, 70 per cent characterized their childhood economic situation as poor, lower-, or middle-class. Interestingly enough, only 19 per cent of those surveyed consider themselves "wealthy."

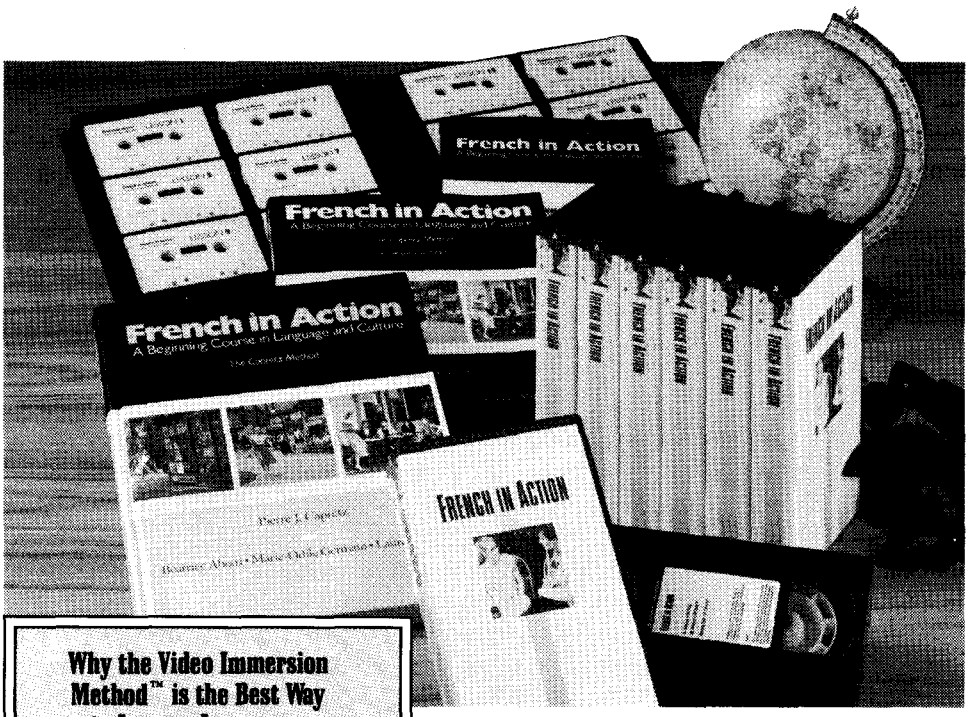
Not only do affluent people *earn* their wealth, they work hard at it, averaging a 56-hour work week over their working lifetime. Very few got rich quick: 70 per cent of those queried by U.S. Trust had been working for at least 20 years; the average response was 29 years.

The rich *are* different, however, and not just because they have more money. They currently save or invest 27 per cent of their after-tax income, five times the savings rate of the average American. This after paying an average of 41 per cent of their gross income in taxes in 1993.

To pay Bill Clinton's tax hike, 55 per cent of these people said they would donate less to charity; 53 per cent said they would take money out of their business or out of savings. It's hardly surprising that the richest 1 per cent of Americans overwhelmingly believe that young people starting out today will have a harder time accumulating wealth than they did. —ED RUBENSTEIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Video Immersion Method™ Makes All Other Language Courses Obsolete!



Why the Video Immersion Method™ is the Best Way to Learn a Language.

The language teaching technique of **"immersion"** has long been recognized by experts for its effectiveness.

The *Video Immersion Method*™ goes one step further. Now, through video, the student is immersed in the **life and language** of the foreign country — **without leaving home, and at a fraction of the cost of other immersion courses.** Compare!

Immersion Course	Site	Cost
Resident	Tours, France	$4,000*†
Commercial	New York, NY	$5,500*
University	Hanover, NH	$3,000*
VIDEO IMMERSION METHOD™	**Your Own Home**	**$ 295**

*Estimated cost.
†Includes airfare.

Video Immersion Method™ Course in Spanish & German, Too!

Developed at U.C.L.A. for the Defense Language Institute, Video Immersion Method™ German includes 13 hours of video instruction on 7 cassettes, 14 audio cassettes, a textbook, a Student's Guide plus Glossary and Cultural Notes. Video Immersion Method™ Spanish includes 13 hours of video language instruction, 15 audio cassettes in a handsome binder, and a complete course textbook.

■ Yale University, 1956. Pierre Capretz, a young French professor arrives from France with an extraordinary goal...to revolutionize language learning. So anyone could be fluent. Naturally. Easily. Through *immersion* in the foreign tongue.

Now, the full power of the Capretz immersion method is available on home video.

Video Revolutionizes Language Learning!

The Video Immersion Method™ teaches French the same natural way you learned English: by seeing, observing and hearing it used in real-life.

You are *immersed* in the life and language of France. Surrounded by the sights and sounds. Exposed to every accent and gesture. A learning experience never before possible in any classroom language course. The full flavor of the language – not just words and verb charts – but the nuances of meaning and usage you can only acquire by *living* a language.

Proven at over 1000 Universities, Educational and Cultural Institutions Worldwide.

Acclaimed worldwide as a revolutionary breakthrough, *French in Action*† is used successfully in leading universities around the world!

Experience the power of the Video Immersion Method™ in the comfort of your own home – learn at your own pace – for just $295 (plus $7.50 shipping and handling), payable in eight convenient monthly installments of just $37.81!

The Video Immersion Method™ language course will teach you faster, more effectively, and more enjoyably than any other language course you can acquire or attend – at any price. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

© 1994 MBI

Now, on home *video*, the most powerful language course ever created.

From asking directions to doing business, French in Action† *brings French to life... on video! Includes everything you need: 26 lessons on 7 VHS video cassettes, 14 audio cassettes, a study guide, a text book and a workbook.*

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534

† French in Action *was developed with funding from* The Annenberg/CPB Project.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Video Immersion Method™ Language Courses

The Language Laboratory VHS Only
88 Long Hill Cross Road
Shelton, Conn. 06484

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534

Please send me the *Video Immersion Method*™ course(s) I have indicated at $295* for each course (plus $7.50 shipping and handling.) I may return my purchase in its original condition within 30 days for a full refund.

	FRENCH	SPANISH	GERMAN
Quantity:	____	____	____

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Please charge each of 8 monthly installments of $37.81* to my credit card:

☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard
☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (All orders subject to acceptance.) _____

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of $122.50* for each course. I will pay the balance as billed in four monthly installments of $45.00* each.

*Applicable sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment.
PAL not available.
Phone orders normally shipped next business day.

560–1108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But where a party offers economic and cultural conservatism without compromise, as in Canada and Italy, it can replace the establishment Right and even come to power.

If there is a sense of drift in the world—rather than the triumphant democratic tide that some had hoped for—that drift is more pronounced among politicians than among people. The collapse of empires is always a time of turbulence. The world adjusts, fitfully, to a new age. But if the Republican leaders fail to recognize the conservative hour they are living in, they just might go the way of Brian Mulroney and Giulio Andreotti.

Mexico's Dinosaurs

THE MURDER last month of Mexico's leading presidential candidate need not deflect that country from its trajectory toward economic growth and greater democracy, but it does illuminate how many obstacles lie along the path. The assassination of Luis Donaldo Colosio, candidate of the ruling PRI, may well be the act of a lone madman rather than the result of a political plot. Yet it occurs in the context of notable violence: during the past year, Mexico has suffered the murder of a Catholic cardinal in Guadalajara and the "peasant rebellion" in Chiapas.

The official reaction to Cardinal Ocampo's murder was to put out ludicrous stories about mistaken identity, instead of pursuing the killers no matter how powerful they may have been—in local government, drug trafficking, or both. The reaction to Chiapas was equally evasive: it appears that nothing has been done to find who was helping the rebels get armed and organized.

Much has been said about the poverty and injustice faced by the peasants, but in fact Chiapas, and the reaction to it in the capital, have less to do with the demands of peasants than with those of Mexico's old elites. The PRI is divided between the extremely capable, American-educated leaders of the Salinas (and Colosio) variety, and the "dinosaurs" who hang on to the feudal privileges they have enjoyed since the Revolution only through corrupt political and economic practices. These people are the true enemies of President Salinas, and some knowledgeable observers have suggested that they were deeply mixed up in Chiapas. The net effect of the rebellion was to undercut Salinas and his reforms, and it is fair to ask, *Cui bono?* Democracy and an open economy threaten the old oligarchy, not the poor.

Colosio's murder was met with a quick and skilled reaction by Salinas's financial team, but with less sureness on the political front. Yet, whether it was a political act or the product of madness, the murder should be the occasion for some straight talk and tough action from President Salinas.

The selection of Ernesto Zedillo as the new PRI candidate is an excellent start, for he is a close Salinas associate who has been resisted by the dinosaurs. But not until the government starts serious investigations and prosecutions will the dinosaurs' resistance be stopped.

Here, Washington can help. So far, economic coordination has been excellent, and the FBI is now checking out visits to the United States by Colosio's assassin. But more is needed. How about some quiet assistance in determining who was involved in Chiapas? The results might be explosive, but Mexicans must face the fact that not knowing will be even more dangerous than finding out.

But Where's Ike?

As Mr. Clinton crumbles
  Like sandstone on the Sphinx,
While querulous reporters
  Pursue him on the links,
Republicans keep eying
  An opening not seen
Since Mamie waved a hankie
  And Stevenson turned green.

W. H. VON DREELE

Massacre in Johannesburg

WITH THE massacre of royalist Zulu demonstrators by African National Congress gunmen—in central Johannesburg, in broad daylight—the enormity of President F. W. De Klerk's tacit deal to deliver his country bound and gagged to ANC leader Nelson Mandela is clear. The ANC is a Xhosa–Communist alliance. What it means by "democracy" is the right to crush dissenters while preventing its tribal rivals, notably the Zulus, from doing the same. De Klerk has twice now, in Bophuthatswana and in the Ciskei, sent in the South African Defense Force to finish off tribal rivals after ANC-organized destabilization. His government-controlled television news refrained from screening the murder of wounded white vigilantes in Bophuthatswana. His supposed rival for leadership of the white Afrikaner tribe, General Constand Viljoen, has bolted the anti-ANC front to field his own candidates in the April 27 election—possibly vindicating critics who suspected his motives but certainly confirming the Afrikaners' political decapitation. The only question remaining: Will Mr. De

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Klerk have the nerve to send the SADF against the Zulu enclaves in KwaZulu before the election, as the ANC and the *New York Times* want?

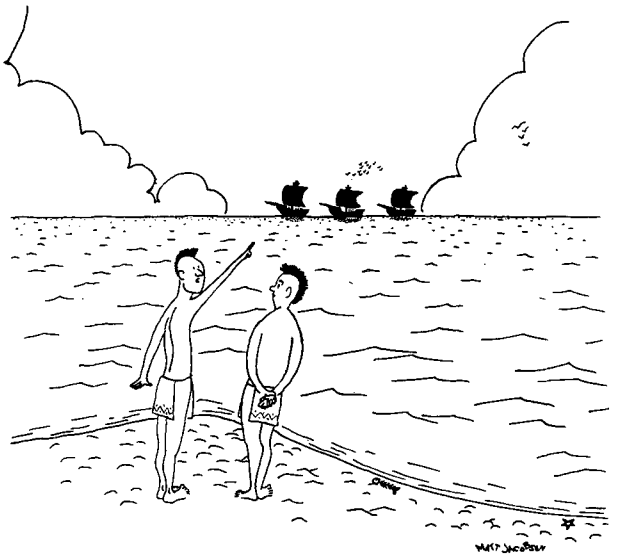
An ugly, and probably corrupt, story is unfolding in South Africa. Thanks to Mr. De Klerk and to its own campaign of voter intimidation, the ANC may well have untrammeled power after April 27. This will probably mean some level of civil war—indeed, one is already under way in the townships. What does the future hold? The best available outcome is bad enough: Rhodesia writ large, successful repression of blacks, silent flight of whites, slow-motion economic collapse. The worst: Yugoslavia—writ larger and more bloody.

Washington, through sanctions and sanctimoniousness, has contributed materially to this impending tragedy. In a moral world, it would now be advocating autonomy or even independence for the Zulus in Natal and the Afrikaners on the *highveld*. South Africa's commercial and political elites unquestionably have their Swiss passports ready. But poor whites and non-ANC blacks will also be looking desperately for a refuge. Somehow we doubt that, in this instance, American liberals will be urging refugee status and a warm U.S. welcome for the victims of their own benevolence.

Onward Christian Sophists

"IT IS GOING to hurt you to read this letter. I know, because it hurt me to write it." So begins a mailing from Warren S. Reding of the conservative Presbyterian Lay Committee, and we have no doubt that he was hurt. At the same time, the Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, and other "renewal groups"—as the conservative caucuses in old-line Protestant churches call themselves—could not entirely conceal their delight. The liberal opposition had egregiously overplayed its hand. Celebrating the World Council of Churches' "Decade in Solidarity with Women," more than two thousand women (and a handful of men) gathered in Minneapolis last November to declare their liberation from the oppressive patriarchalism that used to be called Christian orthodoxy.

Jettisoning "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," the "RE-Imagining" conference was dedicated to the goddess Sophia, who, it turns out, is a great champion of lesbianism. There was occasional reference to Christ, but in his feminine reincarnation as "Christa." The liturgy, so to speak, was somewhat more torrid than most churchgoers are accustomed to. In a parody of the Lord's Supper that featured bread and milk and honey, there was this: "Sophia, Creator God, let your milk and honey flow. . . . Our sweet Sophia, we are women in your image. With



"Homophobes!"

nectar between our thighs, we invite a lover, we birth a child; with our warm body fluids, we remind the world of its pleasure and sensations. . . ." As the Hebrew prophets were the first to observe, idolatry does tend to scatology.

What has particularly agitated "traditionalists" (meaning those who worship the God of the Biblical account) is that this "RE-Imagining" was led by top women officers of the old-line churches and largely funded from the offerings of folk who would likely have been surprised by the goings-on. The renewal groups are thoroughly warranted in their outrage, and we hope they turn outrage to good organizational account. In considering the liberal churches associated with the World Council of Churches, however, our wonder is less at the outrage of idolatrous revelries than at the fact that they still have people who are capable of being outraged. As the Lord had to remind Elijah, there are thousands who have not bent the knee to Baal, or Sophia.

Donald Swann, R I P

DONALD SWANN was the shy one, content to sit at the piano and let his boisterous, bearded, wheelchair-bound partner, Michael Flanders, do most of the talking. But Swann did more than his share of the singing; he also wrote or adapted the tunes for the songs with which Flanders & Swann delighted the English-speaking world three decades ago. Their brand of humor was pretty well summed up in the introduction to one of their songs: "The satirist sees his job as stripping away the veneer of comforting illusion from society. Our job, as we see it, is to put it right back again"—al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though they came close to satire occasionally, in songs like "The Reluctant Cannibal" ("I won't eat people") or "The Ostrich" ("Here in this nuclear testing ground / Is no place to bury your head"). After Flanders & Swann ceased touring, Donald Swann turned to non-comic composing, including an opera based on C. S. Lewis's *Perelandra*; but it is for the collaborations (still available on recordings) that he will be best remembered. Can that distant sound be the heavenly choir raising its voice in a chorus of "Mud, mud, glorious mud"?

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In his letter to you ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 6] W. R. Morgan, MD, dismisses the importance of the finding that the suprachiasmatic nuclei of 12 homosexuals who died of AIDS were twice as large as those found in heterosexual males. The major point raised by Dr. Morgan (that there was no control group) is correct, but the conclusion that the study in question is, as a result, "scientifically worthless" is incorrect. Indeed, Dr. Morgan's view of science would have prevented us from advancing to the point at which we could formulate and test a rigorous hypothesis concerning the earth's relative flatness or roundness.

And don't be cowed by Dr. Miller's invocation of authority: we're not talking about the nature of the specific physiological mechanism (the area of authority of the medical scientist), but of the logic of the possible *causal* connection between that mechanism and behavior. I, too, have no idea what a suprachiasmatic nucleus is, but it doesn't matter here: simply think of it as "physiological factor *X*" and you know all you need to know for purposes of the point made by Dr. Morgan. Indeed, it is far from rare to find even first-rate medical scientists combining a brilliant discovery of a physiological mechanism with a woefully inadequate understanding of the causal role played by it. After all, we're not talking physics here, but only brain surgery.

To the point: Dr. Morgan argues, quite correctly, that, since there was no control group, one must consider the possibility that the AIDS patients had large suprachiasmatic nuclei not because they were homosexual, but because they had AIDS. This is, of course, a reasonable *hypothesis*, one that occurs to anyone who thinks about the finding for a moment. But it is only one of a number of plausible hypotheses: as is the hypothesis that the larger size is owing to the homosexuality; as is the hypothesis that the larger size is owing to a hereditary physiological element that predisposes one to homosexuality; as is the hypothesis that the larger size is simply a physiological result of familial environmental factors that would enlarge the suprachiasmatic nucleus (and the homosexual propensity) of any male who encountered the environment; as is the hypothesis . . .

Certainly, it *might* turn out that this is a false lead and that the large size of the suprachiasmatic nuclei has to do only with AIDS and not homosexuality, *per se*. But it is *always* the case that a finding *might* be better explained by an alternative hypothesis, and that is why we always must continue to test our explanations.

Moreover, while it is true that the most rigorous test of the finding in question would require an experiment that is a tad unethical (i.e., killing people to see how their suprachiasmatic nuclei are doing), one can easily think of indirect ways of estimating the relative cogency of the "AIDS" and the "homosexual" causal explanations. There is a wealth of relevant evidence concerning the causal roles of heredity and environment.

The real problem is that the evidence is not sufficiently concordant with any psychological or political agenda to satisfy ideologues on either "side." It does seem likely—but has not been demonstrated—that heredity plays an important role. But it has also been all but *conclusively* demonstrated that environment also plays a crucial role: half of the identical twin brothers of homosexual males are *not* homosexual. And the ideologue tends to prefer the explanation that sees heredity as the entire cause or environment as the entire cause. Nature and truth rarely satisfy the ideologue.

I was going to end this letter by saying, "Aren't you glad you asked?" But then I remembered: you didn't.

Best wishes,
Steven Goldberg
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Goldberg: Thanks . . . WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Why is it that Governor Cuomo finds himself able to enforce his personal convictions on the question of the death penalty while he professes to be unwilling to "impose his personal religious views" on the issue of abortion? Is there a contradiction here, or am I missing something? Please advise.

Very truly yours,
Michael P. Carey
Colchester, Conn.

Dear Mr. Carey: Yes, that is very strange, is it not? Ask a further question: Governor Cuomo says that he himself ardently rejects abortion. What has he done to persuade Americans of the rightness of his views on abortion? The man can thunder about the need to protect a lousewort, but babies? Cordially,
—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE WHITEWATERS

Whitewater Rafting

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Alan Nahigian

THE MOST telling thing about President Clinton's Whitewater press conference on the night of March 24 was his body language—as stiff and inanimate as a mouse in the mouth of a snake—as he walked to the White House lectern. Over the course of the diffuse questioning, he relaxed, and even got off a joke about the NCAA playoffs. The President's initial assessment of his situation may prove more accurate, however, since he has been hit on the Whitewater affair from three directions: Congress, the special prosecutor, and the press.

The most publicized thrust came from the House Banking Committee, despite the best efforts of Chairman Henry Gonzalez to blunt it. Gonzalez, a 17-term veteran from San Antonio, is known as a populist, so long as his victims are Republicans: during the S&L clean-up of the late Eighties, he pursued Neil Bush, but not the crooked Texas friends of Jim Wright. He carried his partisanship over into the investigation of Madison Guaranty, denouncing the ranking minority member, Jim Leach, who wished to use semi-annual hearings into the progress of the Resolution Trust Corporation to probe the Arkansas S&L. The House parliamentarian had ruled that, while Leach could call witnesses, the chairman could control the questioning. The Democratic leadership, evidently taking fright at the prospect of the bumptious Texan wielding his gavel like a baton in endless C-SPAN repeats, agreed to delay the committee hearing scheduled for March 24, in return for full hearings later.

On the 24th, Leach, dressed in his best Iowa chic—blazer, crew neck sweater, and rep tie—made his case, without witnesses, before the full House. Leach's charges were a mixture of old and new. Whitewater, he said, "came to be used to skim—directly or indirectly—federally insured deposits from an S&L and a Small Business Investment Corporation." Hence the importance of the Whitewater records, which have proved so elusive. "Taxpayer-guaranteed funds were, in all likelihood, used to benefit" a Clinton gubernatorial campaign. This refers to the dubious 1985 Clinton fund-raiser run by James McDougal, Madison's owner and the Clintons' Whitewater partner. "Congress and the Executive are employing closed-society techniques to resist full disclosure" now. Henry Gonzalez, this means you.

Leach's new information concerned his charge that the independence of the regulatory system was being "flagrantly violated." Leach had found a whistleblower in the RTC's Kansas City office, L. Jean Lewis, who claims that her bosses in Washington encouraged her to conclude that the Whitewater partnership was not responsible for any of Madison's losses (Miss Lewis in fact believes that Whitewater cost Madison $70,000). One of the bosses in question "categorically" denied her story after Leach's speech; then Leach announced that Miss Lewis had the conversation on tape.

Days before Clinton's press conference and Leach's speech, special prosecutor Robert Fiske announced "a significant contribution" to his investigation: an agreement with former Little Rock judge and Clinton nemesis David Hale. Hale has claimed that in 1986, Governor Clinton asked him to make a fraudulent loan of $300,000 to James McDougal's wife from an SBIC he controlled; half of the money ended up on the books of Whitewater. Since last summer, Hale has been trying to trade his testimony for lower charges in an unrelated fraud case. Fiske's insistence that Hale plead guilty first led some conservatives to accuse the prosecutor of sabotaging his own witness. But Mob trials often hinge on the testimony of confessed criminals, and with the Clinton circle looking more and more like the stars of a RICO prosecution, Hale at last accepted Fiske's terms.

Finally, despite solemn pundit reminders that this was "not Watergate," reporters kept behaving as if it were. The *Washington Post* revealed that young George Stephanopoulos had tried to bully the Treasury Department, which runs the RTC, out of hiring Jay Stephens, a former U.S. attorney, to join the Whitewater probe. Stephanopoulos says he only "blew off steam." Stephens knows all about White House steam: last year, the Clinton Justice Department canned him when he was in the midst of prosecuting Dan Rostenkowski. Perhaps the most important fact about the Stephanopoulos story was that a "senior Administration official" leaked it. Is David Gergen looking for work?

The *New York Times*, which has suddenly become a Whitewater tiger, uncovered a completely new story: Hillary Clinton's investment acumen. In 1978 and 1979, Mrs. Clinton, advised only by a lawyer for Arkansas's largest poultry company, made nearly $100,000 in the commodities market. The *Times* called it "a risky investment that in her case proved enormously profitable." Wall Street insiders are less laconic. "Unless you've

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *senior editor, is a columnist for the* New York Observer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been down in the pit all your life, you don't do it, because you get your brains beaten out," one told me. Were her investment mentors keeping a double set of books? Since the tax returns that the Clintons released do not specify when her assets were bought and sold, it will be hard to find out.

Finally, a lurid story came, not from the tabloids, but from a journal of opinion. L. J. Davis spent a week in Little Rock researching a long piece for *The New Republic* on the political and financial culture of Arkansas. One evening he returned to his hotel room at six. The next thing he knew, it was four hours later, there was an egg-sized lump behind his left ear, and though his watch and his wallet were untouched, four pages had been torn from his notebook. He had to take medication to break up a blood clot in his brain. A few journalists have pursued tales of thuggery in Arkansas before this, but they all depended on the word of Arkansans. Now the thugs' victim was a journalist—"one of us." Will we take note?

In his press conference, the President said that his Administration was "changing people's lives." Whitewater is a story because the lives of Mr. Clinton and his friends haven't changed. The Clintonites came to power by railing against the decade of greed, but in Arkansas, they *were* the decade of greed, and they've taken their habits to Washington. Mr. Clinton does well to worry. □

Missing Person

HAROLD JOHNSON

LOS ANGELES

I'M IN a noisy coffee shop, pen in hand, tape recorder at the ready. Across the table is Paula Jones, the 27-year-old former Arkansas state employee who has leveled charges of sexual harassment against Bill Clinton—charges so graphic, and so impressively corroborated, that they would dwarf Whitewater in the public mind, if the media would ever deign to pay attention.

Mrs. Jones is small and pretty, with a smile warmer than one is used to in L.A. Beside her is her earnest-looking husband, Steve, whom she met four years ago on a Country & Western dance outing in Little Rock. He's busy trying to restrain their twenty-month-old son, Madison, from exploring the neighboring booth. The Joneses moved to California a year ago, and they still give the sense they're from somewhere with a slower pace.

Today, they're frustrated. They've agreed to meet with me because the *Washington Post*, to which they granted an exclusive on Paula's story, has published nothing. "The *Post* has sent reporters down to talk to all my family and friends, to check out everything about my story and look through my whole life," says Paula. "It's been six weeks since our first contact with the paper. So why haven't they printed anything?"

At least one of the journalists on the story apparently shares her concern. The *Washington Times* recently reported that *Post* staffer Michael Isikoff was suspended after a shouting match with National Editor Fred Barbash. "Two sources at the paper said Mr. Isikoff was upset because he thinks the *Post* is burying his findings about [Paula Jones's] sexual harassment charges," according to the *Times*.

We're not spiking anything, protested the *Post*'s managing editor, Robert Kaiser. "We have an obligation to the *Post*'s readers to do our best to establish the truth and not simply to print damaging accusations the moment they are made."

Paula Jones isn't buying. "It's a double standard," she says, contrasting the love bombs that the media hurled at Anita Hill with the black hole into which her own allegations disappeared almost as soon as she aired them at a February 11 news conference in Washington.

For the benefit of those who rely on the *Post* for news, along with *New York Times* readers who missed the brief report on the bottom of page eight, a summary of Mrs. Jones's charges: The date, May 8, 1991; while working as a hostess at a state management conference in a Little Rock hotel, she was approached by an Arkansas trooper who told her the governor would like to meet with her. When she got to his room, she says, Mr. Clinton started making sexual suggestions, eventually asking her to have oral sex, and exposing himself. She left immediately, and told her story to a couple of friends, who have submitted affidavits so stating. (Mr. Clinton "does not recall meeting her," responded the White House.)

Why did she wait three years to go public? "I was nervous and confused—and felt dirty and humiliated," she tells me. Besides, who was there to complain to? The police? "Remember, it was a state trooper who took me to Clinton's room."

What finally prodded her to tell her story, she says, was that trooper's claim, reported in the *Los Angeles Times* and *The American Spectator*, that a woman named "Paula" had said she'd be available to be the governor's girlfriend. "That was not true—my friends know it's not true, because they knew how shaken up I was by the incident with Clinton. I had to clear my name."

Is money a motivation? If it were, "We'd be doing the tabloid TV shows and the talk shows," says Steve. "But all we want is to get the truth out—that's why we gave the story to the *Post*, and hoped they'd do something."

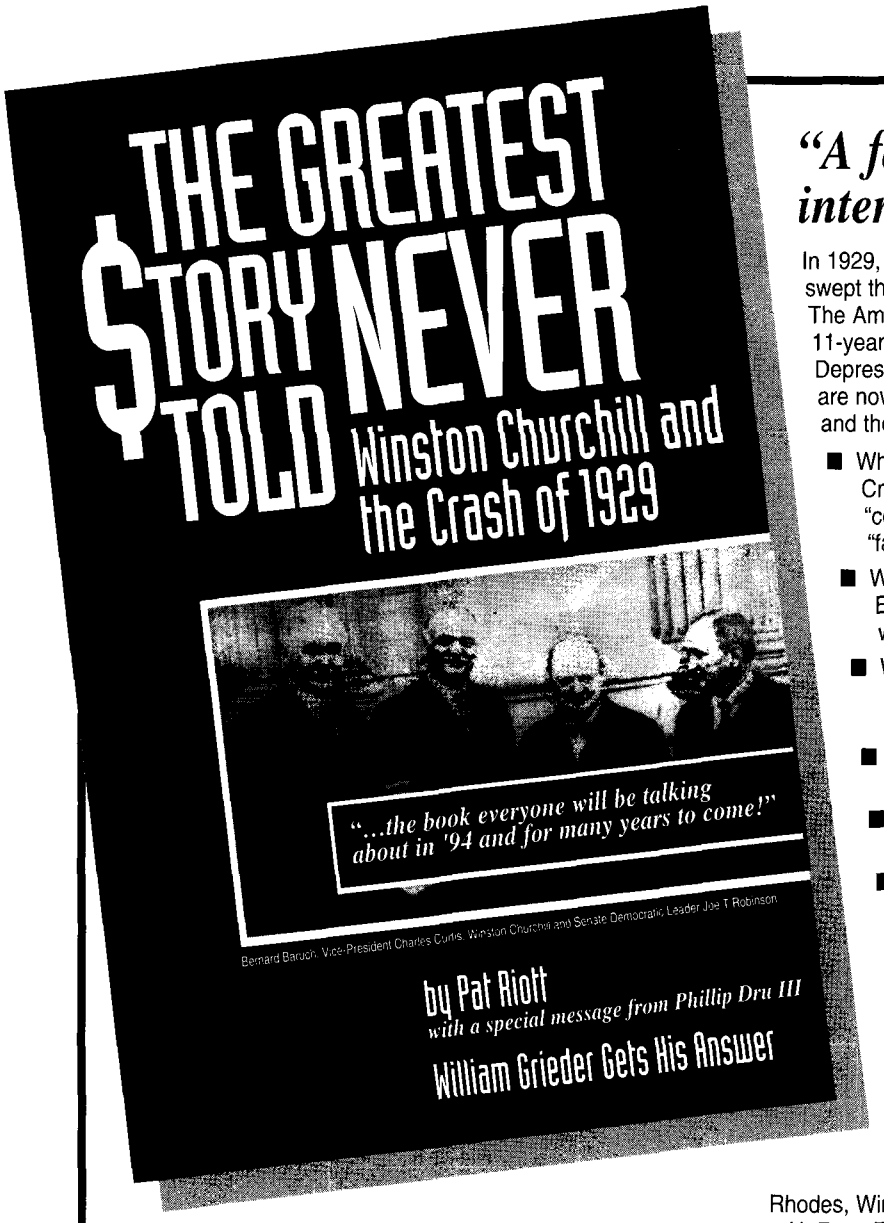
If anything, they're taking a financial risk, because Steve, who works in customer relations for an airline, is an actor. The possibility of being blackballed in an industry that loves Clinton hasn't escaped him.

On May 8, the statute of limitations lapses for any civil action based on the alleged harassment. Paula's lawyer has approached some big-name trial attorneys about possibly taking the case if she opts to sue Clinton. But the Joneses haven't made up their minds, and during my interview with them their debate continued. Paula clearly feels edgy about becoming a high-profile focus of controversy—"What if somebody wanted to hurt us?"—but Steve delivered what may end up being their deciding sentiment: "Clinton is the scum of the earth."

In the meantime, full and fair coverage from the *Post*—or elsewhere in the "prestige" media—may yet come. But as Mickey Kaus's *New Republic* article of March 7 explains it: "Clinton is

Mr. Johnson is an editorial writer for the Orange County Register.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE GREATEST STORY NEVER TOLD
Winston Churchill and the Crash of 1929
"...the book everyone will be talking about in '94 and for many years to come!"
Bernard Baruch, Vice-President Charles Curtis, Winston Churchill and Senate Democratic Leader Joe T Robinson
by Pat Riott
with a special message from Phillip Dru III
William Grieder Gets His Answer

"A far-reaching scandal... international in dimension!"

In 1929, a financial disaster of unprecedented proportions swept through the United States with lightning speed. The American people began a slow descent into an 11-year financial hell that became known as The Great Depression. Understand the fundamental reasons we are now heading for an even worse stock market crash, and the signs to watch for as 1995 approaches. Learn:

- Why on October 29, 1929, the same evening of the Crash, Churchill was guest of honor at a bizarre "celebration" at the Fifth Avenue mansion of his "favorite American", plunger Bernard Baruch.
- Why Churchill being at the New York Stock Exchange on Black Thursday, October 24, 1929, was not "quite by chance", as he later wrote.
- Which of London's largest brokerage firms Jack Churchill (Winston's brother) controlled and the name of the U.S. bank later merged with it.
- Where shiploads of gold (the *real* money) went in the weeks and months after the Crash.
- Who Churchill met with immediately before and after the Crash.
- Why the Prime Minister of Great Britain was also in New York 2 weeks before the Crash, and where he went next. (No, it was not back to Great Britain!)
- Who was really manipulating the levers of U.S. financial policy during Herbert Hoover's 4 years in office.
- About Cecil Rhodes' (Winston Churchill's friend!) diabolical will and the plans it contained... READ IT FOR YOURSELF!
- The curious connections between Cecil Rhodes, Winston Churchill, Bill Clinton, presidential hopeful H. Ross Perot, SONY founder Akio Morita, and the new U.S. Ambassador to France, Pamela Churchill Harriman.

And many other amazing revelations!

"...the book everyone will be talking about in '94 and for many years to come!"

BY PHONE:

1-800-CRASH-95

BY FAX: 708-654-8510

BY MAIL:
NANOMAN PRESS
Box 4567 • Oak Brook, IL 60522

$12.95

plus $3.00 each Shipping & Handling
$10.95 FOR ORDERS OF 25 OR MORE

Please send me _____copies of ***The Greatest Story NEVER Told*** at $12.95 each ($10.95 each for orders of 25 or more) + $3.00 for shipping and handling. (Illinois residents add 87¢ tax per copy)

☐ I am enclosing $_____

Please bill my ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

CARD NO _____

EXP. DATE _____ PHONE _____

CARDHOLDER SIGNATURE X _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

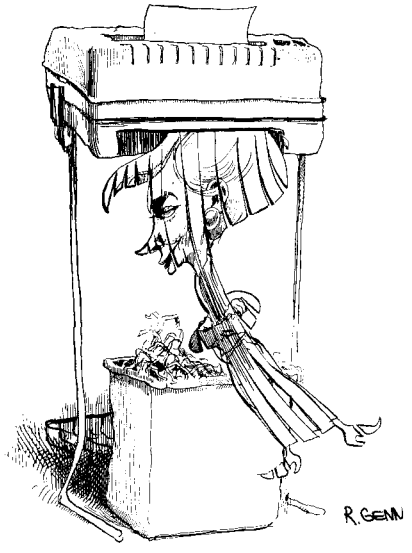
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . the best President we've had in a long time. That is the unspoken reason the sex charges haven't received as much play as you might expect. Reporters are patriots, too; it's their dirty little secret."

Spiking. It gives new meaning to "Stop the presses." □

The Incredible Shrinking Lady

JAMES BOWMAN



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

EARLY in the Bush Administration, when there were allegations that Dan Quayle had once used the pretext of a golfing holiday to indulge in a bit of extramarital hanky-panky, Marilyn Quayle disposed of all such speculation by saying: "Anyone who knew Danny would know that he would rather play golf." Republican pollster Bill McInturff claims to have spotted a similar "moment of human truth" in the Whitewater affair with the comment of James McDougal that "When you try to talk to Bill Clinton about anything except for politics, his eyes glaze over."

McInturff is as much in the dark as the rest of us when it comes to guessing how far on the wrong side of the boundaries of propriety Clinton's actions will ultimately be deemed to have fallen, but he thinks it unlikely to transpire that he engaged in a plot to use his office to enrich himself. He's just not that interested in money. It is now emerging, however, that the same cannot be said of Mrs. Clinton. More and more examples not yet gone into the shredder confirm it: this well-known popularizer of "the politics of meaning" who so deplores the "greed" of the Eighties has committed clear improprieties in order to fatten the family bank-balance. As one White House staff member has said: "She'll come out looking bad. The only question is how bad."

Yet reports from inside the Administration stress the First Lady's bewilderment that anyone should think ill of her. "Where are our friends?" she has been heard to ask. Having been so talked up—by, for instance, *National Law Journal* as one of the hundred most influential lawyers in the country, by Garry Wills as "one of the more important scholar-activists of the last two decades," by Eleanor Clift as Cabinet timber in her own right, and by nearly everyone in the media as a feminist paragon—she must have been as jolted by reality as everyone else. In all the ballyhoo, it seems, she forgot that her way of being "influential" in Arkansas was not by litigating (she tried 5 cases in 15 years) but by using her position as governor's wife to bring important clients to the Rose Law Firm, that her scholarly activism was wildly out of sync with public opinion, that her tenure as a de facto Cabinet member had produced an unworkable system and unpassable legislation, and that, practically, her feminist empowerment consisted of manipulating her husband behind the scenes to get what she wanted.

Her hitherto fervent supporters in the press are just finding these things out, and their disillusionment is palpable. According to S. Robert Lichter of the Center for Media and Public Affairs, during the first ten days of March, Mrs. Clinton's press coverage was 58 per cent positive. Given the general level of media sympathy with her and all First Ladies, this is practically disastrous. During 1992 her level of positive coverage was 79 per cent.

Even such natural allies as Frank Rich of the *New York Times*, Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post*, and Joe Klein of *Newsweek* are turning on her. When she blamed partisanship for her bad press, Cohen claimed that she was being "contemptuous of the American people. If anyone has threatened the Clintons' 'political agenda,' it is the Clintons themselves. For some reason—arrogance, a sense of victimization, the need to hide something—they have refused to look the public in the eye and give candid responses to certain questions." Klein went so far as to question the First Lady's feminist bona fides: "Her choices were never quite so simple as the ones she laid out, memorably, during the campaign: to make money or bake cookies. She could have done high-minded, liberal work. She could have defended indigents instead of banks. She chose to make money."

But the most unkindest cut of all came from Anna Quindlen, who tends the sacred flame of feminism on the *New York Times*'s op-ed page and who has always been Mrs. Clinton's faithful votary. She was struck as by a revelation by the disparity between the First Lady's feminist pretensions and her Whitewater practices. "It will take a great mind to determine how to play this out," she wrote. "Luckily, we have a great mind in the White House. Unfortunately, she's the one most involved in the mess."

Fortunately for Mrs. Clinton, there are still those who are prepared to believe that insecure males and scheming Republicans have cooked up the whole thing. Judy Mann of the *Washington Post*, who makes Anna Quindlen look like Macaulay, said: "Does it not strike anybody else as the ultimate irony that the very week they begin debating reform on the Hill, and the doctors and the tobacco people are all up there trying to stop any reform from happening, that now comes this attack on Hillary?" The theory of NOW's Patricia Ireland is even simpler. Leading a demonstration in support of the First Lady, she claimed that criticisms of Mrs. Clinton were evidence that "they're trying to keep not just her but all of us [i.e., women] in our place."

Beyond even Judy Mann's "ultimate irony" is the irony of feminists adopting as their own the traditional misogynistic caricature of "female logic" and crying, "You only say that because

(Continues on page 60)

Mr. Bowman is the American Editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy all your favorite columns – every week!

James Kilpatrick

William Safire

Jeane Kirkpatrick

George Will

William Buckley

•Challenging opinions by 58 National Columnists and Cartoonists
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
$1.50
Vol. 9, Number 2
Hampton, Iowa
Wednesday, January 12, 1994
No one on the bridge
Ship of State listing badly
Read Jeffrey Hart's column on page 1.
BELIEVE ME, YOUR NEW DEPUTY SECRETARY OF STATE REALLY HAS HIS WORK CUT OUT FOR HIM.
NOW, REPEAT AFTER ME, MR CHRISTOPHER. F-O-R...
FOREIGN POLICY
MIKE SMITH
For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 1.

There is Only One Source

A Great Gift Idea!

Where you can get <u>all</u> of the nation's top conservative columnists and your favorite cartoonists every week.

You would need to buy** over a dozen metro newspapers to enjoy all the wit and commentary you could find in one **Conservative Chronicle.

Now you can follow what the nation's finest conservative columnists are saying about the Clinton administration's handling of health care reform, foreign policy, trade issues, welfare reform, and worldwide crisis spots . . . all in one convenient weekly source—the ***Conservative Chronicle.***

Every week you'll enjoy the opinions of distinguished syndicated newspaper columnists and cartoonists. In all, **more than 28 nationally respected colunists and 26 cartoonists** with conservative appeal. A full 32 pages of intelligent, witty and insightful commentary addressing the hottest political issues today. As you can see, we know where to find the humor in the politics of the current administration.

All 52 issues are yours for only $42.00! Cancel at any time—for any reason—and get a full refund on unmailed copies. Get the complete story. Don't miss this great line-up of conservative thinkers. **Call toll-free 1-800-888-3039** or mail coupon to take advantage of this exceptional value!

Conservative Chronicle
Box 11297-NR, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

Yes, *I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $42.00 (add $30.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment: ❒ Check ❒ Bill me ❒ VISA ❒ MC

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. #_____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM WALK

■ It's an ill wind that blows no good. New unemployment claims jumped to their highest level in a year in January. Yet one form of employment is burgeoning—temporary employment.

There are 1.6 million temps in the new workforce, almost three times as many as ten years ago. Since 1991, temps have accounted for one of every six new jobs. "It's not a healthy trend," says Jeff McGinnis, a policy analyst at the Labor Policy Association in Washington, "but as long as Congress keeps imposing restrictions on the labor market, it's inevitable."

Small employers in particular confront a series of regulatory hurdles. At 15 employees, they become subject to the Civil Rights Act and the Americans with Disabilities Act. At 20, they hit the Age Discrimination Act; at 50, the Family and Medical Leave Act; and at 100, the Worker Adjustment and Retraining Notification ("Plant Closing") Act.

Who benefits from all this? The providers of temps, of course. Manpower, Inc., of Milwaukee is now the nation's largest employer (650,000)—although half these employees work only a few weeks a year. Kelly Services (the old "Kelly Girl" company) of Troy, Michigan, is second at 575,000 employees. Norrell Services of Atlanta (a privately owned company) is expanding at about 20 per cent per year.

Norrell has a new TASCOR division, which will handle outsourcing of whole corporate functions. Kelly acquired Your Staff, Inc., a California employee-leasing company. "We will be providing salary, benefits, bookkeeping, and handling all personnel matters," says Kelly senior vice president Eugene Hartwig.

That last is important, since a growing corporate liability is the cost of firing people. Michael Losey, president of the Society for Human Resource Management, estimates hiring a new employee costs $9,200, firing him $30,000, and encouraging him to retire voluntarily $55,000.

Hence the boom times for temp agencies. "[They] always say they do better in Europe because the work rules are so much more complicated over there," says John P. Larson, vice president of GS2 Securities, a Milwaukee brokerage. "Manpower does half its business abroad and Kelly also has a European presence. Unfortunately, we're starting to follow down Europe's path."

Larson doesn't see much action from Kelly, but thinks Manpower could move ahead if the European economy turns around. "They've been trading in the 15 to 17 range, but could go to the low 20s," he says. Larson also touts Adia Services, of Menlo Park, California, and Interim Services, which spun off from H&R Block in January. But his favorite is Olsten Corp., a Westbury, N.Y., firm that has gone from 10 to 32 over the past two years. Despite a loss last quarter, he says, "they're still a good bet."

■ The Clintonites may think the economy will sweep them into a second term, but David Bostian, chief economist at Herzog Heine Geduld, Inc., tells me we're at "the most unpredictable economic juncture in 25 years."

The ongoing correction in the bond market increased when the Fed had its first tightening, with more on the way. If the price of gold continues to rise, Bostian wonders, will the Fed tighten more than expected?

Global bond markets recently plunged thanks to shaken faith in highly leveraged hedge funds, and Bostian warns clients that the U.S. stock market has reached its overvaluation "red line." That's according to his "Equity Valuation/GDP Model," a macroeconomic comparison of NYSE equity value and the real economy which, unlike most Wall Street crystal balls, requires no assumptions about interest rates and dividends.

Bostian was right in 1972–73 amidst all those bulls, and in 1982–83, he was a bull among bears—right again. So he's worth listening to now when advising that it's time for us to cash in most of our chips.

"If things don't go right I'll be joining you in a few minutes."

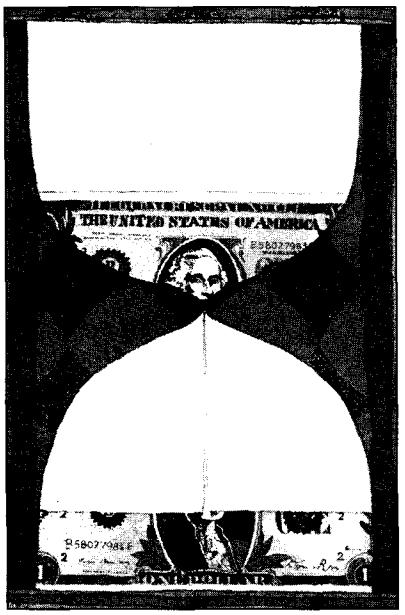
■ Martin Feldstein, now president of the prestigious National Bureau of Economic Research, has spent a lifetime speaking economic wisdom—except, alas, for his three years in Washington as Ronald Reagan's chief economic advisor. Marty spent his days in the White House telling the press why Reagan should raise taxes. Well, the good news is that Feldstein is a supply-sider again. His new research on the impact of the 1986 marginal-tax-rate reductions and the 1993 tax-rate hikes indicates that lower tax rates often lead to higher tax revenues and vice versa.

How large was this effect? Between 1985 and 1988, for those whose rate fell from 38 to 28 per cent, taxable incomes rose 6 per cent; for those whose rate fell from 45 to 28 per cent, taxable incomes rose 21 per cent; and for those in the previous top bracket of 50 per cent, taxable incomes rose an enormous 71 per cent. Feldstein's model also predicts Clinton will be frustrated in his attempts to collect more revenues from the rich by hiking their rates. "These tax rates could be reduced back to the pre-1993 levels with little or no revenue loss."

So for the benefit of the greed-and-envy crowd, let's say the tax mantra one more time: Low rates, broad base.

—GEKKO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Taxpayer's Guide for the Nineties

ACCOUNTING FOR THE CLINTONS

They've maximized your tax liability; see how they minimized theirs.

LISA SCHIFFREN

TAX TIME is upon us again, compelling all rational Americans to forget about street crime for the time being and think about how to protect themselves from the marauder most capable of stripping them of their hard-earned wealth: the U.S. Government. This year some things are different. Our new President has raised our taxes, but he has also given us a new personal model of taxpayer behavior, the finer points of which you may want to consider as you calculate your own involuntary contribution.

In a nutshell, the new Clinton tax regime consists of higher rates and tighter rules. Ideally you understood what was coming and accelerated your income into 1992 to beat these rates, but don't feel stupid if you didn't. To do so you needed both inside information by December of 1992, and enough clout to persuade your employer to pre-pay. For instance, Hillary Rodham Clinton got the Rose Law Firm to pay her $203,172 on December 31, 1992, to avoid her husband's tax hike. Neat, huh? What about you? With your two incomes just barely scraping $140,000, you're being taxed at the new "millionaires" rate.

Let's follow the Clintons through the rest of Form 1040 for some tips on taxpaying in the Nineties.

THE FIRST THING you must do is calculate your income. That includes: salary, perks, bribes, interest, partnership income, and dividends. Some of these categories may not apply to you.

Salary. Include all financial compensation for work. This does not include expense accounts, which are reimbursements for business-related costs.

Some people do have grey areas. One IRS standard for what is income and what is expenses is whether the beneficiary has "unrestricted discretion." Say you are the governor of a small, pathetically poor Southern state, where it would be politically risky to have a salary higher than $35,000. But the state's political elite thought the governor should get more money, so Governor Clinton was given a $51,000 annual "food fund." Some of the money was for official entertaining, but the bulk was for private expenses, over which the governor had complete discretion. Should Bill Clinton thus have reported it as income and paid taxes on it? According to a former IRS commissioner, yes.

Perks. This is a traditional type of income in politics, which, like so many traditional values, does not always stand up to the scrutiny of our times. Julia Hughes Jones, the Arkansas State Auditor, claims the actual cost of maintaining Bill, Hillary, and Chelsea in the big house was roughly $750,000 a year—a far cry from $35,000. Consider a few specifics:

Prison gangs—State prisoners did the yard work at the governor's mansion—a legitimate, if not quite PC, perk. But what are we to make of the fact that Mrs. Clinton sent the convicts over to her parents' house to do their yard work as well? Did the Rodhams treat this as income? Ordinary citizens don't have access to prison labor. Consider the roughly analogous case of Leona Helmsley, who used her hotel employees to maintain her personal mansion. She spent 21 months in jail, and is still doing community service.

Nannies—The best—that is, cheapest-to-you—solution is the Clinton solution: Make sure your nanny gets put on the public payroll. That way you not only don't have to pay her Social Security taxes, you don't have to pay her salary either. And if your staffing privileges don't include a nanny, perhaps you could classify her as a "security guard," as the Clintons did in Little Rock with Dessie Sanders, or a "social secretary," their White House practice.

Slush funds—Not many jobs come with slush funds

Miss Schiffren was a speechwriter for Vice President Quayle.

ILLUSTRATION BY DEVIS GREBU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these days. Nor does the IRS recognize this form of compensation as distinct from income. In Little Rock, the governor's job did have a slush fund attached (on top of the $51,000 food fund). The annual $19,000 "public relations" fund was spent on fruit baskets for constituents, silky little things from Victoria's Secret for special constituents, and political events of benefit to Bill Clinton, not to the taxpayers of Arkansas. There is uniform agreement—among IRS officials, other Arkansas state officials who receive similar funds, and the legislature that allocated it—that such a fund is taxable income. Not until 1989, when he began his presiden-

Tax Unfairness

IN THE landmark case of *McCulloch* v. *Maryland*, John Marshall wrote his famous warning: "The power to tax involves the power to destroy."

On Monday, February 28, with little fanfare, the Supreme Court heard arguments in the case of *Carlton* v. *United States*, the latest and most hopeful court challenge to Congress's power to tax retroactively.

One of the central failings of the judiciary since the New Deal era has been the abdication of its role as an institutional check on Congress's power to tax. The rule that has developed is extreme deference to the will of the legislature, regardless of the nature of the tax involved. Indeed, the Supreme Court has not invalidated a single major piece of federal tax legislation since 1938.

Carlton may bring this inglorious era of unlimited taxing power to an end. The challenger in *Carlton* is the executor of an estate of a woman who died in 1985. In 1986, Congress passed the Tax Reform Act. One of its policy goals was to encourage Employee Stock Ownership Plans (ESOPs); thus Congress offered estate-tax deductions for losses sustained in the sale of securities to ESOPs. The executor in *Carlton*, carrying out his fiduciary duty, saw this as an opportunity to minimize the estate's tax liability. He went out and purchased securities on the market and then resold them to an ESOP—sustaining a loss which he then deducted from the estate tax.

All of this was perfectly legal and ethical—indeed, it was what the law encouraged him to do.

After the law was enacted, Congress realized that the deduction, as written, could cost the Treasury hundreds of millions of dollars. Thus, nearly a year later, a new law was passed which limited the deductions to stocks purchased prior to the estate owner's death. The new law applied retroactively to the date of passage of the original bill. Applied to the estate in *Carlton*, it cost the inheritors $600,000.

In asking the court to uphold the tax change, the lawyers for the state made the baffling argument that taxpayers should have known that the ESOP provision was "too good to be true." If the court accepts this premise, taxpayers would be placed in a hopeless quandary in making any financial decision. Are IRAs next to be said to have been too good to be true? Are homeowners at risk of having to pay back the tax deductions on their mortgages?

Thus the question presented to the Court last month: Does the constitutional grant of the power to lay and collect taxes include the power to lure taxpayers into transactions by the promise of tax deductions and then to snatch the deductions away—not only for the future but retroactively?

What is at stake here is the concept of tax fairness—in the true meaning of the phrase. The virtue of the *Carlton* case is that the facts are so lopsidedly in the taxpayers' favor.

Which brings us to Clintonomics. Of all the offensive features of the Clinton budget plan passed last summer, none has sparked more public outrage than the retroactive tax increases. What makes these retroactive taxes especially vulnerable to constitutional challenge is the lack of "notice" given to taxpayers. Courts have generally been reluctant to uphold the retroactive application of a law absent some sort of notice, which gives individuals the chance to make their behavior conform to the law's requirements and denies the government the element of surprise.

Clinton's 1993 tax bill clearly violates this principle of fair warning. For example, Clinton promised in his 1993 State of the Union address that he would not raise income taxes on "those living in households making under $200,000 per year." In the end, people with incomes as low as $115,000 faced retroactive higher rates. Clinton said he would place an income-tax surcharge on millionaires. In the end, the surtax affects all Americans with incomes over $250,000. Nor was it suggested until April 1993, when the President's budget proposal went to Congress, that retroactivity was under consideration. People who died in the first four months of 1993 could hardly, post mortem, revise their estate planning to meet new estate laws.

Indeed, the framers of the Constitution abhorred the idea of retroactive laws in all contexts precisely because of their injustice. In criminal law, *ex post facto* laws were directly prohibited. But Thomas Jefferson described retroactivity as "equally unjust in civil as in criminal cases." James Madison described such laws as "contrary to the principle of the social compact." Chancellor Kent of New York recognized that "there is no distinction . . . between a law punishing a person criminally, for a past innocent act, or punishing him civilly by divesting him of a lawfully acquired right."

In a famous 1928 tax case Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes insisted that "The power to tax is not the power to destroy while this Court sits." Over the next 66 years, the Court has moved in precisely the opposite philosophical direction. One can only hope that the members of the Rehnquist Court will be reminded of the words of Justices Marshall and Holmes.

—STEPHEN MOORE & MICHAEL MARKSON

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal policy at the Cato Institute. Mr. Markson is an attorney working at Cato.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wanda Franz, Ph.D.
President
of the

National Right to Life Educational Trust Fund

cordially invites you to attend the

First Annual
Proudly Pro-Life Awards Dinner

at the Waldorf-Astoria
Wednesday evening, the twentieth of April
One thousand nine hundred ninety four
at six thirty o'clock

Honoring

Mrs. Arthur De Moss

Chairman of the Board, The Arthur S. De Moss Foundation
and

His Eminence John Cardinal O'Connor

Archbishop of New York

Honorary Chairman
The Honorable Robert P. Casey
Governor of Pennsylvania

General Chairmen
Mr. & Mrs. William E. McCann

R.S.V.P. Black Tie

I/We shall be pleased to attend the First Annual Proudly Pro-Life Awards Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria on April twentieth.

Subscriptions: Tables of ten $5,000; couples $1,000; singles $500. Enclosed is my/our check for $_____ .

Mr.
Mrs.
Ms. _____

Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

Please make checks payable to:
National Right to Life
Educational Trust Fund
and mail to:
Suite 500,
419 7th St., N.W.,
Washington, DC 20004-2293.

Your donation is tax-deductible to the full extent of the law.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tial campaign, did Bill Clinton pay taxes on this hefty chunk of his salary.

Use of state troopers for personal business—If you have a detail of government security personnel surrounding you, tax questions arise if you require them to accompany you on personal business or transact personal business for you. For instance, if you make them use their own personal, unmarked cars to take you to visit special friends late at night, can the state reimburse them for gas and mileage? Who pays for their dinners when they are waiting for you during a late-night social encounter?

In a nutshell, don't charge anything to the state that you don't want to have to explain to the voters. Questions of compensation for arranging trysts, buying gifts, and keeping your wife in the dark fall more clearly into

"Thanks to you, I've reached the point of diminishing returns. It's no longer profitable for me to earn a living."

the realm of etiquette than tax law. Do spring for dinner when troopers are out late watching over you. The IRS has expressly ruled that state troopers may not deduct the cost of fast food while they're on duty, even if it's a long shift.

Bribes. If you're offered a bribe you should decline. But if you disregard this advice, insist on the traditional suitcase full of cash or gold bullion. Do not accept checks, because all checks end up on microfilm in bank records. This is why Congressman Jim Leach, the ranking Republican on the House Banking Committee, keeps saying that he wants to see the checking-account records of the Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan, which he believes was used as a conduit for bribes.

One popular ruse is to have money that is coming to you for some illegitimate use of power or influence appear to go to your spouse for apparently legitimate work. Seeming use of this practice by the Clintons has Hillary in an awkward situation just now. In 1985, after Bill told James McDougal, the head of Madison Guaranty, that they needed some help with family finances, Hillary was paid $2,000 a month for 15 months, to fight off efforts by state bank regulators to close the S&L for insolvency. Some observers have suggested that the monthly retainer was a bribe, in exchange for which Bill would turn a blind eye to Madison's insolvency, which, coincidentally, he and the bank regulator he appointed did, ultimately costing taxpayers $60 million when the bank failed. Mrs. Clinton has chosen the imaginative defense of claiming that she really didn't do much work for Madison, and many former colleagues have backed this up by pointing out that she had precisely zero experience in this type of law. Her calculation appears to be that it is worse to be seen as being paid for influencing a regulatory outcome when your husband is the governor, than to be seen as taking money for work you didn't actually do.

Partnership income. The use of partnerships for investing money, a hot idea in the 1980s, makes it very easy to conceal the nature of your actual investment. In 1983 Hillary Clinton, Webb Hubbell, Vince Foster, and Ken Shemin, all Rose Law Firm partners, formed a partnership called Midlife Investments. Each put up $15,000. Partly because Mrs. Clinton omitted all relevant (and required) details from her tax returns, it is impossible to know what this partnership invested in, or what money flowed in and out. Even the E. F. Hutton broker who set up the partnership doesn't understand why it generated so little reported income.

Veteran observers will recall that Geraldine Ferraro used the same technique in 1984, when she released a sheaf of tax returns and claimed full disclosure. Reporters later figured out that while the returns indicated large amounts of partnership income, they concealed the organized-crime-related nature of the partnerships with which her husband was doing business.

Dividends. Most dividends are obvious, but be sure to consider *disguised dividends*. For example, if you own part of a business, and it pays off a personal debt for you, you must declare that as a dividend. Failure to do so constitutes tax fraud. This is not a grey area.

Bill and Hillary Clinton face this very issue in the Whitewater Development Corporation scandal. In 1985 Whitewater paid off a loan for $7,322 that Bill Clinton had signed for personally at a bank. This is a "disguised dividend" and it is taxable as income.

This is not to be confused with the $50,000 that Mr. McDougal partly raised and partly took from Madison that year for Mr. Clinton to pay back another personal loan. Nor is it to be confused with various debts that Whitewater owed, for which the Clintons had signed, which were paid off with money siphoned from Madison. That is called "discharge of indebtedness income," and it is taxable as income.

THE TAX CODE encourages nice behavior, such as helping the poor, by allowing you to deduct from your taxable income what you give away.

Non-cash charitable contributions. You've probably been saving your used underwear for months, hoping that, like the Clintons, you could deduct at least two bucks a pair for them. Well, the good news is that IRS Commissioner Margaret Richardson declared at a recent press conference that she had no intention of looking into the First Couple's lingerie write-offs; so, if you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Report that Shocked America...

...and broke the media silence about Bill Clinton's controversial behavior before and after the election.

Ben Stein: Requiem for a Madam • Shalala's Shenanigans
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
His Cheatin' Heart
David Brock in Little Rock
Maurice Cranston, RIP
Hell of a Podhoretz
Free WITH YOUR ORDER

Yours Free!

THIS is *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR* article that has the whole nation talking. You've read about it in newspapers. You've heard about it on radio and television. Now read it for yourself—and come to your **own** conclusions.

In this explosive investigative report by David Brock—**YOURS FREE** with your introductory subscription to *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR*—you'll examine some of the most disturbing charges ever leveled at a sitting President of the United States...

...Charges that Bill Clinton's extramarital affairs continued **after** his avowal on "60 Minutes" that his marital difficulties were over.

...charges that Clinton misused state resources, power and personnel to **facilitate extramarital affairs.**

...charges that Clinton used bribery and threats to **suppress** these stories before and after his election to the Presidency.

...charges that Hillary Clinton deliberately **destroyed evidence** linked to her husband's illicit activities.

...charges that shed **new light** on the mysterious **suicide** of Vince Foster—and Administration efforts to block any investigation.

"SCANDAL IN LITTLE ROCK: The Bill Clinton Cover-Up" blows the lid off one of the worst cases of media irresponsibility in U.S. history—and exposes reckless patterns of Clinton's behavior played down by the national press. You'll be amazed by what the media **didn't** report about Clinton **before** his election to the presidency. And you'll be outraged when you learn how this shocking information was kept hidden from the public for so long.

You'll also discover why *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR* has become one of the fastest-growing newsmagazines in journalism history! More and more people like the way *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR* pursues **truth,** even if it flies in the face of current political fashion.

Subscribe today and get your FREE **"SCANDAL IN LITTLE ROCK:** The Bill Clinton Cover-up"—the exposé that reveals a President's controversial past. Satisfaction Guaranteed. If you're ever disappointed with *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR,* for any reason, simply cancel for a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Send for your trial subscription and FREE "SCANDAL IN LITTLE ROCK: The Bill Clinton Cover-Up" today!

Send to: THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR,
Subscription Department,
P.O. Box 657, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0657

or ☎ call 1-800-356-0600.

❑ **Yes,** please send my FREE COPY of "SCANDAL IN LITTLE ROCK: The Bill Clinton Cover-Up" and enter a one-year trial subscription (12 issues) to *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR* for $34.95. I understand that if I am unhappy with *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR* for any reason I may cancel and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues.

❑ Payment enclosed

❑ Charge my: ❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard

Card #:_____ Exp. Date:_____

Signature:_____

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for subscription to begin.
Sorry, we can only accept checks and credit card orders for this special offer.

ANR944

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have a reasonable number of worn panties or boxers, the coast is clear.

The bad news is that the Clintons know a lot about this trick, so their tax regime includes much stricter standards for non-cash deductions. You, for instance, cannot do what Hillary did all through the 1980s, when she made up quarterly lists of Bill's, Chelsea's, and her own old clothes, toys, accessories, etc., which she personally valued at between $1,000 and $2,300 a year, with no corroboration. The new Clinton tax rule says that if you claim more than a $250 deduction, you must fill out elaborate forms.

Legal fees. You can only deduct legal fees related to tax work or investments, not criminal-defense fees or your divorce lawyer. So the Clintons won't be able to deduct the megabucks they're paying the superlawyers at Williams & Connolly. How, on a salary of $200,000, can they afford fees likely to reach $2 million? This is what legal-defense funds are for. But remember: when friends or allies are being specially prosecuted and you write a check for their defense, you can't deduct it, because it's politics, not charity.

Job-hunting expenses. Lots of movement in D.C. this year. Incoming Democrats and outgoing Republicans can deduct all standard expenses. Some Democrats may have additional expenses: for instance, if a candidate for high office must disburse funds to preclude "bimbo eruptions," these payments may be deductible if they come out of personal funds. Do not deduct such payments if you used "soft" campaign dollars.

MOVING ON to Schedule D, **capital gains** include profits from selling assets such as real estate, stocks, and bonds. Gains are good—but the more of a player you are, the more careful you must be about conflicts of interest.

Say you are Hillary Rodham Clinton, and even though you don't hold a specific government office, you're in charge of gutting and rebuilding the nation's health-care system. But this took so much of your time your first year on the job that you were unable to put your personal holdings into the mandatory blind trust until mid-summer. Meanwhile, Value Partners of Little Rock, a hedge fund with which you've got about $100,000 invested, made piles of money for you by selling health-care stocks short, betting that your reforms would make American health-related industries less profitable. This is precisely the situation that the legal phrase "conflict of interest" was coined to describe. In addition to looking tacky and venal, it's embarrassing, because the market is telling you your plan won't work and giving you big profits to back up its claim.

Losses. To take a loss you have to prove that you actually lost your own money on the investment. This should be no problem with a legitimate failed investment, which can provide copies of any records you personally may have misplaced. It may be tricky where records never existed, or where they were shredded, or where the money invested wasn't really yours.

Turning again to the First Couple for tax leadership, we see that on the hot potato of Whitewater, they claim to have no records at all. (James McDougal claims that Mrs. Clinton was given all the records when she requested them in 1989.) And yet they say they lost $69,000. This raises a red flag because a) the money they invested was all loans, none of which they appear to have paid back themselves, and b) they never took a loss in that amount on their tax returns.

Remember, when questions were raised about Whitewater during the 1992 campaign, the Clintons hired FOB James Lyons to prepare a report showing that the company lost money. Wanting to avoid tax-fraud charges, Mr. Lyons took care to stipulate that, because of inadequate records, the report was not definitive. After the election, the Clintons had Vince Foster persuade James McDougal (then under federal indictment) to buy their shares back at the arbitrary price of $1,000 (for which they showed a capital gain). The Lyons report held often financially illiterate news reporters at bay through the 1992 campaign, but the IRS disregards such self-serving documentation. Bottom line: If you are innocent, hire a Big Six public accounting firm.

If you are guilty, you could have your attorney fabricate new records. Indeed, one of Vince Foster's post-election tasks seems to have been "reconstructing" the (never-filed) tax record on Whitewater for the three years prior to the time when, simultaneously, Bill was inaugurated and the Clintons sold the investment. Caution: Broach this possibility only if you are on intimate enough terms with your lawyer that he is more likely to do it than to turn you in, because you are asking him to commit a felony.

Presidential-campaign checkoff. Check off this annoying little box, yes, if you wish to earmark $2 for the presidential-campaign matching fund, or no, if you disapprove of public financing. President Clinton feels that campaign-finance reform is important enough that he mentioned it in his State of the Union Address this January. Yet, oddly, not once during the 1980s did he or Mrs. Clinton waste ink on the box.

Innocent-spouse doctrine. Finally, if you plan to commit tax fraud, consider whether you want to drag your beloved spouse to the slammer with you. If not, don't discuss the details of your household finances. However, if you've married someone of a similar educational and professional level the IRS won't believe that he or she doesn't know about deals, investments, and illicit sources of income that benefit both of you.

Again, the Clintons provide a complicated model for the Nineties. If it turns out that there were significant omissions of income on their returns, Hillary might selflessly allow Bill to claim the benefit of the innocent-spouse doctrine. Working against him is his Yale law degree and the fact that he has held several responsible jobs. In his favor is his limited contribution to family income and minor role in family financial planning. On the other hand, keep in mind that one of the most fertile sources of IRS criminal investigations is the accusations of outraged ex-spouses.

Now, wouldn't a flat tax be easier? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITED BY DIGBY ANDERSON AND TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

A Philosophy Of Pleasure

ROGER SCRUTON

HUMAN PLEASURE may be sensual, like the pleasure of a hot bath, or intellectual, like the pleasure of mathematical proof. But the pleasures that matter most to us, and that shape our lives and personalities, are neither purely sensual nor purely intellectual, but both at once. They arise in contemplation, when the senses feast on some favored object, or during practical activities, when we rise above our purpose and begin to enjoy what we are doing for its own sake, without regard to the results. They include aesthetic pleasures, whether in art or in nature; the pleasures of sport, whether enjoyed as a spectacle or through participation; the pleasures of the chase and the pleasures of sexual union. In all of these the human being is emancipated from sensuous existence, so as to encounter a world beyond purpose, a world in which thought and feeling come together in a synthesis that no animal can ever know.

Hence we are judged by our pleasures, which are the sign of our worth. The joy of a human being is also an expression of his moral outlook: those who see things with evil or perverted eyes have evil or perverted pleasures. It is a pernicious modern fallacy to believe that pleasure is a physical condition, a primitive sense of well-being located in some region of the body, and no more susceptible to moral judgment than is the digestive system or the sensation of pain. This "demoralization" of pleasure owes much to nineteenth-century utilitarianism, and also to Nietzsche's glorification of the instincts and Freud's theory of the "pleasure principle." If there is anything wrong with pleasure, those writers suggest, it lies merely in the causes and effects of it.

This demoralization of pleasure makes us look more like the animals than we really are. If infant "sexuality" has been a favorite concern of the demoralizers, it is because the infant is a bridge between the animal and the person. He is the proof that, whatever our final state, we begin life as animals, and become persons only by a slow process that by no means eliminates, but at most "represses," our essential nature. Freudians try to persuade us, therefore, that all our sexual experiences have their paradigms in infancy, where they exist as bodily desires and satisfactions, focused on "erotogenic" zones. In a famous passage Freud wrote that "no one who has seen a baby sinking back satiated at the breast and falling asleep with flushed cheeks and a blissful smile can escape the reflection that this picture persists as a prototype of the expression of sexual satisfaction in later life." This ridiculous observation—which tells us only that the baby's expression is the prototype of a post-prandial doze—is about the only proof that Freud ever offered for his view that our later sexual experiences are all presaged at the breast, and are as animal and amoral as the gluttony of the infant. By describing adult sexuality in these infantile terms, you make it infantile. The demoralized view of human pleasure is self-confirming, since the more people believe in it, the more true it becomes.

But however brutish modern people may be, art and literature testify to a higher and purely human form of erotic pleasure. The sexual pleasure of animals bears no real resemblance to

Mr. Scruton is the author of Sexual Desire: A Moral Philosophy of the Erotic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that which lovers feel. It involves no understanding of the other; it provides no triumph or commitment, is hedged around by no shame or prohibition; is free from judgment, praise, or blame. The sexual pleasure of an animal neither depends on thought nor responds to thought. Hence it can never be mistaken. By contrast, the literature of love is full of mistakes: the mistaken pleasure of Lucretia, as she lies with the rapist whom she thinks to be her husband (an innocent mistake, but one that only death can cure); the transgression of Emma Bovary, whose sexual pleasure empties her of hope; the desperate pleasure that gnaws the heart of Swann, in the bottomless pit of his love for Odette. Do animals make mistakes like these? The very idea is absurd. The sexual pleasures of humans stem as much from thought as from sensual contact: they involve knowledge, imagination, and judgment, and express the whole personality of the person who experiences them. That is why they can be praised and blamed—not for their effects, but for their very existence. The sexual pleasure of the child-molester is wrong in itself, and not in its consequences only. And the same is true of the predatory sexuality which we are not supposed to judge, but which we must judge if we are to retain our true humanity.

Our greatest pleasures differ from those of the animals in another respect: they are also *evaluations*, in which we appreciate what we enjoy for its own sake, as an end in itself. This extraordinary fact, which Kant made the cornerstone of his aesthetics, is the proof that we belong to another and higher sphere—the sphere of judgment. For it is not only in the aesthetic experience that people learn to contemplate the world and perceive its intrinsic meaning. Even when pursuing a purpose, they garland their acts with purposelessness, and the purpose becomes the excuse for a higher meditation. This is what happens when we build, and building turns to style, ornament, and decoration. (The crime of modern architecture is that it makes the purpose sovereign over its embellishment, and so negates what is truly human in the art of building.) It is also what happens in the greatest pleasure that I know: the pleasure of hunting to hounds. This has a purpose, which is to catch and kill the prey. The pleasure of the hounds consists entirely in their absorption in this purpose, and in the animal compulsion that presses them onward to the kill. But for the follower, carried across country by a horse, whose animal pleasure courses through the human veins above him, hunting is an end in itself. The animal pleasure is transcended into something sublime: a contemplation of nature, in which life and death briefly flow together into a meaning. It is as hard to describe such a meaning as to paraphrase a Bruckner symphony. But its existence would be denied by no one who has encountered it. In hunting, as in music, we are confronted with an intrinsic good, and the pleasure we take in it needs no justification. It is such pleasures that make life worth while; and it is their absence from the life of sensuality that is the real punishment of those who are lost in it. □

Clear Fairways

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE sports section of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* carried a picture in September 1949 of three bewildered young women under the headline: "UPSET." The caption explained that if any of the three won her match in the first round of the Ladies National Amateur Golf Championship it would be The Upset of the tournament. I am one of the three. This is the crowning moment of my golfing life, my first appearance in what was then the big league of women's golf.

I am 27 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and dressed in a creased chambray dress, a relic of college days, having been told too late that shorts—the basics of my golfing wardrobe—are banned at the Amateur. My opponent—the favorite—is one of those long-legged, easy-striding, golden Western women, wearing tailored light tan slacks that match her bag, which matches her shoes, which match her cap, which matches her blond locks and handsome, lightly tanned face. Her bag proclaims that it belongs to Dot Kielty, her cap says "DOT," and the beaded belt around her (disgustingly slim) waist spells out "DOTTIE." We are called to the first tee. Dottie climbs over the rope; I—after gauging the height—wriggle under.

"Miss Buckley on tee," roars the loudspeaker. Miss Buckley tees up, nervously, takes a practice swing, nervously, and is asked to step back, which she does, nervously. The television cameras must be positioned, and back in 1949 that takes some time. Miss Buckley obligingly swings for the camera crew.

Miss Buckley is an NR *senior editor.*

Three Tips from Jim Flick

1. What to do in windy weather. When you are playing in windy conditions, use a less lofted club and swing easily. This should keep you from adding dangerous spin to the ball.

2. How to target your shot. From behind the ball, establish your target line. Aim the club face, letting your arms hang freely from the shoulders. Then place your body parallel to the target line.

3. How to find an effective grip. Grip the club securely enough so that your fingers stay around the club, but keep your arms relaxed enough to feel the clubhead going back and coming through. This should allow the arms to swing freely in the proper arc. —JF

Mr. Flick, NR *fan and fellow conservative, is co-founder of the Nicklaus/Flick Golf School (800-642-5528).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Clear fairways, Miss Buckley," says the loudspeaker. Miss Buckley—by now a near basket case—cranks up a mighty swing, and the ball rolls e v e r s o s l o w l y over the front edge of the tee, coming to rest on the tee's downward slope, still within easy range of the cameras. Miss Buckley staggers off, making way for Miss Kielty, who slams her ball 250 yards right down the middle. Dottie picks up her tee, smirks at the crowd, pauses to say: "Miss Buckley, I never converse when I play tournament golf," and strolls ten feet ahead to await my second shot.

So, you ask, how can I continue to love a game that constantly inflicts such almost gleeful humiliations on its votaries? The answer is: I have no choice. I can no more purge golf from my being than I could shuck amoebic dysentery, which, if you get it, you have it for life.

"Golf," the *Columbia Encyclopedia* informs us, is a "game of hitting a small hard ball with specially made clubs on an outdoor course sometimes called links. The object is to deposit the ball in a specified number of cups, or holes, using as few strokes as possible."

Which shows how much they know. That's a description of what you do when you play golf, but that's not *golf*. Golf is a till-death-do-us-part situation, a blessing and a curse, both of Biblical proportions: it humbleth the proud and bringeth the mighty low, though it does not necessarily raise up the humble. Golf is aggravating, entrancing, baffling, amusing, exhilarating, frustrating, debilitating, joyous. It can sunder friendships; it has sundered marriages. It is expensive and time-consuming. But as any golfer will tell you, there is nothing quite like the exhilaration of a well-struck drive, of a crisp 6-iron to the green, or of that impossible putt that careens thirty feet on a slick and treacherous green to drop into the cup. There is nothing to beat stepping up to the first tee in a friendly but competitive foursome. Golf is one of the few sports where players of widely disparate talents can enjoy playing together, because handicaps do indeed level the playing field. Golf is fun.

Golf is also an open sesame to friendship. Once the word gets around that you play golf, golfers gravitate toward you. Next thing you know you are booked for a round next Saturday, and a whole new set of friends awaits in the wings.

The more seriously some golfers take the sport, the more laughs the others get. Half the fun is the stories they tell, sitting with a tall beer on the terrace overlooking the 18th green. Like the one about the woman in the Carolinas Women's Championship, some years back, who held up the entire field (temp.: 98 degrees) by her insistence that her opponent play the ball where it lay. The opponent refused to do so. The Tournament Committee was summoned, and it ruled that the opponent could replace her ball two clubs' length from where it lay, which was against the scaly hide of an alligator sunning itself by a pond near the 10th fairway. Or, at that same tournament, the woman who enlivened the cocktail party that evening by recounting that twenty yards from the 18th hole her small black caddie had handed her a 3-wood. An older, more experienced caddie had whispered: "Man, why you give dat lady dat club?" To which the boy had replied: "Man, dat lady ain't going to get on no green, nohow, with no club."

"And he was perfectly right," commented the lady, by that time well into her third Tom Collins.

P. G. Wodehouse wrote dozens of stories about golf, wildly convoluted morality tales in which the stuffy practitioner of the game ends up destuffed, stories that could, given the zaniness of golf, almost be true. One of Wodehouse's golfers, having missed a critical putt, complains that the "confounded clatter of butterflies" in the next field destroyed his concentration. A true golfer will nod sympathetically. Wodehouse would have approved of Arnold Palmer's (or was it Jack Nicklaus's?) reply to the fan who asked how on earth he had gotten a 13 on a certain hole. "Because I missed my putt for a 12, ma'am."

Sad to relate, golfers can be picked out in a crowd by a certain glazed look in the eyes of their spouses, family, and intimate friends. It is the glaze of boredom, the visible mark of endless endured hours of listening to a golf round relived, hole by endless hole, stroke by endless stroke. No, no, not again, prays the unhappy wife; he's not going to describe yet again that shot on the 16th hole of the Number 2 course in Pinehurst when . . .

By the way: Dot Kielty beat me, but not until the 17th hole. I could describe the match, hole by hole, shot by shot, but I won't. Even at this remove I can see the glaze in your eye . . . □

Fast—and Lose

JAMES LE FANU

LYON IS the city where the cooking of France's north meets that of the south. The north is home to *haute cuisine*, once thought by those who know to be the best in the world, the cooking of butter and cream—chickens roasted with butter; turbot, brill, and sole in buttery and creamy sauces; and, above all, high-fat cheeses such as Brie.

The healthy-diet brigade thinks it knows better. Follow its dogmas and you trample on this great tradition. Worse, you don't get to eat it.

The healthists appear to think the cuisine of the south is much "healthier," and that it consists of raw vegetables with a drizzle of olive oil. Do they not know the wonderfully fatty confits and cassoulets, the brandade of salt cod, oil, and milk, the rich beef and mutton daubes, the Arab-influenced sweetmeats, the pastries made with pork fat? The truth is simple. Follow the healthists and it is "No" to the whole of the French tradition, "No" to the best of China, "No" to much of Italy, and "No" to northern India, the four best cuisines in the world.

What can make intelligent people deny themselves all these wonderful things and eat cardboard and water instead? It is that they believe the

Dr. Le Fanu is the medical correspondent for the Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

healthists have nutritional science on their side and that it is established fact that saturated fats fur up the arteries, causing heart disease.

There is, however, no precedent in the whole of human evolutionary history for imagining food to be lethal in this way; indeed, man's enormous success as a species has depended absolutely on the ability to adapt to an infinite variety of patterns of food consumption. At a time when almost all those privileged to be born into Western societies live out their natural life span to die from diseases strongly determined by aging, it would seem highly improbable that a major cause of premature death should be some subtle imbalance of the different types of fat in the diet.

So, on simple common-sensical grounds the alleged link between "fat" and strokes, heart disease, and cancer is unlikely to be true. But the trouble with common sense, as Voltaire pointed out, is that it is not very common. And indeed over the last twenty years the harmfulness of animal fats has been promulgated by numerous expert committees, doctors, nutritionists, and health educationalists.

They naturally find it very difficult to admit they might be wrong, so we have reached the curious position that as uncertainty mounts the experts can only respond by reasserting their conviction. But shafts of doubt have now begun to penetrate the public consciousness.

There are several candidate moments for when the tide—at least in scientific terms—began to turn. There was the spectacular failure of the MRFIT Trial, the largest and most expensive medical experiment ever conceived, concluding in 1983. For almost a decade 12,000 middle-aged men had been vigorously encouraged to change their "lifestyle" and reduce the amount of fat in their diet; this turned out to have no effect on their subsequent risk of heart disease.

There was the revelation that cholesterol-lowering drugs, whatever

Lovers of the Leaf

FEW MOMENTS in a day match the simple ritual of preparing a cigar for smoking. A careful examination of the humidor yields the right cigar for the occasion. The chosen cigar is taken in hand, and its closed end is clipped to expose the tightly rolled leaf. A match or lighter is struck and the cigar's foot, or open end, is rotated just above the flame's tip to light it evenly. The first inhalation is savored, the smoke rolled around the mouth and then deliberately exhaled. In our hectic, pell-mell era, the brief focus on something pleasurable is a welcome, short escape into a more sedate, relaxed world.

The last three decades of anti-cigarette furor have obscured the profound attractions of high-quality tobacco. The fanatics lump all tobacco together into some single hellhole where no intelligent person would ever venture. Not that lovers of tobacco, or those who make the products, have helped their own cause. The focus on mass-marketed, fast-burning, chemical-laden cigarettes meant to be consumed in quantities measured in packs per day has relegated fine, hand-rolled versions of the finest hand-selected leaves to the back shelves. It's as if the only wines available today came with names like Night Train, and the Château Lafite Rothschilds were sold as an afterthought.

Hand-rolled cigars represent one thing: the best. They are the product of skilled craftsmen at every step of the way making decisions based on years of experience. It starts in the fields, where harvesters are as skilled as gem appraisers, picking the leaves at the precisely right time. The dedication to quality continues in the curing barns and warehouses, where temperature and humidity gauges are really just aids to the touch and feel of the tobacco man, who relies on the experience of every harvest he has lived.

The operation at the rolling desks epitomizes the term "by hand." The rollers clutch the tobacco leaves together—often three or four different varieties go into a cigar's blend—squeeze them into a form, lay them out on a binder, roll them, put the bunch in a press for a few minutes, then select an outer wrapper and roll the pressed bunch tightly with the wrapper, using a deeply ingrained sense of just the right amount of pressure to fashion a cigar with a perfect draw. In every factory, the skills are passed along at the benches, as older rollers teach younger ones the fine points of their craft.

We've all heard the phrase, "Things aren't made the way they used to be." It's applied to cars, appliances, clothes; just about all manufactured products. But with cigars, the truth is that they are made just the way they were one hundred years ago. If there have been improvements, it has been in the ability to keep cigars moist in regulated humidors, aging slowly at the proper temperature and humidity. When it comes to premium cigars, there is still only one accepted standard: handmade.

As such, a particular cigar may have the imperfections that occur when anything is touched by human hands. Some wrappers may have a blotch here or there. Some cigars will draw hard. Some will burn slightly unevenly. But that's part of their charm. You are accepting the fact that the uniformity that is possible, even expected, in machine-made products will not be there. As a result, you can't just light up a cigar and ignore it. To smoke a cigar you must pay attention to it.

In short, you must devote yourself to it. For some, the cigar is a stimulant, a way to focus the mind on a particular task or problem or thought. For others, it is a true escape, a time to forget the world's cares and ponder the smoke curling to the ceiling.

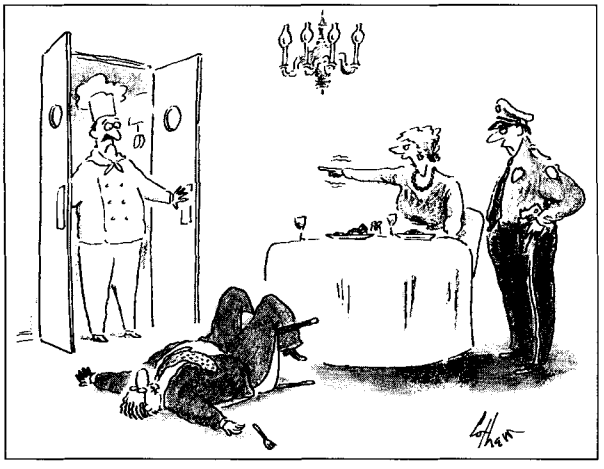
Whatever the motivation or the benefit, cigar smoking is nowadays a very public declaration of independence. Flying in the face of years of isolation and outright hostility, you announce that you are willing to flaunt your politically incorrect behavior . . . for the joy that a fine cigar brings. —MARVIN R. SHANKEN

Mr. Shanken is editor and publisher of Cigar Aficionado.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

putative benefit they might have in preventing heart disease, do no good overall because they increase the risk of other diseases.

But certainly the most graphic illustration of the failure of the attempt to prove a link between fat and heart disease was the curious case of the 88-year-old man who ate two dozen eggs a day. He was, according to the report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1991, "an articulate, well-educated elderly widower living in a retirement home who had been eating 20 to 30 eggs a day for at least 15 years." The nurse attached to his home testified that he took daily delivery of two dozen eggs, which he ate soft-boiled regularly throughout the day, keeping a careful record, egg by egg, of the number he consumed. This was obviously an obsessive/compulsive disorder, for he said, "Eating these eggs ruins my life, but I can't help it."



"That's the man, officer!"

This octogenarian's daily cholesterol intake was 40 times greater than currently recommended for a "healthy" diet, and yet his blood-cholesterol level, at 200, was absolutely plumb normal, and there was no clinical evidence of hardening of the arteries.

Investigating this phenomenon, Dr. Fred Kern of the University of Colorado School of Medicine found the two reasons why this enormous intake of cholesterol had no effect on blood cholesterol—80 per cent was excreted unchanged in the man's stool, and his liver had adapted by reducing its own synthesis of cholesterol.

This compulsively egg-eating senior citizen poses an insoluble conundrum for those who have insisted so vigorously that we "cut down" on our fat intake. Any physiological variable like blood pressure or blood cholesterol level is controlled by a series of different mechanisms to ensure a "steady state," as the human organism could not survive were such important functions to be readily influenced by simple alterations in the environment or changes in diet. The body has a built-in need for a certain amount of sodium, so those who consume more salt than is required excrete the excess in the urine, while those who have too little concentrate it in their kidneys.

The same is true for blood cholesterol. Reduce the amount of fat and cholesterol in a diet and more is manufactured in the liver; overconsume and the excess is excreted in the stool and the overproduction declines. This ability to adapt to changes in food consumption is, as has been noted, a prerequisite for man's survival as a species. Logically, then, only draconian changes in what we eat are likely to influence physiological variables like blood cholesterol, and, as our 88-year-old egg-beater illustrates, even severe stress of the mechanisms for coping with the intake of cholesterol may have no untoward physiological consequences.

The true significance of this is best appreciated by considering the changing pattern of heart disease in the United States over the last fifty years. From the 1940s, incrementally every year its incidence rose relentlessly among middle-aged males to become much the commonest cause of premature death. Then suddenly, in 1968, it began declining equally precipitously, and has declined ever since.

Now this recent decline in heart disease has been attributed to greater health conscientiousness and a shift to a "healthy diet," but clearly this cannot be the cause. To begin to explain such drastic shifts, there would have to have been revolutionary changes in the American diet which quite simply have not occurred. For the period 1950–1980, during which heart disease rose, peaked, and declined, the amount of fat in the diet hardly changed.

Confounded by these unpalatable facts, the proponents of the harmfulness of a "high fat" diet have responded by telling lies. They have deceived the public about the complex physiology of cholesterol metabolism, implying it is readily influenceable by small changes in diet like switching to skimmed milk or replacing butter with margarine. They have deceived the public into believing that the recent decline in heart disease is attributable to changes in diet, when the only changes that have occurred have been far too trivial to explain the trends in the disease.

Their propaganda has had three substantial adverse consequences. It has generated a widespread public neurosis in which the risks of food have become so exaggerated that otherwise sane people quake at the sight of a hamburger for fear of the harm it might do to their arteries. Further, it has promoted the widespread use of cholesterol-lowering drugs in other-

Digby Anderson's Special Cholesterol Dinner

Assiette de charcuterie—A selection of salamis, rillettes, pâtés, and terrines, all packing up to 50 per cent fat, and the only vegetable in sight is a few midget gherkins (only one per person, mind).

The Aveyron omelette—Squares of potato fried in lots of duck fat, with beaten eggs (add three extra yolks) poured over at the last minute and sprinkled with garlic and parsley.

Poulet à l'intellectuel—A large chicken (leave the skin on—it is a particularly rich source of fat) roasted golden in butter and stuffed with calf's brain. (Even among organ meat, brains stand out; kidneys, for example, have seven times more cholesterol than beef, but brains have nearly forty times more.)

Steamed chocolate pudding with cream—It must be good pudding made of suet—i.e., fat from the beef kidney—with heavy cream.

Stilton—The best high-fat cheeses are Gorgonzola and Roquefort, but Stilton has more fat than either.

Manzanilla, Burgundy, and Port. Punch cigars. —DA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wise healthy people, which cause a substantial burden of side-effects.

Finally the obsession with "lifestyle" has diverted researchers from seeking more plausible explanations. The true cause of heart disease remains as mysterious as ever, but the pattern of this dramatic rise and fall over fifty years is strongly suggestive of a unitary biological cause.

"When we summon the wisest of doctors to our aid," the celebrated hypochondriac Marcel Proust once observed, "the chances are they will be relying on scientific truths the errors of which will be recognized in a few years' time." This would certainly seem to be the case with the great cholesterol scam.

The time has come for all sensible people to turn their backs on this anxiety mongering, and where better to start than with a typical healthy Andalusian breakfast: a cup of whole milk and chocolate, followed by bread dripping with goose fat, and rounded off with a slug of brandy and a cigarette. What pleasure! □

A Day in Europe

ALISTAIR McALPINE

A DAY spent in Europe—the possibilities are endless. Where to wake, for instance? I know with absolute certainty where I would wake: in Hampshire, at an English country hotel. The George at Stamford, perhaps; the season would be spring and I would lie in bed with the windows wide open, the curtains drawn back. I would break my sleep with the call of a cockerel echoed by his mates in nearby chicken pens, and then I would listen to the birds as they sang their dawn chorus. Sleep would be gone, and I would stand at my bedroom window, this time in the Hotel Bucintoro just beyond the bridge that spans the canal leading to Venice's Arsenal. I would stand at my open window and look down to the Grand Canal, on my left the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Palladio's masterpiece, on my right the Doges' Palace, ahead the customs building with its golden weather cock—perhaps this is the finest view in the world, certainly the best view in Venice. A sporting man might choose the moors of Scotland or the forests of Germany; perhaps the view of the Jungfrau from the room where Queen Victoria slept in the Palace Hotel at Interlaken.

Breakfast, a tuna-fish sandwich and *caffè latte*, at Paulo's bar in front of the Arsenal, where four Greek lions guard the Renaissance gateway; or bacon and eggs with black pudding at Simpson's-in-the-Strand, where lawyers and writers take their morning meal. Or perhaps a pair of kippers at the Fox and Anchor on the edge of Smithfield meat market close by Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, kippers washed down with a pint of Black Velvet (Champagne and Guinness), as I sit among butchers in their blood-stained overalls, who eat vast quantities of food and drink pints of beer and measures of whisky turn and turn about. In Paris, perhaps at the Deux Magots, once a toy shop, later a bar, where Picasso and Matisse would have taken their breakfast; after hot coffee and croissants, it's a short walk down the road to the bookseller de Nobel, who sells art books; Paris is a mecca for those who buy books.

For a morning's shopping expedition, let's go to Rome, to Curiosità e Magica, a conjuring shop. The proprietor will amaze you by making your possessions disappear and then reappear again. Apart from the tricks he sells, his shop is filled with his own collection of things that belonged to the world's great magicians. Or to Milan, where, in the Via Monte Napoleone, is the shop of G. Lorenzi, who sells every form of knife—from implements to shave your chin to hatchets to take on hunting trips—and pipes of

Alistair McAlpine, a columnist for the Sunday Express *and the* Spectator, *is the author of* The Servant.

Just look at all the opportunities that are out there...

"Businesses anticipate big benefits from the North American Free Trade Agreement. Executives at large and small companies, in sectors ranging from agriculture to banking to transportation, are talking optimistically about expanded opportunities south of the border and increased jobs in the U.S."
as appeared in
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Friday, November 19, 1993

"PHOTO FINISH FOR GATT
Opening Markets. Nearly all the participants have agreed on reducing tariff barriers in dozens of areas such as textiles, steel, and consumer electronics."
as appeared in
FORTUNE
November 29, 1993

Speak another language in 30 days with this proven BERLITZ® Method.

Now you can do it with Berlitz, the language learning leader for over a century.
The secret is Berlitz quality language learning. Developed by Berlitz's professional linguists. You start conversing in hours, not days or months. You learn by listening and imitating. Under the gentle prompting of your tutor, you start speaking. Simple words at first. Then phrases. Then sentences. You're not thinking in English then translating – you're already thinking in another language – and language learning is fun!

Try Think & Talk™ for 30 days...without risk.
With just 30 minutes a day and in just 30 days you'll have mastered a working vocabulary of 1,000 words or more. Think & Talk is available on cassettes and compact discs (CD). Our new CD-ROM programs (MAC or MPC format) offer sound effects, music and other proven Berlitz learning methods.

FREE TRIPLE BONUS –
Just for trying Think & Talk
- Executive briefcase
- Tape Player with headphones
- Phrase Book in your chosen language

HOW TO ORDER
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-526-8047
Visa, MasterCard, American Express
Dept.5533
Or write: Berlitz Pub. Co., Inc., P.O.Box 305, Riverside, NJ 08075
Think & Talk is available in Spanish, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Russian and English for Spanish. Cassettes are $165 ($10 S&H-Advanced Courses available except for Japanese and Russian). CDs $185 ($10 S&H-Not available in Advanced German, Italian or Japanese). CD-ROM for MAC or MPC $199 ($10 S&H-Available only for French, German, Italian or Spanish).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every size and shape, and all the implements that those who smoke cigars could possibly need. Before lunch I will swim in the sea and visit the ruins of ancient Greece, or take a dry martini in Venice in Florian's Bar—not sitting in the square listening to the music of their quartet, but sitting on a bar stool in the back room, where Venetians gather and the barman makes a martini that seems so white and pure that it could not possibly do you any harm.

Lunch, where to lunch? Will I go to Bologna, where the food is the best in Italy, or Lyon, where the food is the best in France? Perhaps I will sit by the Thames at Michel Roux's Waterside Inn, where the food is the equal of anyone's. Or the bar of Phoenix, a public house on the edge of Hartley Witney, for a pub lunch of bread, cheese, and pickles washed down by a couple of pints of "Breakspeares" mild beer; a lifetime could be spent tracking down the retailers of Britain's many beers. Then again perhaps I would eat on the terrace of the Hotel Les Baux at Les Baux de Provence, a small hotel that burrows into the curious rock formations that constitute this lookout high above the Camargue. I would sit in the fresh air and eat the leg of baby

Spain, from Bars to Bullrings

BAR CUEVA is full. It's always full, for the simple reason, or so I deduce, that the locals think it the best fried-fish bar in Torre del Mar, a small Andalusian resort up the coast from Malaga.

So they—make that "we"—are crammed in here, elbow to elbow, noisily consuming platefuls of *gambas*, *almejas*, *calamares*, *boquerones*, *pulpo*, *rosada*, *chopitos* . . . If it swims, clings to rocks, or walks the sea bed, the Spaniards eat it.

And I don't mean only those who live at or near the coast. Those in the capital, Madrid, situated in the center of this, the second most mountainous country in Europe, also demand their daily quota from the sea. Feeding this appetite requires fleets of trucks to heave their way overnight from the coast up to the high central plain. But it is done as a matter of course. For though Spain is not renowned for efficiency, what the Spanish deem important they do well. The production and serving of food are done superlatively well.

This efficiency extends to another great institution, *los toros*, the bullfight. It is one of the few Spanish activities guaranteed to start dead on time.

"Spain is different" was the slogan with which the country first sought to attract mass tourism. So it gloriously is. And the ritual (never, but *never*, "sport") of the bullfight is one of the more dramatically obvious manifestations of that difference. For that reason alone anyone wishing to understand the country should try to see at least one big-town *corrida*.

I was lucky enough to see my first bullfight in one of Spain's oldest and most beautiful rings, the Maestranza in Seville, during the city's renowned spring *feria*. Just before the start I was swept by a lowering wave of revulsion. Why on earth was I, unmanned simply by the opening credits of *Bambi*, so excited by the prospect of seeing six bulls put to death for the delectation of a raucous mob? The feeling was not dispelled by the colorful entry of the matadors and their teams. But it evaporated the moment the first bull rushed, bemused and angry, into the ring. And it has never returned, even though I have watched some execrable and depressing performances since.

Bullfighting has engendered more fanciful verbiage than almost any other activity known to man (naturally I exclude the Clintons' health-care plan). I do not wish to add to it, except to say that when the bulls are brave and the matadors honest and skillful, a bullfight is a powerfully moving and mysterious experience.

Despite the increasing popularity of soccer and other spectator sports, bullfighting retains its appeal throughout the country. But it began as an Andalusian specialty, and that is where its most dedicated following is found today. Which leads me to confess that when I speak of "Spain" I'm speaking mainly with Andalusia in mind, something that irritates Spaniards.

But Andalusia seduces you into doing that. It is, after all, the most exotic and least European part of Spain. Indeed, remembering the French gibe that "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," it is the least European part of Europe; and, hemmed in and criss-crossed by mountain ranges, one of the least accessible.

This relative inaccessibility means that behind all those concrete *costas* a secret landscape lies, missed (I'm not complaining) by idle, incurious, or uninformed tourists. Much of the land of Andalusia is harsh and poor. Much of the landscape is unforgettable. Experience in spring, especially, the combination of azure skies, warm herbaceous scents, gleaming wildflowers, soaring hawks and eagles, and you understand why the Moors, the men from the deserts of North Africa, were so enraptured by it and why they clung on there for two and a half centuries longer than anywhere else in Spain.

You see their architectural and cultural legacy most dramatically in the cities of Córdoba, Seville, and Granada, not only in their great public buildings—such as, respectively, the Mosque, the Giralda, the Alhambra—but in the warren-like streets of their old quarters, and in the small, plant-bedecked courtyards, exquisite oases of coolness and calm.

Anyone willing to leave Bar Cueva can take the road cutting inland from Torre del Mar and within a few minutes begin to encounter the "old Spain" beloved of the travel books. Herds of goats still clatter through the market town, four miles away, to which Torre del Mar is administratively attached; teams of bullocks plow the surrounding fields; and small, weather-beaten men make their leisurely progress on mule or donkey. The traditional rhythms of Andalusian life still survive, even though newer melodies can be heard, the inevitable result of economic and material development. All the same, if you want to experience those rhythms, you had best be quick.

—DERRICK HILL

Mr. Hill is chief editorial writer for the London Daily Express.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lamb cooked in pastry. I once stayed there and gambled with the proprietor: if I chose a wine and he did not have it in his cellar, I would drink free that night. I stayed a week and lost my bet every evening.

I would wander around the museums of the south of France, the Fernand Léger Museum at Biot, the Picasso Museum in the old castle at Antibes. In Paris, I would visit the Musée Cluny; I like small museums, and this one holds France's best examples of medieval art. In Oxford I would visit the Pitt Rivers collection, the eclectic collection of a traveler and antiquary. In Stockholm there are over sixty small museums that record the history of subjects as disparate as drink and house painting.

Far the best place to visit in Sweden is Drottningholm Palace, not for the palace itself, but for its eighteenth-century opera house, where Mozart's operas are still performed with their original costumes and sets, thunder is made by rolling stones in wooden drums, and the scenery moves on a complicated series of pulleys all from two centuries ago. After the opera, dinner at the Operakällaren, the restaurant that adjoins The Grand Opera House in Stockholm itself, red plush, smart waiters, and boiled elk with cranberry sauce and a couple of dozen glasses of schnapps to stimulate the digestive system. Out into the fresh night air, across bridges that span Stockholm's waterways, stopping to watch the seagulls as they seize fish from the city's waters, and to wonder why I did not lunch in Stockholm's fish market and eat a dozen different sorts of soused herrings, followed by boiled pike but caught in Stockholm's archipelago. Well, when you try to travel Europe in a day some things slip your mind.

I must press on—I still have the palace theaters of Italy to tackle, the one at Parma near the birthplace of Verdi, and at Vincenza the Olimpico, both masterpieces of trompe-l'oeil. Driving between Parma and Mantua in the rain one day I came on the best of all these theaters at a small town called Sabbioneta, a walled town that is caught in a time warp. Its theater, once used as a military barracks and then as an agricultural store, is now restored to almost its former glory; the proportions are near perfect, and its decoration, in the style of Veronese's frescoes at the Villa Maser, are a delight. To sit and listen to opera, the Fenice theater in Venice is my choice. I have sat in the great opera houses of Paris, Milan, and London; I have heard opera sung in the parks of Sydney and with a cast of a thousand before an audience of 22,000 in Verona's Coliseum; but there is nowhere that I enjoy opera more than at La Fenice, home to the opening nights of some of Verdi's most celebrated operas. Just to sit in this place is magic, and if the music is good and the work well sung, that is a bonus.

To dine after the theater we'll go to London, to the Garrick Club for its pictures and its members, Pratt's Club because its premises are peculiarly British and for that matter so are its members—to both places you must be taken. To dine grandly, the Ritz in Paris. (Incidentally, if you are tired from the pace of the day, then the health club at the Ritz is the place to recover and wonder at its decor.) Perhaps you will dine heavily at Lembcke's in Hamburg—goose and German wines, in that city whose nightlife is as robust as its cuisine. Or if we're dining later, Barcelona at the Seven Gates; the food of Barcelona is not truly Spanish—the Catalonians know how to cook. Eat there and then wander in the streets of that town, a paradise for insomniacs; nothing much gets started until well after midnight, you can walk safely in the streets and choose a bar or club that suits your taste. You will find *me* in the bar of Annabel's, still London's best nightspot; you will know me, for I will be sitting alone near the door to the dance floor drinking herb tea. □

Preparing Pleasures

DIGBY ANDERSON

SHOOT three hares. Aim high and forward. Hares run with head held up, and that is the target. On no account shoot a fleeing hare in the bottom or rake the side of the body. Oh, and except in very cold climates shoot your hares after Christmas and after lunch.

You do not hunt? You should. Serious cooks have no business not hunting. You do not have land on which to shoot, or land with hares on it to shoot? Well, of course not. That is no excuse. You don't have a beach and ocean in the back yard, but you don't use that as a whimpering excuse not to go sunbathing and swimming. You don't have a cathedral or art gallery in the lobby, but that does not mean you never go to one. It is with hares as with surf and Turners: find out where they are and make arrangements to go there. Chaps travel hundreds of miles for sea air and spires, why not for hares? It is what we English call an outing.

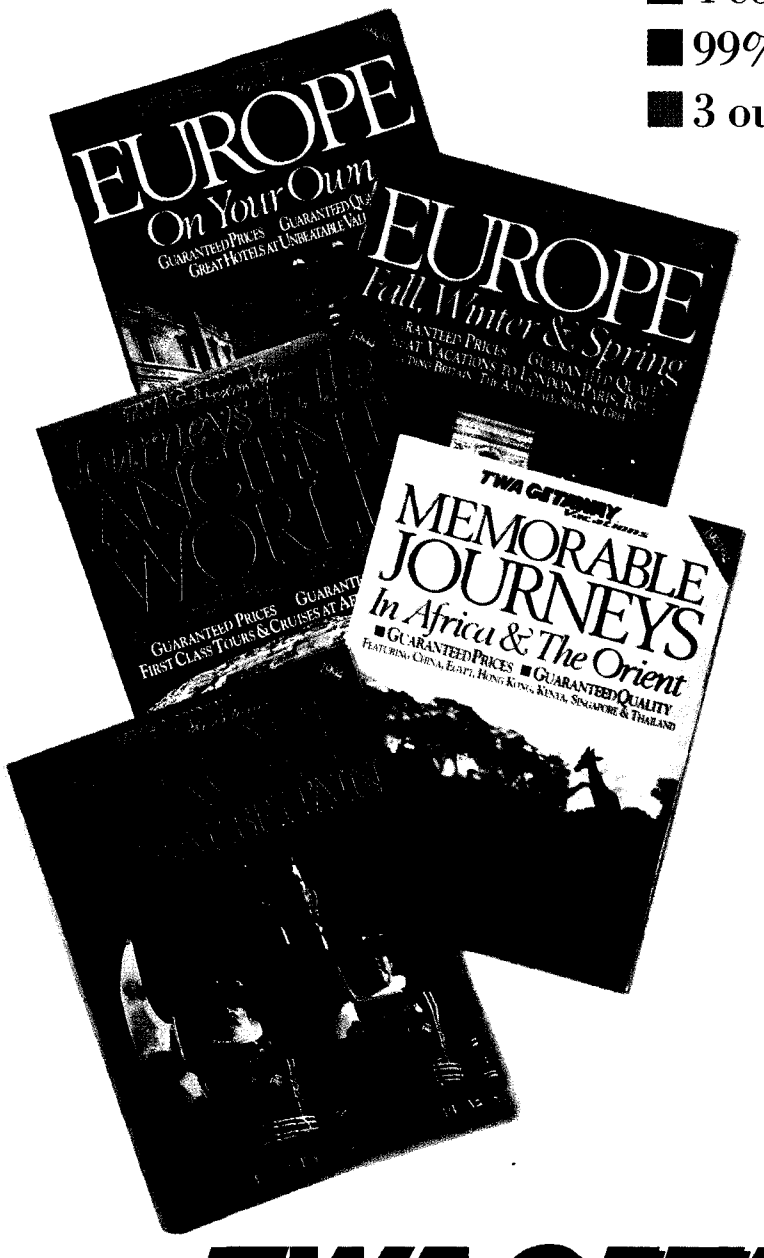
Outings can last weeks. No self-respecting outing lasts less than a day. Food outings, besides shooting, include fishing, going to fishing ports to buy fish, traveling to markets at home and abroad, visiting food shops in ethnic neighborhoods, and cultivating a friendly farmer and gardener for eggs, vegetables, domesticated rabbits, and the rest. Conservative cooks' lives are punctuated by regular food outings.

It is rash to set off on an outing on an empty stomach, so first you have to think of, cook, and eat a suitable breakfast, perhaps beef kidneys sauteed in olive oil with pimento and cumin (from the Middle Eastern store) and some freshly baked homemade flatbread, or a potato omelette or an *andouillette* (tripe sausage). And out shooting in the cold air you will need a hearty picnic lunch. I usually have smoked salmon and a homemade pork pie or a cold roast duck, perhaps a mallard from the last shoot; there's something very environmental about eating the bird on the land where you shot it and when you are about to shoot its cousin. With the duck or pie, some of the mixed carrots, celery, cucumber, and onion in wine vinegar you

Mr. Anderson is the editor of Loss of Virtue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

- 4 continents
- 99% customer satisfaction
- 3 out of 5 repeat clients



The numbers don't lie.

Now, TWA Getaway Vacations offers you even more choices for an international vacation. Whether you want to "do it on your own," or be fully escorted; whether you want to visit Europe, Egypt, Israel, Africa, China or the Orient; whatever your budget, TWA Getaway has a vacation to suit your needs.

And, with our 99% customer satisfaction rating, our 3 out of 5 repeat client ratio, and our tour warranty to stand behind our product, you can travel us with confidence. Trust an industry leader.

99% customer satisfaction rating based on less than 1% of Getaway customers complaining in 1993.

TWA GETAWAY® Vacations

The most comfortable way to get away.℠

Please send me the following TWA GETAWAY VACATIONS brochures listed:

❑ Europe Fall, Winter & Spring ❑ Europe On Your Own ❑ China & Africa ❑ Europe & Great Britain ❑ Egypt & Israel

Name Telephone#

Address

City State Zip

Send to: TWA Getaway Vacations, 110 South Bedford Rd, Mount Kisco, NY 10549 N.R. 4/18/94

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pickled Italian style after getting a job lot cheap from the gardener. And, before you set off, you will have left a robust *daube* in the oven, to be preceded by some anchovies you got at the fishing port and salted and packed in oil last month, and succeeded by a chicory salad—remember that big box of chicory you found in the market and have kept in the dark since. Nor is the food business over when the outing is done.

You do not shoot the hare in the bottom or rake the sides because hares are "hung." Like pheasants, partridges, and other game, they develop their flavor by the action of bacteria, benign bacteria, already in the animal. Game is not paunched (disemboweled) but left intact to hang. Pheasants and other birds are hung from the head. Hares are hung from the feet. A little blood will seep from the mouth—some chaps cover the head with a paper bag—but most collects in the thorax and will be used for the sauce when the hare is jugged. The Frogs call it *civet*. Game that has been raked and torn up by cartridge pellets, so that the flesh and the guts have been exposed to air, is contaminated by the wrong sort of bacteria and does not hang well. Americans sometimes call hares rabbits. They are wrong. Rabbits are not game and should be paunched when shot, and cooked a few days after. You shoot hares after lunch because hares, unlike partridges and pheasants, are heavy. It is a rule: he who shoots the hare carries it home. They are best shot at the end of the shooting day.

I keep my hares, along with the pheasants and other game, in a shed at the bottom of my garden. Every few days you wander down, gaze at them, feel their bottoms, and have a sniff to see how they're coming on. It does happen that you will have a precocious, a forward hare that is ready before you want to jug it. This one you paunch, skin—STOP: on no account throw away that skin; I'll tell you what to do with it in a moment—and strip the flesh from the bones. Chop the flesh fine and mix it fifty–fifty with pork fat (from the pig's back), and add peppercorns, juniper, and brandy. Use half to make a hare terrine and half for hare sausages. It's the same mix. If you want fancier recipes, look them up; I can't be bothered. I forgot to say that you chop off the feet before you skin the hare. Do not throw these away either. Tie each one to the end of a length of string, give the other end to your children, and tell them to jog them about for the cats. It will keep children and cats quiet for hours.

The sausage will want to be eaten within a couple of days. Try it with beans, and don't forget to soak them 24 hours before you need them. I like horseradish with hare sausages. That means another outing to find where the root is growing and another outing after dark to dig it up. (The eco-maniacs forbid digging up "wild flowers" in England.) The terrine should be sealed with butter and left three to eight days in the fridge.

By now you are beginning to see what all this is about. Proper cooking and eating is a full-time occupation—scouting out good things, buying, preserving, keeping till they are ready, then cooking and eating them. It is not done within the day but over months, building and using supplies. Restaurant eaters know nothing about real dedication to food. They down a plate of oysters in ten minutes. They think they're in full-scale decadence if they make a dinner last three hours. But home cooks live food all day, day in and day out.

The other two hares? Have the younger one (judge by the sinews when you cut the legs) Spanish style, marinated in wine vinegar and olive oil and roasted lying in the marinade. The big boy we jug. Fry the floured joints in pork fat, throw them and some fried onions into a casserole with a pint of Burgundy, bay leaf, salt, pepper, and thyme. Seal the lid on with a flour mix and leave in a very low oven for five hours. Before you serve, stir in the blood you removed from the thorax and add the fried liver. Before the hare, have some fried eels you bought last week (another outing) and kept live in the bath. Afterward, some goat cheese you bought in France and packed in olive oil. After that, a snooze by a roaring log fire from the tree you cut and stored last autumn but one.

And it is not over yet. The hare stock will make game risotto. And those three hare skins with three others, salted, dried, and sewn onto a base, will make a hat to go shooting in next year. The sewing of it through the winter evenings will keep the wife pleasantly occupied. That is why the hare should be shot after Christmas in full winter. The fur is thicker, makes better hats, and is easier to sew. Even out on the land, gun to shoulder, we chaps are thinking of the ladies and their convenience. □

Angst Aweigh

SHARON KING HOGE

IF YOU'RE a relentless sightseer, vacation opportunities confront you with a conundrum: How do you balance resting up with the utter compulsion to visit new places? Languishing for a week in a single spa or resort is out of the question. On the other hand, excursions to every possible shop, museum, and cathedral bring you home more exhausted than refreshed. Luckily, there is cruising; join the lazy and see the world.

Once you walk across the gangplank of a giant ocean liner "getting away from it all" is a literal proposition. It's not just that you're out of touch technologically (the bill for satellite phone calls from shipboard is ten dollars a minute), you're escaping every real-life decision.

As long as you're afloat, the routes, menus, activities all are pre-selected. Once you unpack (mercifully a one-time task) and settle into your cabin, there's no choosing hotels, quibbling about restaurants, shuffling maps, converting tips into foreign currencies. "Your biggest decision of the day," a cruise director used to intone, "is whether to eat steak or lobster for dinner." The ship provides your room and all the caviar you can eat; you can only relax and go where they take you. It's a 100 per cent *vacation* vacation.

But the hyper-kenetic aren't stranded at sea. When boats became

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obsolete as mere transportation, cruises evolved into activity fêtes. Most liners employ full-fledged cruise staffs dedicated to fighting that overbored feeling. Even as you sleep they are slipping under your door a menu of optional activities that can challenge even the most compulsive traveler.

Besides old standbys like shuffleboard and ping-pong, you can partake of athletic options from paddleball to practicing your putting to jogging (six times around the Promenade Deck equals one mile) to aerobics sessions (Belly Busters and Sit 'n' Be Fit). For mental exercise, there are lectures on "Managing Money" or "Laser Surgery for the Aging Eye" or "Building an Emotional Bank Account."

You can compete in Bingo, Trivia, bridge, and a home-grown version of *What's My Line*? Feature films are screened in the theater, or you can watch travel videos on your cabin TV.

Brushing up on your French or Spanish may entice you, or making feather-trimmed notecards in the Arts and Crafts course, improving your samba and rhumba, or learning to fold napkins into fancy peaked pineapple shapes. Pet Chats and Grandmothers' Get-Togethers are held for people who just want to talk. And all day long there is the option of sitting in your cabin and watching the prow of the ship plunging monotonously ahead on closed-circuit TV.

Little elements of suspense zip up the daily routine. Every morning fresh photographs of last night's events are posted so everyone can crowd around and exclaim. On to the boutique, where new merchandise is unveiled each day: gold-trimmed admiral jackets, starfish-beaded sweaters, anchor sweatshirts—many tactfully labeled "One Size Fits Most."

Meals are festive, since someone on the cruise staff has taken note of everyone's personal statistics. Inevitably there's at least one birthday or anniversary to celebrate with cakes, balloons, and singing waiters. And every evening is assigned its own theme: Pirates Night, when everyone wears striped shirts and gold earrings, Costume Night, Pastel Night, Talent Night, when you all show off.

With any remaining energy you go dancing in the lounge or gambling in the casino until it's time for waffles or sundaes at the midnight buffet.

And everything is do-able. Roughly the equivalent of a ten-story, block-long building, the ship is like a tidy small town with every convenience within walking distance—the photography studio just two floors away from the beauty parlor, which is a few floors under the swimming-pool terrace.

Unless you take a singles cruise or come in a group of your own, you're apt to find a predictable small-town cast of characters. There are retired couples, company groups, very occasional family clusters; but ladies, many of them traveling on alimony or inheritances, make up the plurality of paying guests. Not unaware, the boat charitably arranges for a fleet of bachelor "hosts," a half-dozen retired bankers or lawyers who travel free on their promise to dance with the unmarried ladies.

Since the itineraries are ongoing, passengers can sign on for months at a time, although at $500 to $1,000 per day it's not a cheap proposition, especially for people who hire an extra cabin for storing their clothes. Up to 75 per cent of the guests may be "repeats," who've earned discounts and amenities from cruising before. The on-board Future Cruise Consultant is always busy signing up clients for upcoming trips since "You don't feel so bad about leaving if you're already booked to come back again."

Romance has always been a staple of shipboard life. And for this the crew may come in handy. On a given liner there may be two hundred gorgeous men all speaking English with adorable Greek accents—Alecko, Spiro, Christos, Yannis, Manolis, Mikos—all unmarried or away from home, all with the gusto of Zorba. At first you may think you're hallucinating as they sidle by in the narrow gangways murmuring, "You drive me crazy, I must possess you." Stealing glances, they vacuum the cabin or brush against you serving dessert, "You have beautiful eyes. Lie down."

Although the brochure promises the "thoughtful, heartfelt hospitality" that is "natural to a Greek," strictly speaking hanky-panky is officially off-limits, and the undercurrent of innuendo is mostly in fun. Still, when, to the post-cruise survey question, What was your favorite port visited? one woman responded "Dimitri," everyone knew exactly which waiter she meant.

Every day or two all on-board activity is suspended for a foray into Bora Bora, Istanbul, Genoa, or Singapore. Docking is preceded by a briefing at which the lecturer may warn you not to be surprised "that some of the tour buses may even have tires."

Striking out on your own is allowed, and the rigorous sightseer, applying reserves of energy from lounging on deck, can attack terra firma with a vengeance, leaving no chapel, farmers' market, or monument untoured before tendering back to the ship and another chance to rest on the move at sea. □

Mrs. Hoge is a contributing editor at Travel & Leisure *and writes "The Insatiable Shopper" for* Forbes FYI.

New England's Finest Hotels

When you think of New England, think of Tara Hotels. We offer 14 unique hotels throughout New England, with one thing in common - legendary Tara service.

Tara® Hotels

THE FLATLEY COMPANY

1-800-THE-TARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take the 'A' Train

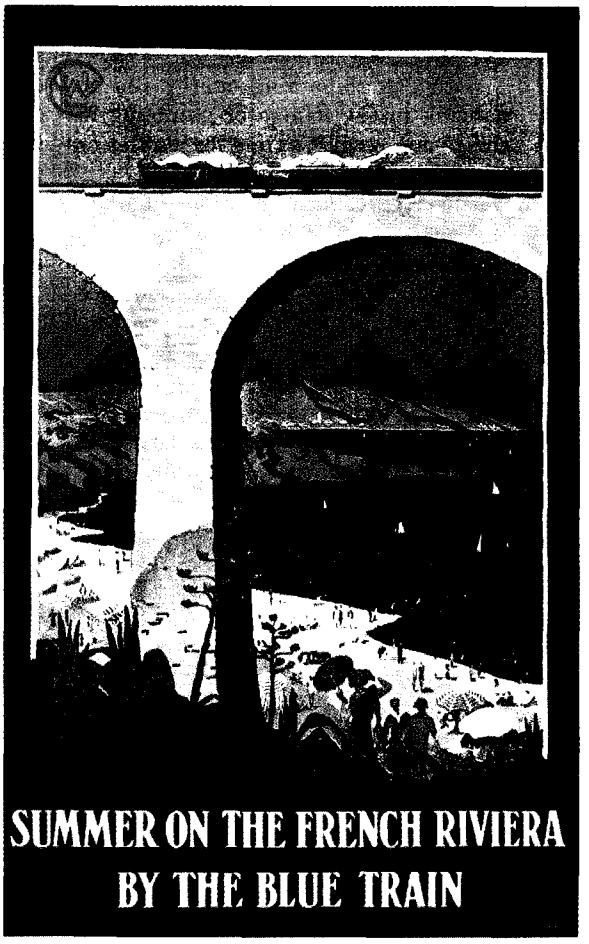
WILLIAM A. RUSHER

I WAS BORN near the end of the Golden Age of Trains. As a child in Chicago between the wars I had little use for the Twentieth Century Limited—though my father took it often, on business trips to and from New York. But I did travel with my mother to various distant destinations—as far as Miami and Los Angeles—and I always enjoyed those trips. The napery in the dining cars was heavy and stiff; the silverware was thick and ornate. The car porter would come by during the evening and convert our compartment into a bedroom, with a good-sized bed for my mother and an "upper berth" for me. And then we would rocket through the night, swaying with the train carriage, and soon fall sound asleep.

All that is long since gone, in the United States. The advent of commercial aviation, beginning just before the Second World War and expanding explosively around 1950, completely transformed our travel habits. Yet, undeniably, we have lost something.

I remember President Reagan telling me once, when he was still governor, how much he used to enjoy taking the train from Los Angeles to Chicago and back in his acting days. The train would leave about 6 P.M., and there was time for a drink and a good dinner before turning in. The next morning it would be high in the Rockies. After a quiet day, and another pleasant evening and night, it would pull into Chicago. Plane travel was okay, Mr. Reagan thought, but boring. (Of course, Air Force One may later have changed his mind.)

Elsewhere—in areas of the world where major destinations are closer together—passenger trains not only survive but are the preferred mode of transportation. The great trans-European expresses will take you in thoroughly civilized comfort all over the Continent, crossing border after border with minimum inconvenience. And there are, in addition, still a few notable trains on the major routes within countries—like the TGVs of France, which now hold the Continental speed record for their runs between Paris and Lyon.



In Japan, similarly, the three hundred miles between Tokyo and Osaka are perfectly suited for a fast train. The Kodama ("Swallow") expresses that leave Tokyo's Central Station every hour cover the distance in a cool three hours. The Japanese expresses, however, make no great attempt at luxury. Your seat is reserved; there is a dining car; and a girl will come through the train with hot tea and perhaps a few snacks. But there's not really much point in putting on a lot of dog for a three-hour trip. As for the speed (which necessarily gets up to around 110 m.p.h.), the truth is that you'll hardly notice it.

For the rest, luxury train travel these days is largely confined to specialty acts, like the modern version of the old Simplon Orient Express that carries nostalgiacs from Paris to Venice and back. I have never ridden one of these, but I'm only seventy and there's still time!

Another exotic possibility was called to my attention recently by one of those university alumni associations that have developed a profitable sideline toting groups of alumni to various intriguing corners of the globe. I have never had the slightest interest in riding the Trans-Siberian Express; by all accounts it makes the troop train that carried me across India in 1944 seem positively sybaritic. But this particular brochure promises a rather different sort of experience. The rolling stock, apparently assembled for the occasion, is the last word in luxury—wood paneling, crystal goblets in the dining car: the whole bit. The passengers will pick it up this summer somewhere in the Far East—Peking, I think—and ride it to Moscow in a week or a bit more. As I recall, there will even be an opportunity to get out and look around Novosibirsk or wherever. Still . . . It would be okay, I guess, if you like tundra.

More to my taste is the Blue Train—the luxury special that travels from Pretoria to Cape Town and back. Lord knows whether it will survive what South Africa appears to be heading for, but at last report it was still making the round trip twice a week at a dignified average of about 40 m.p.h. If you're in a hurry, you can cover the distance on a South African Airways 727 in two hours. But if you have the time, take the train.

The rolling stock is specially de-

Mr. Rusher, NR's former publisher, is now a senior fellow at the Claremont Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See The World In One Country

Enjoy the friendly welcome of a diverse people as they share with you their crafts, cuisines, dances and lifestyles. Explore spectacular scenic beauty – from the majestic Table Mountain rising above the Cape of Good Hope to the red sands of the Kalahari desert and from the lush Tsitsikama forests to the endless miles of pristine seacoast that cradle the country. Safari through vast wilderness bounding with game. Sample award-winning wines from historic vineyards. And browse through elegant shops and exotic markets in a land fabled for diamonds and gold.

Come celebrate the New South Africa. Fly non-stop from New York or Miami aboard our award-winning airline, South African Airways. Complete travel packages start at $1,599*.

For a free travel guide, call 1-800-723-7458.

South Africa.
It's time you saw the world.

*Per person, double occupancy.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

satoer satour

South Africa

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signed; there is a molecular layer of gold on each window to shield passengers from the African sun, and there are electrically controlled Venetian blinds as well. Several music channels are available. Even the smallest compartment has a private shower, and many of the rooms for two actually boast a bathroom with tub. You are assigned to a table in the dining car, which will be yours for all three meals—lunch, dinner, and breakfast. There will be fresh flowers on the table, and luscious South African wines with your food. Between meals, the car attendant (one in each car) is in telephonic communication with the kitchen and club car.

You can, by the way, set your watch by the Blue Train's progress. I boarded it in Johannesburg, just south of Pretoria, and it glided out of the station on the dot of noon. Twenty-four hours later to the minute, it rolled into Cape Town and stopped. In between, on the first afternoon, we were six thousand feet up on the tawny *highveld*. When I awoke the next morning we were making our way through the lovely Hex River valley of Cape Province, green with vineyards and purple with jacarandas in South Africa's September spring.

If I get to Heaven, will the Super Chief be there to greet me? I hope so. "All aboard!" □

More than a Drink

WILLIAM LETWIN

AS LOVERS of Scotch abandon ordinary blends in favor of single-malt whiskies, they unwittingly display symptoms of a cosmic shift from Civilization to High Civilization. The process of Civilization consisted of progress from rough to smooth. Our savage ancestors gnawed raw meat off the bone; we delicately nibble *pâté de foie gras*. Hair shirts gave way to velvety cottons, cold caves to central heat, and crude aggression to gentle manners. Yet human ingenuity, never extinguishable, now propels us toward High Civilization. Blandness is being superseded by "character," and homogeneity by diversity. That is why advanced thinkers are turning away from the dozen familiar brands of blended Scotch (all of which taste pretty much the same) to single malts, of which there are hundreds of varieties and vintages, each endowed with its distinctive character. Drinkers of single malts are thus the vanguard of a Great Leap Forward, as yet unrecognized by social scientists and politicians, but for which our descendants will be forever grateful.

A single malt is a pure malt whisky made by a single small distillery. Ordinary Scotch, on the other hand, is made by blending several single malts (so suppressing the distinctive character of each) and then adding "grain neutral spirit," a virtually tasteless distillate of unmalted barley (which dilutes the flavor down to a least common denominator). Drinking blended Scotch is a habit; tasting single malts is an adventure.

To make a single malt you start with barley. You dampen it and wait until the grains begin to sprout. Then you roast it in a kiln, and separate the grains by raking them out on the floor of a malting house. Next, perverse as it may seem, you wet the grains again, add yeast to the "mash," and after a while filter off the fermented liquid, which at this stage is a sort of low-alcohol beer. Now you run the so-called "wash" into large copper pots, where it is distilled to about 60 per cent alcohol content. Water is added to bring the distillate down to 40 per cent alcohol content, after which the whisky is matured in oak barrels for about ten years and exceptionally as much as fifty years. When the whisky is bottled, the work ends and pleasure begins.

Single malts derive their special character from the special way that each distillery handles each step in the process. There is, first of all, the great matter of water. Every distillery uses water that has seeped down through thick layers of peat (a sort of soft coal lying near the top of grassy bogs), being softened and purified by the carbon and absorbing traces of the peat's flavors. Every distillery is located at a place where the peat water emerges at the surface in the form of a spring, stream ("burn"), or lake ("loch"). But the water from each of those sources is subtly or sometimes sharply different from the rest.

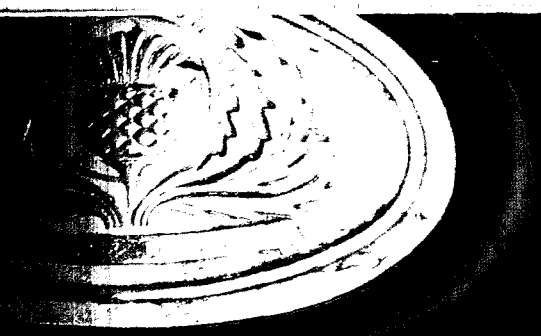
Peat makes for another kind of difference. Distilleries use more or less of it when stoking the kilns that dry out the germinated barley, so giving their various malts a more or less markedly smoky "nose."

Strategies of distillation differ.

"This is the life, eh?"

Mr. Letwin is the author of The Origins of Scientific Economics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Indisputable proof that some things do get better with age.

The

GLENLIVET

AGED 18 YEARS

Pure Single Malt Scotch Whisky

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

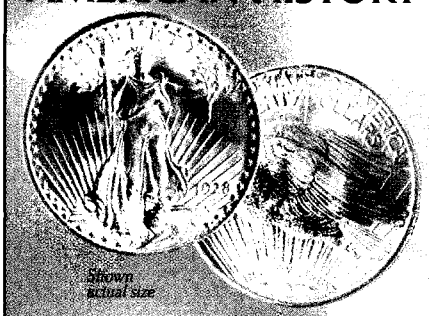
UNHURRIED SINCE 1824

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

©1993 The Glenlivet Distilling Co., N.Y., N.Y. 18 Year Old Single Malt Scotch Whisky. Alc. 43% by vol. (86 proof). The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVEST IN A PIECE OF AMERICAN HISTORY



Shown actual size

ORIGINAL MINT CONDITION SAINT-GAUDENS DOUBLE EAGLE $529.

When Teddy Roosevelt commissioned sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens to design the magnificent Double Eagle $20 gold piece, little did he know that years later his cousin, Franklin, would have most of these beautiful works of art confiscated and melted down. Today, surviving Double Eagles are as rare as the American bald eagle itself.

A SOLID INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

If you have doubts about the policies of our current President, you should take steps to protect your wealth. The economy may be very robust right now, but there are signs of trouble ahead. Taxes are going up. The early warning signs of inflation are now appearing. Interest rates are rising. Stocks and bonds are at record highs.

The Saint-Gaudens Double Eagle is an outstanding gold investment for today's uncertain economic and political climate. Now you can own one of these investment-grade, mint-condition coins for $529.

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

Blanchard and Company is the nation's largest retailer of classic American coins—everything from common-date silver dollars to one-of-a-kind rarities worth as much as $1 million. We will meet or beat any competitor's currently advertised price on certified rare U.S. coin, subject only to the availability of the coins and verification of the competitor's offer.

To order this or any other rare U.S. coin, call

1-800-880-4653, ext. 829

PRICE INCLUDES DELIVERY. DATES OUR CHOICE. PRICES AND AVAILABILITY SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITH NO ADVANCE NOTICE. LIMIT 2 PER CUSTOMER, NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY.

BLANCHARD

AMERICA'S RARE COIN & PRECIOUS METALS FIRM

110 Veterans Memorial Blvd.
New Orleans, Louisiana 70161-1740

Some makers distill a batch once, some follow the tradition of triple distilling. All else being equal, the more times you distill a batch, the blander it becomes.

Then again, a barrel is not just a barrel. All malts are matured in oak, usually charred, and the whisky absorbs some of the wood flavors. But some malts are matured in barrels previously used to store sherry, though this treatment suits only those malts (for instance, Coal Ila, pronounced *koal eela*) which, as the experts say, "sherry well."

All in all, these and other differences in the raw materials and processes produce great complexity in the end product. Chemists who recently analyzed Glenmorangie identified twenty compounds that make up its "nose," endowing it with the aromas among others of apples, chocolate, cinnamon, honey, mint, rose, vanilla, cedarwood, juniper, and lemon. Other malts have equally complex but different noses. They differ also in "taste," which poetic experts describe in terms such as fullness, fruitiness, finish, bite, depth, body, and character.

The tyro, bewildered by this endless variety, may take some comfort from the fact that almost all single malts belong to three basic regional groups, within each of which there are broad family resemblances. The groups are Lowlands (which lie south of the line from Edinburgh to Glasgow), Highlands (north of that line), and Islands (off the west coast of Scotland).

Lowlands malts, the least well-known, tend to be light, soft, and relatively sweet—and are accordingly recommended as a stepping stone for beginners. Rosebank and Glenkinchie are two typical Lowland malts.

Island malts, especially those from the south coast of Islay, tend to be intense, peaty, oily, and dry; the most frequently encountered varieties are Laphroaig and Lagavulin. Highland malts, on the whole, are less intense than Islands and more intense than Lowlands, medium in weight, midway between sweet and dry, and not very peaty.

An important subdivision of Highland malts is those from Speyside, the area in the northeast that is dominated by the Rivers Spey and Lossie. The glens (narrow valleys) of Spey's tributaries—such as the Rivers Fiddich, Dullan, Livet, and their tributaries—are dotted with springs and therefore with distilleries, some fifty in all. From Speyside comes the whisky frequently cited as the *ne plus ultra* of single malts, The Glenlivet, as well as such noble neighbors as Glenfiddich, Glen Grant, Knockando, and The Macallan. All of these are relatively gentle. More particularly, for instance, Wallace Milroy, author of the *Malt Whisky Annual*, describes ten-year-old Macallan in these terms: "smooth aroma with a silky bouquet; full, delightful, and sherried [flavor] with a beautiful lingering aftertaste; masterpiece."

Who could, or would, want to pass up ambrosia like that? Who, having started with that one, could bridle the impatience to try its relatives? Given life enough, one might drink some or much of each and every single malt. What a glorious prospect! □

The Science of Pleasure

IAN HINDMARCH

TWENTIETH-CENTURY man looks to science to tell him what he may safely eat, drink, and smoke. Twentieth-century governments also look to science to inform their policies on such things. And twentieth-century man credulously accepts such policies. As Peter Berger has remarked, "People who would not believe a word said . . . by the U.S. Secretary of State or Defense take as

Mr. Hindmarch is a professor of psychopharmacology at the University of Surrey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

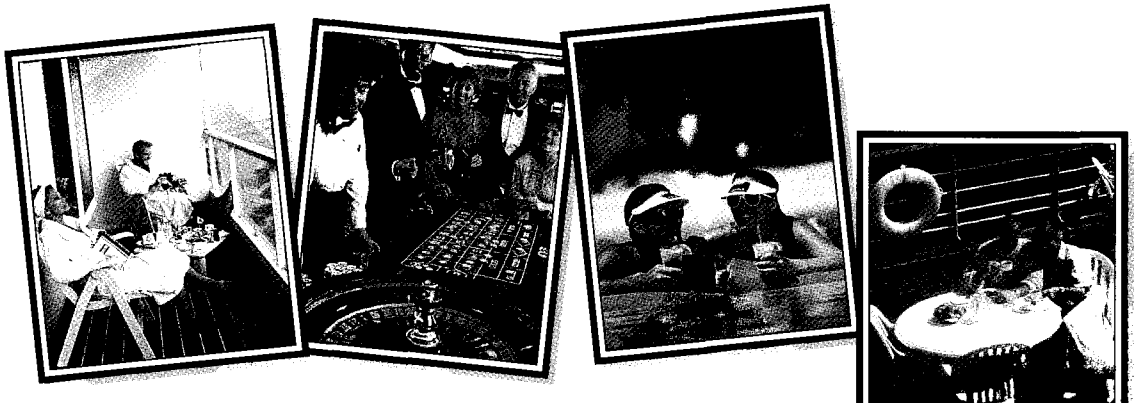
gospel truth what is pronounced by the Secretary of Health and Human Services." One reason is that they are told these pronouncements are based on science.

But the truth is that science knows little about pleasure and appears to care less. Scientists do study pleasurable substances, but in doing so they either strip them down to behaviorless reductions like ethanol and nicotine, or, worse, they study and measure only the costs and damages of the substances. Science can demonstrate the impairments produced by intemperance, and there is no doubt that traffic-accident statistics would be lower if all road users were sober. Likewise, some early deaths from heart disease or cancer can reasonably be linked to obesity or smoking. But it's not much of a cost–benefit analysis when you count only the costs.

Even psychometrics, that branch of psychology concerned with quantifying certain aspects of the psyche, has few practitioners interested in measuring pleasure. Since "the blossoming of personal awareness" in the 1960s, there are plenty of tyros able to scale the quality of normal life, but few with interest enough to move beyond the mediocrity of contentment into that realm where pleasure lies. Certainly, medical science has a concern for those who have a diminished ability to experience pleasure, as such insensitivity is characteristic of depressive illness. Yet while anhedonia receives scientific attention as a symptom of negative affect, there is no corresponding interest in the state or condition of hedonia.

This lack of interest in pleasure may have its roots in socio-cultural anthropology. It is often argued that there exists an intrinsic puritanism in society which pours cold water on reports, sights, and sounds of people indulging in pleasurable pursuits. Scientific journals—those repositories of data on the average person—inform us, for example that, no adult male should consume more than 21 units (1 unit = 1 half-pint of beer, 1 glass of wine, 1 measure of spirits, etc.) of alcohol per week, some 5 to 6 units less per week for females, for fear of an early death from cirrhosis or other disorder. Yet a recent *British Medical Journal* reported excellent epidemiological research showing that there is no statistically significant increase in mortality among drinkers, as compared to total abstainers, until the pleasure seekers reach the point of consuming more than 69 units of alcohol per week. There is, also, evidence that half-a-bottle-of-wine-a-day drinkers have a *lower* morbidity for both physical and psychological disorders than total abstainers. Note, however, that even this reversal is expressed in purely medical terms. There is still no acknowledgment of the delight millions take every day in their martini or beer, or of the way champagne eases and amplifies the joyful occasions of life, the weddings, birthdays, and the like. Science is unfortunately unable to determine if the relationship between alcohol and morbidity/mortality is causal. Perhaps the moderate drinkers have more friends and eat a more balanced diet than their nondrinking, anhedonic, isolated, and anorexic fellow men?

Can you see yourself in any of these pictures?



Being there is just a phone call away!

Call Today

1-800-879-0066

WE PROMISE GREAT CRUISE VACATIONS!SM

CRUISE HOLIDAYS®

Franchise Opportunities Available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the light of so many possible causes it is difficult to tease out a simple accounting of the possible beneficial and harmful effects of alcohol. In short, Science is unable to provide an objective answer regarding the role played by alcohol in determining mortality and morbidity. On the other hand, there is even less that Science can offer to show why "where there is no wine everything that is pleasant to man . . . perishes." There is no doubt that alcohol—or should we perhaps say wine?—has always provided pleasure, and pleasure can of itself be regarded as contributing to the general well-being of the person.

Statistics are one of the handmaidens of science, and as regards the effects of smoking tobacco there are legions of findings and figures. Multiple causation again means that ignorance prevails, however, and even when the risks of smoking are studied there are few hard data to suggest that good science has been performed. In any case, in this as in other epidemiological surveys, pleasure is one variable which is never included.

Controlled laboratory studies have shown that the psychological response (improved memory and better performance of skilled tasks) of smokers is far better when they use their own brand of cigarettes than when they take a similar amount of nicotine in the form of chewing gum. The nicotine gum and, presumably, patches fare badly because they do not have those special perceptions associated with the use of cigarettes and cigars. These purely sensory qualities go a long way toward determining the total psychological response to smoking tobacco. The *Gestalt* produced is by definition not just the sum of the parts (dose of nicotine; taste of smoke; flavor of tobacco; tactile, olfactory, visual sensations) but a greater psychological reaction which embraces past, present, and anticipated memories and sensations.

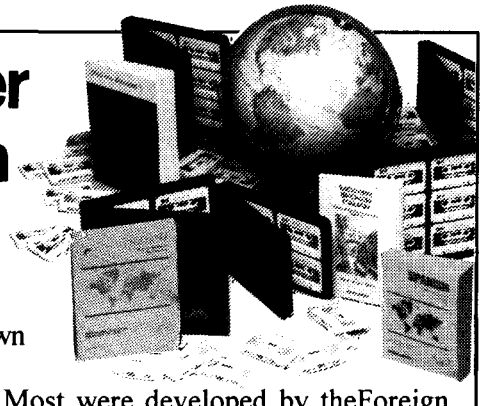
Although Science can distinguish between the effects of different presentations of the same substance, it is unable to sort out those personal, individual, and often idiosyncratic qualities which make up the pleasurable feeling attendant upon smoking tobacco.

In order to advance knowledge, Science requires hypotheses amenable to empirical assessment. What empirical evidence could possibly be addressed to test Byron's claim that "sublime tobacco . . . rivals opium and . . . brides" or indeed that politically incorrect statement of Kipling's that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"?

These poets' phrases are presumably not to be taken literally but more in the sense of "I don't know how to express my delight in tobacco and words fail me." Sadly, it has to be accepted that Science is no better than Art when it comes to assessing the pleasures of using various substances. Pleasure occurs when a simple reaction to a substance is transformed into that complex of emotions and cognitions that lifts the life of an individual and lights the inner man.

It is no mean feat to cause pleasure. Science is not able to act as a guide to understanding why or how pleasure is obtained from smoking tobacco or drinking wine. Let it perhaps suffice to say that pleasure is the intended result of the use of certain substances; such pleasure, unless counterbalanced by negative, unnecessary evils, can help provide that joy which aids psychological tranquillity and adds flesh to the bones of the personality. "A glass of good wine," wrote Sir Walter Scott (and presumably he would include a good Havana), "is a gracious creation and reconciles poor mortality to itself, and that is what few things can do." □

Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Most were developed by theForeign Service Institute of the U.S. Departmentof State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook.

☐ Arabic (Saudi)	$175	☐ Japanese	$175	☐ Serbo-Croatian	$195
☐ Cantonese	$175	☐ Korean	$175	☐ Slovak	$175
☐ French	$175	☐ Lakota	$175	☐ Spanish	$175
☐ French Level II	$195	☐ Latvian	$175	☐ Spanish Level II	$145
☐ German	$175	☐ Lithuanian	$125	☐ Swahili	$225
☐ German Level II	$145	☐ Mandarin	$175	☐ Swedish	$175
☐ Greek	$175	☐ Persian	$175	☐ Tagalog	$295
☐ Hebrew	$235	☐ Polish	$175	☐ Thai	$195
☐ Hindi	$175	☐ Portuguese (Brazilian)	$195	☐ Turkish	$195
☐ Hungarian	$195			☐ Ukrainian	$195
☐ Italian	$175	☐ Russian	$235	☐ Vietnamese	$225

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee, by calling toll-free **1-800-243-1234** or by fax (203) 453-9774, or by mail by clipping this ad and sending with your name and address and a check or money order —or charge to any major credit card, by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature. Our 56-page **Whole World Language Catalog** offers courses in 91 languages. Call or write for your free copy. Our 22nd year.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum, Room G440, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Putting on the Ritz

TAKI

THEY SAY that a good hotel is like a good woman, reliable, comfortable, and easy to live with. But a great hotel is like a great woman. It is elegant, sexy, and mysterious, and leaves one in awe. There are millions of good hotels in this crowded world of ours; picking ten great ones among them is by nature extremely subjective. It is like picking the ten best of the gentler sex.

So I have decided to go by the kind of mood hotels have put me in during my various peregrinations these last forty years. Here we go:

I have spent 35 winters at the Palace Hotel in Gstaad, which makes its greatness pretty obvious. It is a deluxe fake castle, reminiscent of the follies of Ludwig of Bavaria, a rococo delight with a bit of Disney thrown in. The service is impeccable and very friendly, the food a gourmet's dream. The staff outnumber the clientele by 3 to 1, while the prices—thanks to the powerful Swiss franc—will make even a Saudi sheik blanch. The Palace has been pretty much owned by the Scherz family throughout its life—it was built in 1913—and it has had most of the crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe as clients at one time or another. The greatest backgammon game ever took place in its lobby-bar throughout the Sixties and Seventies, but it came to an inglorious end when new and dubious money infiltrated it. Some of the original punters were Sir James Goldsmith, Ted Bassett, John Zographos (whose uncle was the only man to actually break the bank in Monte Carlo), golfer Bobby Sweeny, and yours truly. But it's the service that makes the Palace unsurpassed—that, plus the majestic landscape it faces.

Having lived in England most of my adult life, I could not fail to name at least one London hotel among the best. And however close the contest, the Connaught wins, the main reason being that it has managed to retain the elegance and dignity of a bygone era, while providing all modern conveniences. It has the feel of a great private house, and, best of all, it prohibits track suits in the lobby and rock music in the rooms. Amen. The Connaught Grill is mahogany-paneled and offers gastronomy at its English best.

Picking the Ritz in Paris was a damn closer-run thing than the Battle of Waterloo. The City of Light is littered with grand hotels and great little ones. But the Ritz wins in the end because of its history, its perfect modernization, and the fact that it was there that I began my career as a gentleman of leisure 35 years ago. In Reinaldo Herrera Sr.'s suite, to be exact. This was the large apartment that *Love in the Afternoon*, starring Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn, was filmed in, and it was Herrera Sr.'s abode whenever he was in Paris. It was at a cocktail party there that he introduced me to a few of his younger friends, and presto—it was the start of a beautiful friendship with the city as well as with the Ritz. Last year I spent several evenings in the Ritz nightclub and it was like being in a time machine. Mind you, the Hemingway Bar alone, now full of corporate types looking for Papa, makes the hotel qualify, and the only thing I regret is that my friend Irwin Shaw is no longer around. I used to meet with him there and drink a lot, but not to Papa's memory. Shaw was not a fan.

As a Greek, and a former hotel owner to boot, I should include at least one Hellenic inn, but I won't because I'm being honest. The best Greek hotels do not compare with the worst in any major city elsewhere in Europe, modern Greeks having got used to ripping foreigners off, not serving them. Instead, I will propose a Turkish one, the Istanbul Kempinski, which in it-

Taki Theodoracopulos, an NR *columnist, is the author of* Nothing to Declare *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

Located on Capitol Hill and ideal for your every traveling need, the *Phoenix Park Hotel* provides you not only with outstanding accommodations, but courteous, personalized service, complimentary newspapers, nightly turndown and concierge service, plus two world-famous restaurants to suit your fun and quiet moods.

From the authentic Irish entertainment nightly to the cold pint of Guinness, the *Dubliner Pub* is the preferred gathering place for lunch and dinner seven days a week and has been serving the Hill for almost 16 years.

The *Powerscourt* is America's most elegant Irish restaurant, serving the finest European and American culinary offerings. Our native-born chefs have brought from Ireland their version of the classic dishes which are a favorite on the *Hill*.

Irish Tradition is Worth Experiencing.

Stay with us. Meet with us. Dine with us. We guarantee enjoyment!

Phoenix Park Hotel

The #1 Choice on The Hill

520 North Capitol Street, NW
Washington, DC 20001
(202) 638-6900 (800) 824-5419

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self is rather a commercial hotel, but oh, what a setting! Situated right on the shores of the Bosporus on the European side of Istanbul—sorry: Constantinople—the hotel is linked by arcades to the seventeenth-century Ciragan Palace, where the last sultan of Turkey resided. In fact, one can almost feel the harem that once was, and imagination is everything when it comes to romance.

I imagine Heaven to be a place where there are no Hollywood types. The Ritz in Madrid, situated across from the Prado, goes me one better: it permits no actors whatsoever, and many other sorts are also barred. Suffice it to say that this grandest of the grand is also the bravest of the brave. The Marshall Ney of hotels. It recommends the nearby Palace to the great unwanted. Gentlemen send their mistresses to stay at the Palace, while they get spoiled at the Ritz with their wives. Leave it to the proudest people in Europe to get this right.

Going westward, in the Big Apple, the Carlyle Hotel stands head and shoulders above the rest. Service, once again, is the secret. The Carlyle provides a 2 to 1 ratio of staff to clientele, and for the U.S. it is a very good staff indeed. (Service is not the American strong point.) I lived in the Carlyle for many years, and both my children were born there. In fact my daughter, when five years of age, used to go and sign for some ready cash from the cashier. She continues the practice today, age eighteen.

Out west, the Beverly Hills Hotel was tops. Great service, wonderful setting, and a daily parade of Tinseltown characters trying to outdo each other by having themselves paged over the intercom. I say *was* because it's now closed for renovations by its new owner, the Sultan of Brunei. It could be worse. One of the hotel's past owners was Ivan Boesky's father-in-law. But the Beverly Wilshire will do just fine. It gives one hope that a "Pretty Woman" might just end up in one's room. Not bad for a place where they think culture is a piano-shaped swimming pool.

Ever westward, we have the Peninsula in Hong Kong—Kowloon, to be exact. It is a legendary hotel, as good as its marvelous reputation and then some. Its famed lobby offers tea and snacks, and with the best French restaurant east of Suez, the Peninsula evokes the good old days of the Raj. Orientals know how to serve, and the last time I stayed there, the CIA bureau chief, George Lu, gave me an unforgettable dinner. (That was in 1971, and he has long since retired.)

Next we come to the Dusit Thani in Bangkok, a modern and commercial hotel, but homey, comfortable, and warm. It all has to do with the character of the Thai people. Ditto any hotel in Phuket, an island owned by a Thai entrepreneur. It was there that Fergie first broke the ice with John Bryan, but I'm getting carried away. I will finish with the Okura Hotel in Tokyo, where my best friend once pretended to be a Sumo wrestler—he's big enough—and the foreigners in the hotel fell for it. Such are the manners of the Japanese, they allowed him to get away with it, even if Sumo is their national sport. I wonder what they do in Beverly Hills when certain girls pretend to be Julia Roberts late at night? □

How to Cheat The Critics

LINDA BRIDGES

THE PROBLEM with most critics, from the viewpoint of those who want to use them as a guide to what to see and hear, is that they've seen and heard too much. There is a fine line between "experienced" and "jaded," and for all but the very best, by the time they have seen their twentieth *Hamlet* or their hundredth *Swan Lake*, they are more likely to be looking for novelty than for truth or beauty. And most directors, having seen at least as many performances as the critics, are happy to oblige. The mystery novelist Robert Barnard has one of his characters describe this syndrome:

> "People do say he does interesting things," he amended.
>
> "The sort of director who gets that said about him," said Gillian, . . . "is the kind to run a mile from. What does it usually mean? If the play cries out for a simple, direct approach, he decks it out with moving sets, Wurlitzer organs, and so many spots it looks like the Battle of Britain. And if the play is weak and needs a bit of gingering up, he puts the characters in body stockings and sets it in the Gobi Desert. That sort of director's motto is, 'Don't notice the play; notice *me*!'"

How well or badly the innovation works usually depends far less on how imaginative it is than on the quality of the singers, dancers, or actors and the extent to which the chosen innovation does or doesn't make nonsense of the plot. The Metropolitan Opera's current production of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for example, ought by all rights to have ruined the opera. It is a truly sick affair, in which the director, Francesca Zambello, trying to express feminine *Angst*, made poor Lucia climb over a pile of bloody coffins as formidable as Arctic ice floes. (The critics, to do them credit, for once got a good laugh.) But the principals (June Anderson, Richard Leech, Paul Plishka) fooled Miss Zambello: although they dutifully did the physical business required by the staging, they ignored its psychological baggage and simply enacted the story of cross-purposes and thwarted love that Donizetti and Cammarano adapted from Sir Walter Scott. (Also, they sang beautifully, especially Miss Anderson.)

On the other hand, Peter Hall's production of Verdi's *Macbeth* a few years back—done like a Victorian Halloween card, if the Victorians had sent Halloween cards, with witches flying around on broomsticks—never looked like surviving, despite Sherrill Milnes in the title role, and it was given its *coup de grâce* by Renata Scotto crawling around on the floor and screeching her mad scene. She should have died hereafter.

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor and co-author of* The Art of Persuasion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the same token, the *King Lear* directed by Robin Phillips at the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival a while back was so magnificently acted (with Peter Ustinov as Lear astounding anyone who had thought of him as an amiable jack of all trades, master of none; and with a stellar cast of the company's regulars giving each other role its due) that you could forget for whole scenes and acts at a time that it had unaccountably been set in Regency England. On the other hand, the *Saint Joan* directed by Neil Munro at the Niagara Shaw Festival last year was undone by its World War I setting—if the Bastard has jeeps and airplanes, why does he need to sit there sighing for a wind to get him across the Seine to Rouen? (World War I was big in Canada last year for some reason—had a cache of surplus uniforms been discovered and put on the market? At Stratford Robin Phillips set his *King John* ahead seven hundred years; and Richard Monette, having started his *Antony and Cleopatra* round about the Crimean War, finished it up in 1914.) Incidentally, the foolishness of trying to be cleverer than that old fox Shaw was demonstrated in the epilogue, where, to keep his joke of how odd top hat and morning coat look compared to previous centuries' masculine dress, they had to put Joan and her friends and enemies in medieval garb after all. But the critics loved what one of them called "*Saint Joan of Bosnia.*"

Recognizing the problem is easy, dealing with it can be hard. I went to see that *Saint Joan*, not out of morbid curiosity or critical zeal, but because, on the strength of the cast, I expected it to be good. And I almost didn't see the wonderful modern play *Someone Who'll Watch over Me* because so many of the critics had praised it in terms

Light Relief

WITHOUT making too high a claim, we might perhaps agree that

Our existence would be that much grimmer ex-
cept for the solace of limericks—
A fact that's unknown
To two lots alone
The drearier dons and the dimmer hicks.

Many poets have written limericks—Tennyson, Swinburne, Auden, Dylan Thomas, Aiken. The limerick is not as simple as it may appear—far more difficult than the tennis-without-a-net free verse Auden so deplored. Its themes are, generally speaking, either epigrammatic or fantastic. In a collection published in the 1930s famous people were asked to quote their favorites. Arnold Bennett could give only the first line of "There was a young plumber of Leigh," the rest being unprintable. A high proportion of the best, an even higher proportion of the worst, limericks are indeed bawdy, sometimes fairly, sometimes very, in the old popular tradition. This is to be understood as part of the generally subversive, mickey-taking nature of the genre. Carrying this off nowadays, when obscenity is part of neo-establishment priggishness, presents a challenge—which can be met to some extent by a demotic micro-vocabulary too hearty for the porno-puritans: bollock, knob, roger, etc.

Mr. Conquest's most recent book is Stalin: Breaker of Nations.

A common feature of all folk-subversive verse is, of course, the portrayal of the clergy (of all denominations) in dubious pursuits. Constant Lambert wrote an entire series on the English bishops. Dozens come to mind, as do ones on the heads and fellows of Oxford and Cambridge colleges: King's, Caius, Balliol, Trinity Hall . . .

The limerick can indeed be a serious epigram. For instance:

There was a great Marxist called Lenin
Who did two or three million men in
That's a lot to have done in,
But where he did one in,
That grand Marxist Stalin did ten in.

Technically, there are easily rhymed subjects, often hard to get right, and difficult ones, achievable only by a tour de force. "Washington" looks difficult?

There was a young lady of Washington;
In a rather light-hearted and joshing ten-
dresse *our ambassador*
Made quite a pass at her
And left her fine breasts with "quite posh" inked on.

Limericks appear in competitions and advice columns, often showing misunderstanding of the form. But when correct as to that, they still often exhibit no other virtue, reminding one of the humanly pathetic, but poetically dreadful, rhymed epitaphs on loved ones that appear in local papers. This shows, indeed, a widespread and admirable addiction to verse-form. But form is, after all, only a vehicle or structure.

Published collections of limericks again often contain ten or fifteen good ones, a few dozen tolerable, and scores that are no good at all. *The Penguin Book of Limericks* is probably the best such collection—though it is marred by editing which sometimes distorts the sense (or even wrecks the meter). For example in the limerick,

Meanwhile, back at the ranch,
I was bedding a cowgirl called Blanche.
She said, "It's a change
From riding the range
But I still prefer bourbon-and-branch."

The *Penguin* has, impossible to imagine why, "brandy" for "bourbon."

In any case, limericks are best read, or heard, singly or a few at a time, not in anthology-type bulk. One can hardly rank the art as a major source of aesthetic pleasure? All the same, one remembers Wordsworth writing "Scorn not the Sonnet, critic";

Then scorn not the limerick either;
Though as Tennyson said, who knows why the
F--- such a rhyme
Makes the grim reaper, Time,
Such a markedly blither old scyther.

—ROBERT CONQUEST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

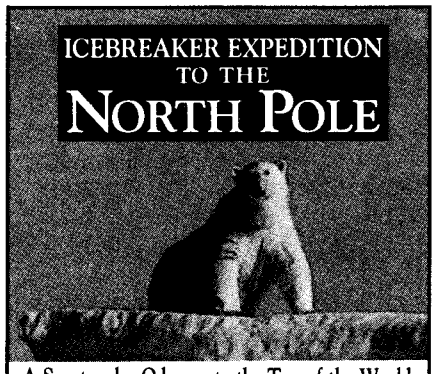
usually reserved for self-consciously brave plays about AIDS. But there are a few rules of thumb and revealing phrases to keep in mind.

1. In opera, "static, antiquated production" means that castles will look like castles, soldiers like soldiers, and singers will be allowed to stand still while they're actually singing. "Oppressive opulence" means the production is beautiful, like the *Boris Godunov* thus dismissed by *New York*'s Alan Rich. "Tired old warhorse" means it has some of the most beautiful music ever written (that is *why* it is performed often enough for anyone to get tired of it). "Daring" or "casting new light" means, "Beware." In all cases, go by the cast and conductor.

2. In ballet, there is the danger, with "tired old warhorses," that the balletmaster will have got tired of keeping the corps in line; a critic once rejoiced that American Ballet Theatre didn't impose "Rockettes-like uniformity"—which meant that if six young men were to do *entrechats* in unison, they would take off and land at six different times. Apart from that, warhorses are usually, again, the best value. When it comes to new works, watch out for "witty" and "refreshing," which usually means Twyla Tharp taking cheap shots at the good along with the silly in balletic tradition.

3. In classic plays, much the same vocabulary as for opera. (A *New York Times* critic, not Frank Rich, was so distressed by the beautiful costumes in Stratford's *Hamlet* three years ago that he missed the outstanding performance by Colm Feore & Co. and the sheer power of an uncut *Hamlet* with battlements and swirling darkness.) Be wary of any production that lends "contemporary urgency," as in that *Saint Joan of Bosnia*. With modern plays, "frivolous" and "insubstantial" probably means a delicious new Tom Stoppard. "Deeply probing," "searingly honest," usually means the sort of thing one of Dudley Moore's sketch characters meant when he said, "I don't go to the theater for sodomy and incest and violence. I can get all that at *home*."

4. Remember that theater (spoken, danced, or sung) has gotten along with, or against, its critics for a very long time. *Oklahoma!* has outlived by several decades the critic who wrote, "No jokes, no legs, no chance." □



A Spectacular Odyssey to the Top of the World
Depart Helsinki, Finland July 30, 1994
Return Murmansk, Russia August 15, 1994

This Expedition to the North Pole is a spectacular voyage across the Arctic Ocean through pack ice up to 16 feet thick, a voyage made possible only by the great power and remarkable design of our reactor-powered icebreaker, the Yamal. This remarkable journey through the ice cap will include helicopter sightseeing of polar bears, walruses and the rarest of sea birds, all accomplished in complete comfort. Join our team of scientists, renowned lecturers, and expert crew on this historic adventure to the North Pole.

Priced from $16,900 to $21,000.

Call your travel agent or QUARK EXPEDITIONS

980 Post Road, Darien CT, 06820
800-356-5699 203-656-0499

Ask about other Icebreaker trips to the North & South Poles

World's Greatest Vacation

***Port Yacht Charters** will custom plan your private, unique getaway on a luxury yacht! Let us put you aboard a private yacht, staffed by a professional, attentive crew with you in command. A yachting holiday offers it all: total privacy in exotic locales; gourmet cuisine prepared by culinary institute chefs; a multitude of water sports (scuba, snorkel, windsurf, water ski — the list goes on); as well as shore excursions for shopping, local sightseeing, sports and nightlife.*

Yachts in the Caribbean, New England, the Mediterranean and Worldwide.

Call for our free brochure
***Port Yacht Charters:** 800-213-0465*

The Afterglow-of-Pleasure Principle

JOE QUEENAN

CONTRARY to popular belief, mankind's greatest invention is not manned space flight, high-definition television, or the Powerbook. Nor is it the various types of pleasure we have developed over the centuries: a meal at The Four Seasons, three weeks on a yacht off the coast of Fiji, an evening at Heidi Fleiss's pad, with the tab picked up by Columbia or Paramount. No, mankind's greatest breakthrough, the one that separates us from more lowly mammals, is not that we have developed various types of sensual pleasure—orangutans can do *that*—but that we have developed various types of sublime, post-pleasurable pleasures to keep us amused after we have exhausted ourselves with the initial wave of pleasure. Every creature in the universe knows how to enjoy a fine meal, be it steak *tartare*, *Châteaubriand*, or fresh wildebeest. But only humans have developed the concept of the postprandial *digestif*.

In earlier times, society decreed that protracted indulgence in sensual pleasure should immediately be atoned for by a period of abstinence, self-abnegation, and even pain. Overeating should be followed by a strict fast; excessive wenching by self-imposed chastity; drinking by the greatest torment of them all: sobriety.

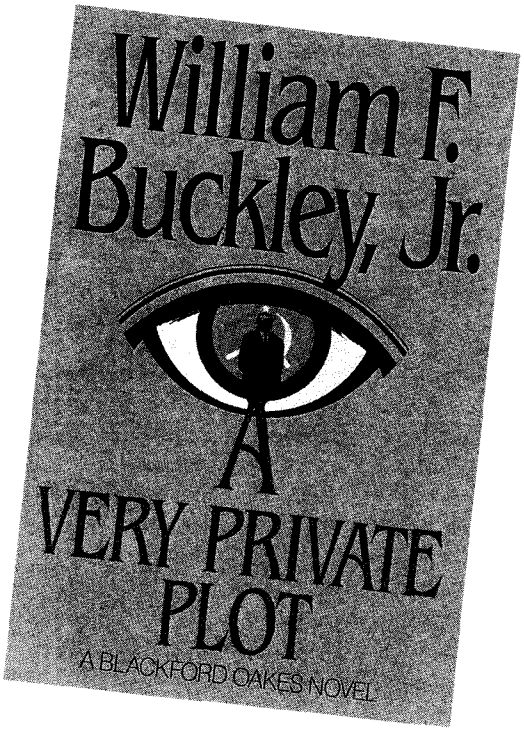
How different things are today! Where feudal-era lardbuckets who had loaded up on the medieval equivalent of the Twinkie would condemn themselves to a lengthy period of self-denial, modern chunksters enthusiastically retreat to the subtle delights of the fat farm. The sauna, the heat room, the Jacuzzi, and the 1,500-calorie eat-what-you-want-but-only-do-it-once-a-day diet are all innovations that have been dreamed up with the express purpose of providing intense,

Mr. Queenan is the author of If You're Talking to Me, Your Career Must Be in Trouble *(Hyperion Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Very Special Offer

Now you can have your own personally autographed copy of *A Very Private Plot,* Bill Buckley's new Blackford Oakes spy thriller. It's available *only* from *National Review.* And for a very special price: *only* $25.00.



"The best Blackford Oakes novel yet. Top-drawer storytelling, as Blackford scrabbles for his soul."
– Kirkus Reviews

"*A Very Private Plot* is [Buckley's] best and most affecting Blackford yet."
– National Review

Critics are calling Bill Buckley's *A Very Private Plot* – the latest, and last, of his "Blackford Oakes" novels – his best ever.

Who could disagree. Gripping, fast-paced, brimming with intrigue, high drama, and unmatched dialogue, *A Very Private Plot* is a must have for any WFB fan, *and* for anyone who appreciates a great novel.

That's why *National Review* is making this very special offer: now you can have a first-printing, handsome hardcover copy of this acclaimed smash book – personally autographed by Bill Buckley – for only $25.00!

Your WFB-signed copy of *A Very Private Plot* – supplies are limited, so order your copy today – will no doubt become a cherished keepsake, and make a wonderful addition to your library.

And, as we said, it's a great read. *A Very Private Plot* finds "Blacky" – the debonair Cold War hero and masterspy that WFB made famous over the course of ten best-selling novels – retired (it's 1995) and facing prison. The reason: a determined liberal Senator (seeking to disarm, and maybe even eliminate, the CIA) wants Oakes to reveal the nuts and bolts of a critical 1985 covert operation.

From the White House to the Kremlin, from the front lines of the Soviet War in Afghanistan to secret meetings in Moscow, from Ronald Reagan to Mikhail Gorbachev, *A Very Private Plot* is Buckley and Oakes at their best: a fast-paced, globe-hopping, white-knuckled ride through the ideologies, events, and leaders that shaped the Eighties and Nineties.

Get your special, WFB-signed copy of this classic spy-thriller – for the special price of only $25.00 – today, while supplies last.

☐ **YES**, Send me_____ copies of *A Very Private Plot* (*personally autographed by* WFB!). I enclose payment of $25.00 per copy (that includes shipping and handling charges). Total payment enclosed: $____. Send my copies to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check enclosed.

Charge my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Signature_____

Account No._____

Expir. Date_____

Make checks payable to National Review.
Mail to: National Review/Plot
150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016
All foreign orders add $4.00 per book.
NY State residents *must* add sales tax.

41894

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

non-punitive release to people who have already experienced a great deal of pleasure in the first place. The same is true of the rubdown, or its spiritual cousin, the massage, which is usually administered after an enjoyable outing involving tennis, racquetball, or squash.

In short, the organizing principle of all worthwhile societies is to provide successive pleasures, each of which either prepares us for a new wave of even greater pleasure, or is followed by a somewhat milder, but no less valid pleasure. In France, when a *bon vivant* has eaten too much, the host offers him a *trou normand* (Norman hole): a snifter of Calvados to be downed in one gulp, thus slicing a hole through the *gourmand*'s innards, eliminating the sense that he has eaten too much and freeing up space for even more food. Variations on this concept exist in most intelligent societies, where the postprandial brandy is a divine pleasure that precedes the immense pleasure of a fine cigar, which itself precedes the rapturous pleasure of sex or the often underestimated, but no less wondrous, pleasure of a good night's sleep.

"This C.E.O. Top Banana class is something, isn't it?"

It is important to note that not every civilization resorts to the same post-pleasurable experience. After sex, French men like to enjoy the rush of nicotine or watch an Eric Rohmer film, whereas American men tend to nod off into slumberland, where the women are even more voluptuous than the ones they've just slept with. (Men with sexual preferences that do not involve voluptuous, albeit nonexistent, women should adjust the sensual imagery in this paragraph to make it relevant to their lifestyles.) Similarly, while some civilizations like to follow a vast meal with a few stiff drinks, thus clearing the way for more eating, the English prefer to retreat to the safe harbor of the living room for a nice cup of tea, which, in its own small way, is a pleasurable act. Even in morally bankrupt subcultures, this same pattern can be detected: among the New York cinema-going intellectual set, for example, after the film itself there is the pleasure of spending hours in some coffeehouse arguing the relative merits of Truffaut, Bergman, and the Marx Brothers.

Viewed in this light, modern society is a perpetual-motion pleasure machine. For every overindulged-in pleasure, there is an equally pleasurable antidote. If you are fat because you have eaten too much *gelato*, the joys of low-fat yogurt await you. If you have been spending too much time at La Tour d'Argent, the pleasures of Canyon Ranch are scant hours away. And if you've been drinking too much, the pleasure of the prairie oyster awaits you.

Obviously, little of the foregoing applies to life in modern Albania. □

WE WELCOME RUSH LIMBAUGH FANS.

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK

Gramercy Park Hotel

Minutes away from Wall Street, Midtown
shopping and entertainment areas, Madison Square Garden
and all the excitement of Manhattan yet...
a quiet oasis in the heart of the city.

Excellent Restaurant, Cocktail Lounge, Piano Bar and Room Service, Multi-lingual staff. Minutes to Business Centers, Sightseeing, Banquet and Meeting facilities.

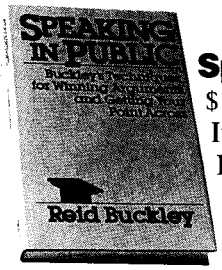
Singles $125-135 • Doubles $130-140 • Suites $160 & up

21st Street and Lexington Ave.
New York City, New York 10010
(212) 475-4320 • Telex 668755
Fax (212) 505-0535

Out of state call toll-free:
1-800-221-4083

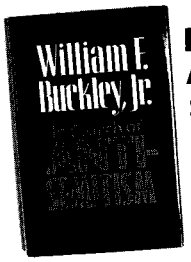
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Right Gifts for Any Occasion.



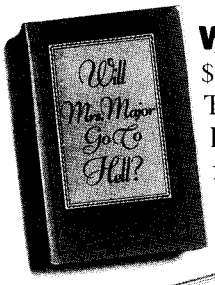
Speaking In Public
$17.95

If you fear public speaking, don't: Reid Buckley's acclaimed book gives the proven techniques on how to untie your tongue and communicate effectively.



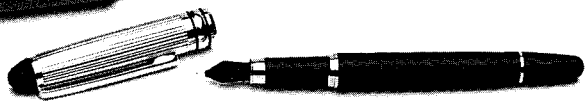
In Search of Anti-Semitism
$19.95

The controversial, much-discussed WFB best-seller looks into the most sensitive subject of our times. Contains Bill's new "Further Reflections" commentary.



Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?
$16.95

The tender, poignant collection of Aloise Buckley Heath's famous stories (you won't find it in bookstores) makes a wonderful gift. "A Trapp Family Christmas With the Heaths" is a classic.

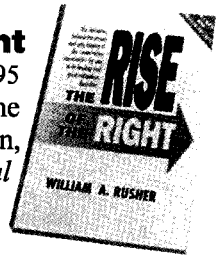


The National Review "Right" Writer
$14.95

This full-bodied fountain pen, in high gloss black and gold tone, has the smooth-flowing writing and handling of chic German pens. The "right" way to write that personal note or to sign that important document.

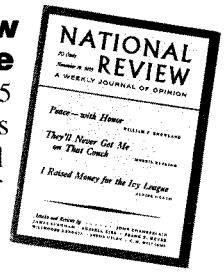
The Rise of the Right
$14.95

The *only* definitive, popular history of the conservative movement. The new edition, revised and updated, of former *National Review* Publisher William Rusher's eye-witness account of modern conservatism.



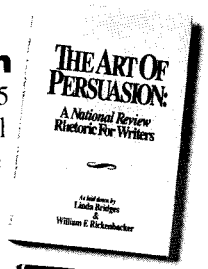
National Review Premier Issue, Reprise
$12.95

The commemorative reprise of *NR*'s 1955 premier issue makes a special keepsake. A rare, artful remembrance of the very magazine that launched the modern conservative movement.



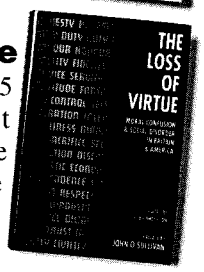
The Art of Persuasion
$19.95

NR's own Linda Bridges and Bill Rickenbacker have written *the* guide for writing with clarity and style. The sure cure for dull prose.



The Loss of Virtue
$19.95

Certain to be one of the decade's most influential books. A bold look at how the liberal rejection of our culture's core virtues has devastated society and inflicted moral confusion.



☐ **Yes!** Please send me the following "Right Gifts":

- ☐ Speaking In Public, $17.95 (plus $3.00 shipping & handling)
- ☐ The Rise of the Right, $14.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ In Search of Anti-Semitism, $19.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ National Review Premier Issue, Reprise, $12.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ Will Mrs. Major Go To Hell?, $16.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ The Art of Persuasion, $19.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ The "Right" Writer, $14.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)
- ☐ The Loss of Virtue, $19.95 (plus $3.00 s/h)

☐ Check enclosed for (include shipping & handling): _____

NY residents please add 8.25% sales tax. Make checks payable to National Review.
Foreign orders add $4.00 per item for shipping.

☐ Bill my credit card: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Send your order to:
National Review Gift Department
150 East 35th Street
New York, NY 10016

Name _____

Address _____

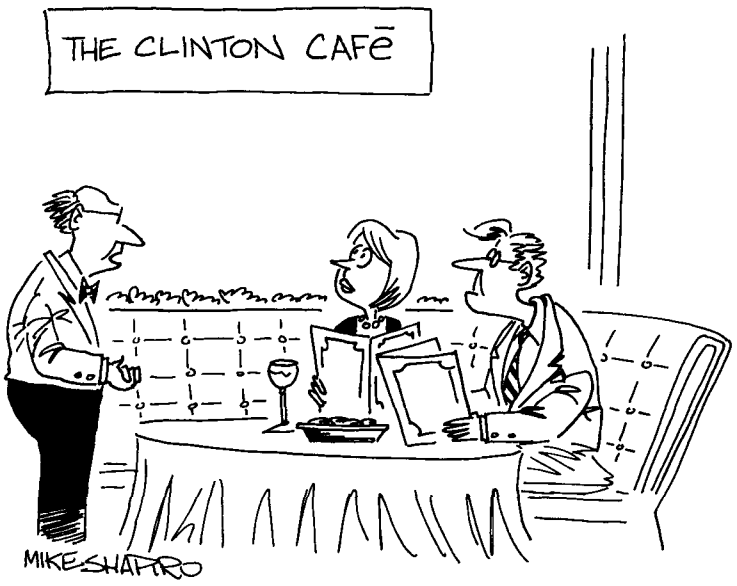
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

41894

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hello



"The soup of the day is Whitewater Bisque—but I'm afraid I can't tell you what's in it."

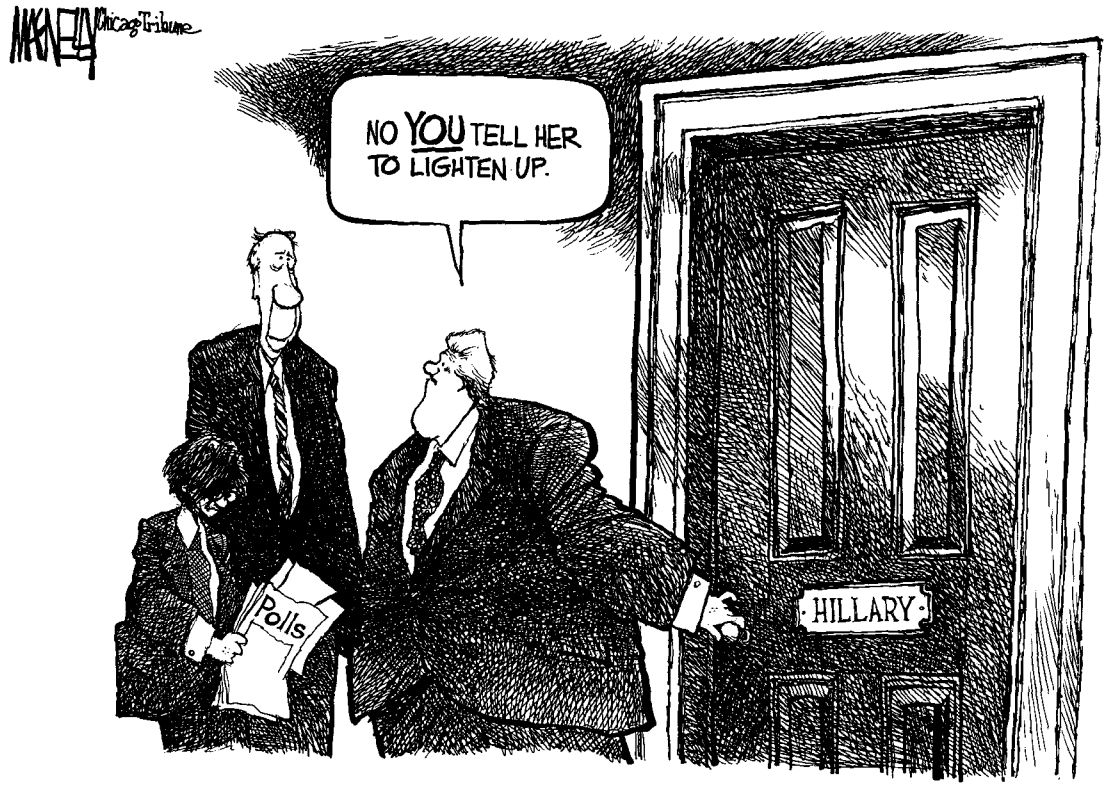
Glorobots

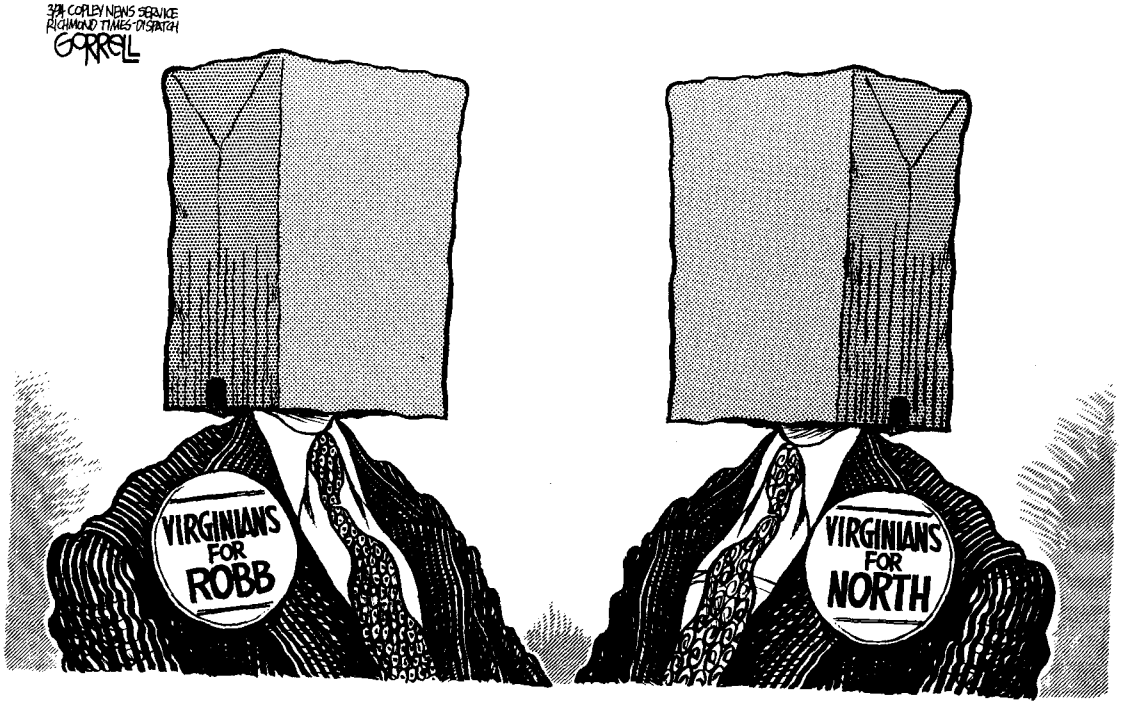
A tall, handsome robot named Dorf
Was vain of the way he could dwarf
    The robotical ranks
    Resembling small tanks,
Since he was an anthropomorph.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

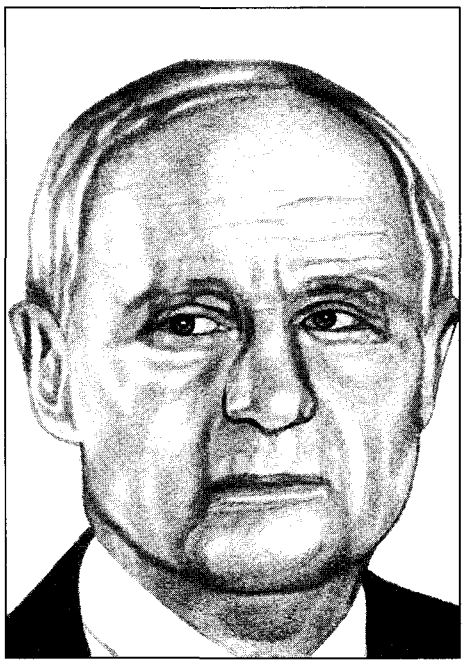
"Book us on the first available flight to any place where smoking is permitted."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Lesson for Robert Fiske

PROSECUTORIAL TYRANNY

When can Congress trust the Executive Branch to investigate itself? Answer: When the President is of the same party as the congressional majority.

MARK R. LEVIN

CONGRESSIONAL Democrats created the position of "independent counsel" because, they claimed, the Executive Branch could not be trusted to investigate itself. Yet, faced with an Executive Branch prosecutor who, so far, seems to be proving them wrong—Special Prosecutor Robert Fiske, an employee of the Justice Department—congressional Democrats adjusted their rhetoric and professed concern that public hearings might interfere with Mr. Fiske's investigation.

The Democrats have now, grudgingly, agreed to congressional hearings. But, always mindful of Mr. Fiske's needs and concerns, Congress will hold public hearings only if it receives assurances in advance from Mr. Fiske that they will not harm his criminal investigation.

Does anyone recall the last time Congress imposed restrictions on its own authority to conduct public hearings and educate itself and the American people about issues of national interest? Congress apparently has no difficulty compromising its constitutional role of oversight to protect a favored Administration from potentially adverse publicity.

As it happens, the conjunction of the Whitewater investigation and the release of Lawrence Walsh's massive Final Report on the Iran–Contra matter give Congress the perfect opportunity to reflect on the real meaning of checks and balances.

The lesson of the Iran–Contra matter and Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh's abuse of office is *not* that Congress should avoid public hearings and take its marching orders from a prosecutor. It is that Congress *impedes* justice by criminalizing policy disputes between a President and Congress when it creates an unaccountable, all-powerful prosecutor who ignores legal tradition and constitutional safeguards.

Like an Oliver Stone screenplay, Walsh's report falsely accuses President Ronald Reagan, Vice President George Bush, Attorney General Edwin Meese, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, Secretary of State George Shultz, Chief of Staff Donald Regan, and others of participating in a criminal conspiracy intended to cover up the President's knowledge of what was actually a *legal* transfer of arms to Iran in November 1985.

Despite Walsh's claims about the strength of his evidence, he did not indict a single official for these alleged crimes. Instead, his report is laced with unproved, never litigated accusations. The federal appeals court that ordered the release of Walsh's report had it right when it stated:

> [T]he report repeatedly accuses named individuals of crimes, although in many instances the individual was never indicted, if indicted was never convicted, or if convicted, the conviction was reversed. . . . It is rife with accusations of guilt of criminal conduct against persons never indicted or convicted.

That same court distanced itself from Walsh's conduct and his report by stating that the report "will not bear the imprimatur of the Court nor is it issued under this Court's aegis."

Prosecutorial Misconduct

IN TRUTH, Walsh's report is a transparent attempt to divert attention from his own record of failure, abuse, and misconduct.

It is important that this misconduct be examined before the history books are written and closed on this subject—particularly in the light of the supposed benefit an independent counsel brings to high-level investigations and prosecutions. The following are some of the matters that Mr. Walsh failed to disclose.

Breaches of financial and procurement laws. Walsh frequently ran afoul of the federal administrative and financial regulations that governed the operation of his office.

Specifically, a General Accounting Office (GAO) audit found:

> Based on records provided by Mr. Walsh,

Mr. Levin is director of legal policy for the Landmark Legal Foundation, which represented former Attorney General Edwin Meese III in the Iran–Contra matter.

ILLUSTRATION BY BONNIE GARDNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> we [GAO] calculated that the total amount of unallowable reimbursements for lodging and meals for Mr. Walsh was approximately *$78,000* more than the per diem rate . . .

Walsh also was found to have "used a government-leased vehicle for transportation between his office and living quarters [at the Watergate Hotel] while in Washington, D.C." The GAO stated that this expense was "generally unallowable."

The GAO discovered that Walsh used government funds to travel first class between his home in Oklahoma and his Washington, D.C., office. The GAO stated:

> For at least his first 2 years as independent counsel, . . . Walsh was reimbursed for first class air travel. Reimbursement for first class air travel is allowed, but only when its use is certified and specifically authorized. Examples of the conditions permitting first class air travel are when no other class is available and travel is so urgent it cannot be postponed or when, for security purposes or exceptional circumstances, use of travel is essential to the performance of an agency's mission. *We did not find any such certifications and authorizations by Mr. Walsh.*

Moreover, according to the GAO, 30 members of Walsh's staff "accrued excess leave without written justifications and approvals. . . . As of March 31, 1992, the 30 employees had been allowed to carry forward an estimated *5,300 hours* without written justifications and approvals."

On October 5, 1992, Walsh asked the GAO to waive the requirement that he and his staff reimburse the taxpayers for all of these unallowable costs. On February 3, 1993, the GAO, an arm of Congress, allowed Walsh's request, and so the taxpayers footed Walsh's bill.

It was also reported in the *Washington Times* on September 23, 1993, that Walsh failed to pay income taxes owed to the D.C. government, for which he was fined.

What would *prosecutor* Walsh have said about any Reagan Administration official who had similarly flouted the law and enriched himself?

Breaches of national-security rules. There are two known instances when Walsh violated the national-security rules of the United States. First, he was seen reading highly classified material on a commercial airplane in plain view of other passengers. An employee of a government contractor reported the incident to federal authorities.

The second violation, as reported in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on October 10, 1992, is even more egregious.

> A suitcase containing highly classified government documents, including secret codes, disappeared . . . after an aide to Iran–Contra independent prosecutor . . . [who was traveling with Walsh] . . . *checked it in at curbside* at Los Angeles International Airport. The FBI has launched an intensive effort to recover the documents, which one source said had been carried to California for an interview with ex-President Ronald Reagan.
>
> . . . *The Justice Department complained that Walsh waited more than two weeks before notifying it of the loss, reducing chances of finding the material* . . . The Justice Department accused Walsh's office of a *flagrant violation* of security that could affect pending Iran–Contra cases.

The news article further stated that the deputy attorney general of the United States, in a letter to Walsh, wrote that the *"flagrant violation of [the security] rules . . . is of particular concern in view of the prior security breaches of your office, including the transport of codeword material."*

Was Walsh punished for his mishandling of highly classified material entrusted to him by the government? No. Was he punished for concealing from the Justice Department and FBI for two weeks the fact that highly classified material was missing? No. Walsh escaped even a mild reprimand.

Obstructions. The Ethics in Government Act—the law creating the independent counsel—gives individuals named in an independent counsel's report a statutory right to comment. Walsh attempted to subvert that process by fighting tooth-and-nail against repeated requests by these individuals for access to information in his possession and used in his report.

For example, former Attorney General Edwin Meese requested access to the full report. Walsh opposed the request, and Mr. Meese was permitted to read only the random, out-of-context, pre-selected pages that Walsh determined he should read. Mr. Meese was not allowed to read the entire report until its public release.

In addition, there are hundreds of references in the report to *secret*

Earn $4,000 Per Month From Your Home With A Computer!

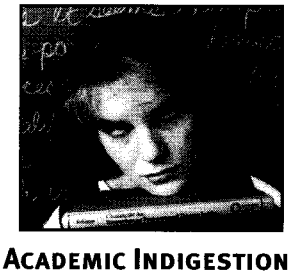
FREE *CBSI 486 Computer*

Begin part-time and still retain the security of your present position. This is a proven turnkey business an individual or couple can run. If you purchase our software and business program, we will give you the computer and printer. If you already own a computer, you may receive a discount. You do not need to own, or know how to run, a computer – we will provide free, home office training. Financing available.

To receive free cassettes and color literature, call toll-free:

1-800-343-8014, ext.1104

(in Indiana: 317-758-4415) *Or Write:*
Computer Business Services, Inc.
CBSI Plaza, Ste. 1104, Sheridan, IN 46069



ACADEMIC INDIGESTION?

At Thomas Aquinas College, our students aren't stuffed with endless unrelated electives and professors' opinions, only to regurgitate them on command. Instead, we offer real food for the mind—a classical liberal education that delights and satisfies and leads the mind to truth. For information, call or write:

Tom Susanka
Director of Admissions
Thomas Aquinas College
Box 105
10000 North Ojai Road
Santa Paula, CA 93060
800/634-9797

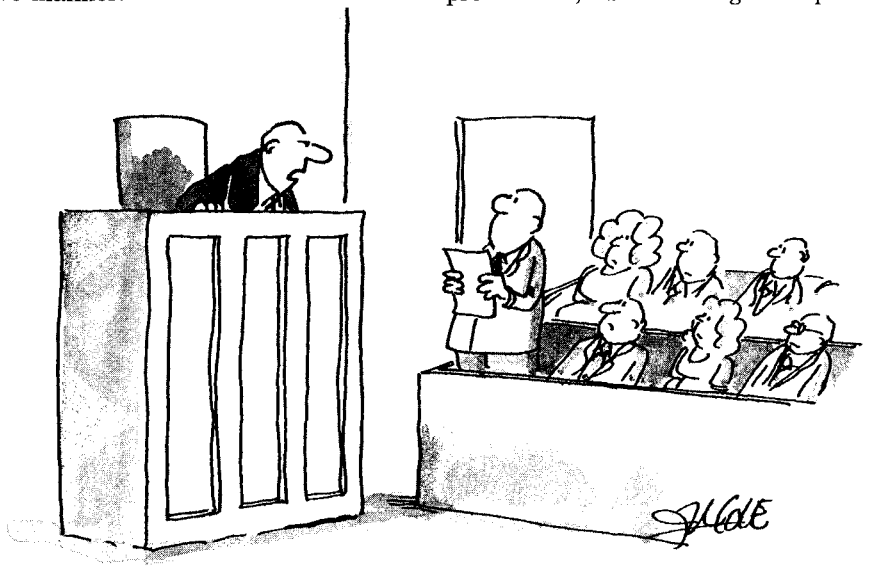
THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grand-jury testimony. Walsh's use of this testimony is without precedent. Indeed, it violates the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, which provide, in part:

> [A]n attorney for the government . . . shall not disclose matters occurring before the grand jury, except as otherwise provided for in these rules . . .

None of the exceptions provided under the rules applied here. Walsh simply chose to use his report to disclose the secret testimony in a carefully selective manner.



"Just read the verdict and never mind the 'hear ye, hear ye' stuff!"

Not wishing to rely solely on Walsh's characterization of this testimony, Meese sought access to all grand-jury testimony referred to by Walsh. Walsh opposed this request. Meese then requested a copy of his *own* grand-jury testimony. Walsh also opposed this request, but allowed Meese to read his testimony at the courthouse. Still, Meese was prohibited from taking any notes of his own testimony or commenting on it in his response to the report, since the testimony is classified "Top Secret—Veil" and "Secret." But that did not stop Walsh from discussing Meese's (and others') secret, classified grand-jury testimony in his report.

Moreover, the Walsh report frequently refers to confidential FBI notes (known as 302 reports). Again, Meese sought copies of all such reports cited by Walsh. Walsh opposed this request. Meese requested a copy of his own FBI 302 report. Again, Walsh dissented.

Finally, Meese sought permission to contact other parties mentioned in Walsh's report, to discuss notes, testimony, and comments alleged by Walsh. Walsh successfully objected.

Clearly Walsh's purpose was to obstruct scrutiny by those he publicly accused of crimes for which they were never indicted.

The Watergate standard. Walsh's misuse of secret grand-jury testimony and his public allegations of criminal wrongdoing against individuals never indicted violated the standards proclaimed by the forefather of special prosecutors, the Watergate Special Prosecution Force (WSPF). In reporting on its investigation, the WSPF wrote, in part:

> . . . The Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure prohibit the disclosure of information presented to a grand jury except as necessary in the course of criminal proceedings . . .
>
> Most important, in terms of the American constitutional system of government, is the notion of fundamental fairness for those who, after investigation, have not been charged with any criminal misconduct. This consideration is particularly important for a Special Prosecutor whose independence considerably reduces his accountability and who must be unusually sensitive to possible abuses of his power.
>
> It is a basic axiom of our system of justice that every man is innocent unless proven guilty after judicial proceedings designed to protect his rights to ensure a fair adjudication of the charges against him. Where no such charges are brought, it would be irresponsible and unethical for a prosecutor to issue a report suggesting criminal conduct on the part of an individual who has no effective means of challenging the allegations against him or of requiring the prosecutor to establish such charges beyond a reasonable doubt.

Unaccountable Prosecutor

JUST ONE month after Walsh issued his fraudulent report, and in the face of his nearly seven-year, $100,000,000 reign of prosecutorial terror, Congress acted to reauthorize the Ethics in Government Act (passed originally in 1978). In so doing, it may unleash future unaccountable prosecutors who are free to roam the Executive Branch—unencumbered by the Constitution or the rule of law—in search of real or imagined crimes.

But where is the hard evidence, presumably overwhelming and systematic, proving that Executive Branch investigators and prosecutors have *ever* been unwilling or unable to conduct aggressive investigations of Executive Branch officials? As described earlier, most members of Congress who call for independent counsels in the same breath compliment the Whitewater investigation being conducted by Mr. Fiske, an Executive Branch employee.

Moreover, Mr. Fiske's apparent enthusiasm is not unique. It is consistent with the conduct of former Executive Branch special prosecutors. In fact, Watergate and the so-called Saturday Night Massacre prove that even a President pays a severe price for attempting to interfere with or influence such an investigation. When President Nixon sought the removal of Archibald Cox, it created a firestorm of criticism from which the President never recovered. In this, arguably one of the most famous episodes in recent U.S. history, the *pre*-independent-counsel system worked. Leon Jaworski, who ultimately replaced Mr. Cox, was no less tenacious.

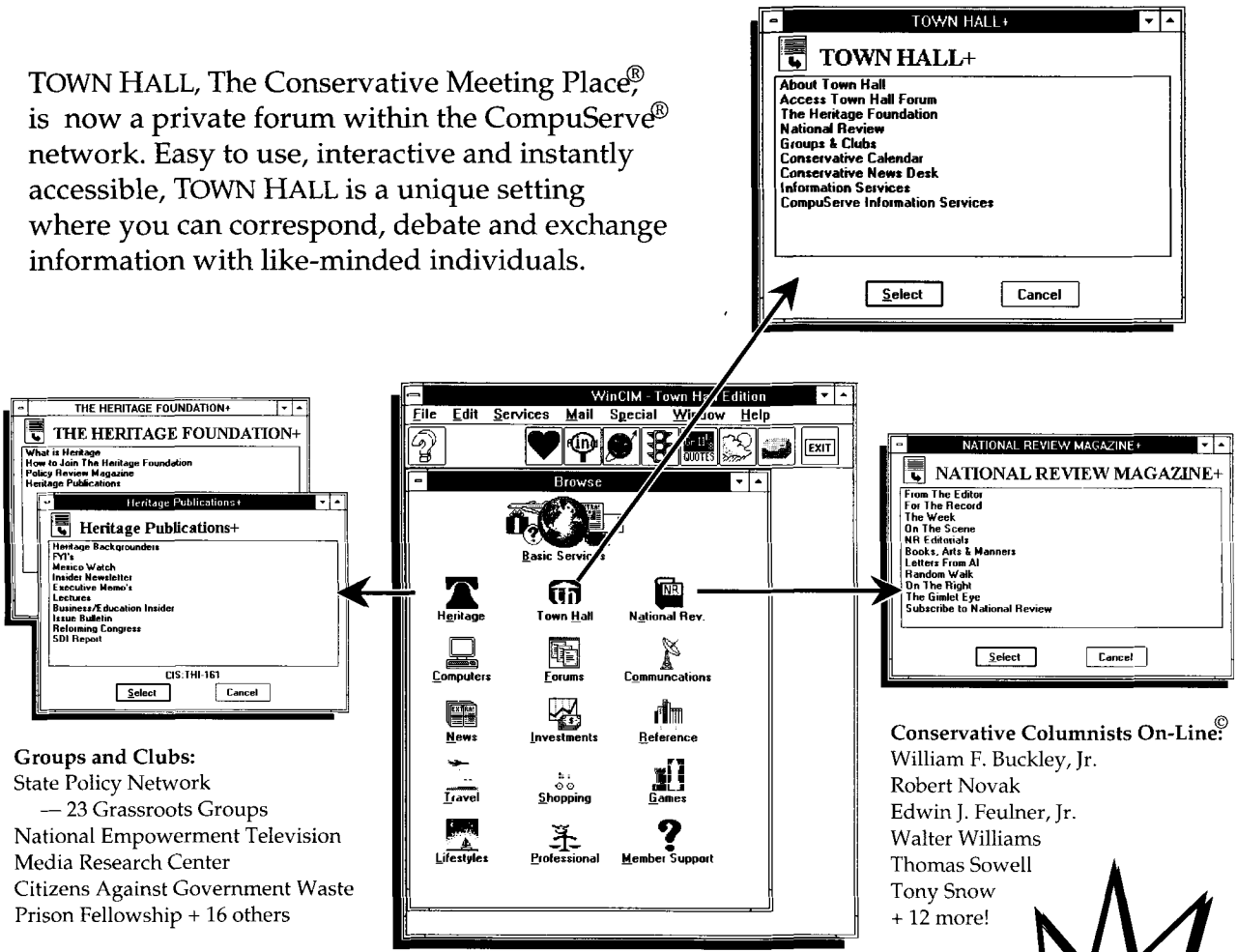
In reality, too many in Congress (dominated for decades by Democrats) have embraced the independent-counsel law as a partisan tool designed to enhance the power of Congress at the expense of the Executive Branch. This is demonstrated by, among other things, the glaring double standard Congress created when it exempted itself from obligatory coverage under the statute.

But congressional Democrats, fear-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing The *New...* TOWN HALL

TOWN HALL, The Conservative Meeting Place®, is now a private forum within the CompuServe® network. Easy to use, interactive and instantly accessible, TOWN HALL is a unique setting where you can correspond, debate and exchange information with like-minded individuals.



Groups and Clubs:
State Policy Network
— 23 Grassroots Groups
National Empowerment Television
Media Research Center
Citizens Against Government Waste
Prison Fellowship + 16 others

Conservative Columnists On-Line:©
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Robert Novak
Edwin J. Feulner, Jr.
Walter Williams
Thomas Sowell
Tony Snow
+ 12 more!

Open all day, every day, TOWN HALL is the place for lively discussion and debate on the major political and social issues facing us today. Inside TOWN HALL, you'll exchange ideas with experts from conservative groups and think tanks like The Heritage Foundation, or read the nation's #1 conservative magazine, National Review. All this can be yours at the very affordable price of just $24.95 a month. This gives you not only TOWN HALL but all of CompuServe's Basic Services — with unlimited and unrestricted on-line time and no surcharge within TOWN HALL for higher baud speeds.

ONLY $24.95* A MONTH!

To Sign up for a 30-day free trial, Call: **1-800-441-4142**

TOWN HALL

The Conservative Meeting Place

A project of NATIONAL REVIEW and THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

** $25.00 one-time initial membership sign-up fee required*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the political damage public hearings could have on their own party (with Watergate and Iran–Contra fresh in their minds), have acquired a renewed faith and trust in the Executive Branch. Yes, indeed. Open-ended public hearings—routine during the Reagan and Bush years—are just not possible. Mr. Fiske will let Congress know when he feels it is the proper time for congressional hearings. How convenient. □

Calling Adam Smith

THE NEW RULES OF TRADE

Everyone *talks* about free trade, but what are they actually doing about it?

BENN STEIL

ON THE face of it these should be heady days for the intellectual progeny of Adam Smith. The acronyms of free trade—GATT, NAFTA, APEC, MERCOSUR—triumphantly adorn the headlines. The adversaries of the free market are in full retreat around the globe, and pleas for aid are starting to be drowned out by pleas for trade. Free trade, it seems, is like apple pie and motherhood—almost everyone's in favor of it.

In a very important sense, this is unfortunate. When everyone supports something, it is inevitably the case that the something has ceased to carry any fixed meaning.

Support for free trade in the developed world is in reality giving way to a multitude of dubious conceptions of "fair" trade. Free trade is now judged to be fair trade only when foreign traders meet certain "standards." There are a variety of new and imaginative charges of "dumping," sanctions against which are said to be justified in order to protect standards at home. Ostensibly to construct a "level playing field" for international trade, the ever-growing body of fair-trade lobbies is laying the groundwork for a new web of supranational regulation, which, if not contained, has the potential to generate enormous international friction, stifle innovation, and damage prospects for world growth. The fair-trade lobbies are not actually concerned with leveling playing fields, but with leveling up their competitors' production costs so as to protect their high-cost producers.

What follows is a brief look at four new species of "dumping," each of which has fallen afoul of the New Rules of Trade.

1. Social dumping. Free trade was more palatable in the good old days of the Cold War, when the poor South preferred Marx to the Market, and the rich North could keep it quiet with dollops of development aid. Now that the poor have set up shop in the world bazaar, Western consumers apparently need their governments to protect them from misguided instincts to buy at the new stalls. As French Prime Minister Edouard Balladur has explained, "The question now is how to organize to protect ourselves from countries whose different values enable them to undercut us."

The notion that the world's poor work long hours at low wages because they or their rulers have "different values" is, frankly, neo-imperialist claptrap. The wealth gap between North and South directly reflects a massive productivity gap. And there is no mechanism—no law, regulation, or international standard—which empowers workers more effectively than high productivity. We do not need to "protect ourselves" from Asian, Latin American, and African traders—we should welcome them with open wallets. The idea that Western firms will all shut up shop and move to Bangladesh because the labor is cheap reflects nothing more than bad business sense. When Mercedes and BMW found that rapidly rising German labor costs were undermining their competitiveness, they did not pack their bags for the Third World—they came to the United States.

Unfortunately, the widespread and damaging use of tariff barriers against alleged "dumping" has provided protectionists with intellectual cover for regulating trade and investment flows to and from countries with lower labor costs. They charge "social dumping," based on the insidious claim that different labor costs across firms represent a "distortion of competition." This claim, made by the European Commission in support of a proposed directive banning the substitution of temporary for full-time work, is buttressed by the "social rights" elaborated in the EC's sublimely absurd "Community Charter of the Fundamental Rights of Workers." Nobody's "rights" are actually protected by this document, but it did prove convenient cover for France to lodge social-dumping charges with the Commission when Hoover transferred production from Burgundy to Scotland, where labor costs were lower. The French Socialist president of the European Commission, Jacques Delors, is so impressed with the protectionist potential of universal social rights that he is now demanding a "*global* social contract."

NAFTA represents the first international trade pact actually to enshrine social protectionism, but it is unlikely to be the last. The lobby for universal "social standards" in the next round of GATT will have to be bought off with a plethora of international regulations and a new supranational enforcement panel. The end result of such free-trade revisionism is likely to be a marked increase in political friction between North and South, a development foreseen by Friedrich von Hayek in *The Road to Serfdom* half a century ago:

> To the worker in a poor country the demand of his more fortunate colleague to

Mr. Steil is senior research fellow in the International Economics Program at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be protected against his low-wage competition by minimum-wage legislation, supposedly in his interest, is frequently no more than a means to deprive him of his only chance to better his conditions by overcoming natural disadvantages by working at wages lower than his fellows in other countries. . . .

It is fairly certain that in a planned international system the wealthier and therefore more powerful nations would to a very much greater degree than in a free economy become the object of hatred and envy of the poorer ones: and the latter, rightly or wrongly, would all be convinced that their position could be improved much more quickly if they were only free to do what they wished.

2. Environmental dumping. A country suffering environmental damage as a result of foreign production processes clearly must have the right to take action to stop further damage being inflicted. Likewise, international agreements will be necessary to control production processes that can be clearly and *scientifically* demonstrated to promote global environmental damage—for example, if they are shown to contribute to a "greenhouse" effect or the depletion of the planet's ozone layer. Environmentalists, however, have gone much further, and are now in the business of dictating production methods to foreigners on the basis of idiosyncratic ethical preferences.

Many American environmentalists believe that saving dolphins is worth higher production costs and job losses in the American tuna industry, and they were well within their rights in pushing for a domestic ban on purse-seine nets in tuna fishing. Where they go awry is in insisting that Mexicans make the same calculation and adopt the same solution, or else lose the opportunity to offer their tuna to American consumers. The GATT Dispute Settlement Panel was right to rule in Mexico's favor. To rule otherwise would have opened the floodgates to an endless stream of new import restrictions and counter-restrictions, as protectionist lobbies around the globe identified new species of sacred cows requiring trade-barrier protection. What share of national income should be allocated to domestic environmental concerns—as opposed to health care, education, defense, etc.—is fundamentally a consumption decision to be taken at the national level. If Americans choose to spend millions of dollars protecting spotted owls while Africans prefer to spend the money on curing malaria, God bless them both.

Environmentalists and their protectionist allies claim, however, that lax environmental standards are the equivalent of unfair export subsidies, thus necessitating import duties to offset the "environmental dumping." But apart from the different ethical preferences mentioned above, environmental concerns differ massively in different localities since air, water, land, and animal protection requirements must necessarily differ with geography. Production methods will in part reflect such relative concerns. As long as there are no spillover effects onto other countries, there can be no substance to the charge of environmental dumping, and thus no basis for exceptions from the discipline of the multilateral trading system.

NAFTA's side deals again set a dangerous precedent, by giving power to a supranational panel to determine whether a country is enforcing its own environmental laws. Future regional and multilateral trade negotiations will undoubtedly be punctuated with calls for the establishment of new supranational regulatory agencies to determine whose cows should be sacred and whose should be steak. Consumers will ultimately bear the costs of the new risks imposed on producers, who will be forced to divine how the rules of the game may shift with supranational regulatory sentiment.

3. Services dumping. Perhaps the most "successful" area of free-trade regulation thus far has been that of prudential regulation. This aims at ensuring a level playing field by mandating that all competitors maintain "prudent" business practices. Prudential regulation was enshrined in international trade through the 1988 Basle Committee Accord on capital adequacy standards for G-10 banks, which mandated minimum levels of capital that banks must maintain as a buffer against "credit risk," or the risk that clients will fail to pay. The Accord was motivated by charges that countries with low bank capital/asset ratios were engaged in "financial services dumping." While it is impossible to object to the premise that banks should follow prudent business practices, one must understand the political motivations for the agreement to understand

As Heard On
Paul Harvey
News & Commentary
Comfort Breakthrough!
• Select Comfort's Air Cushion Design Conforms Perfectly to Your Body's Contours
• Cradles You in Total Comfort
• Recommended for Back Pain
• You Adjust the Firmness to Meet Your Specific Needs
• 20 Year Limited Warranty
• Adjust Your Side Separately
• Try Risk-Free for 90 Nights
Select Comfort provides proper back support and contours to your body, distributing weight evenly.
PRESSURE POINTS
Innerspring mattresses create pressure points and uneven support.
Call Now For Your
FREE VIDEO and Brochure
1-800-831-1211
SELECT COMFORT™
CORPORATION
9301 75th Ave. N.
Minneapolis, MN 55428-1003
© Select Comfort Corp. 1994
Dept 2512

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *why*, the *when*, and the *how*.

As for the *why*, new prudential regulation was needed primarily to compensate for problems created by already existing regulation. Exceptionally generous government deposit-insurance guarantees were responsible for major banking disasters, particularly in the U.S. and Finland: banks in financial difficulty had been given massive incentives to roll the dice with depositor funds, for which the government was wholly liable. Simply stated, government insurance guarantees give banks an incentive to operate with as little capital as possible. Rather than attempt the politically tricky task of overhauling national deposit-insurance systems, national regulators found it easier just to collude among themselves to fix minimum capital requirements.

As for the *when*, the timing largely reflects the rapidly growing concern in the mid 1980s with Japanese competition, the banking sector being just one example. The competitive success of Japanese banks prompted British and American authorities to push for an international agreement to raise capital standards, as this would have the explicit effect of slowing the expansion of large Japanese banks operating at relatively low capital levels.

As for the *how* of capital regulation, the exclusive focus on credit risk, with no concern for interest-rate risk, proved exceptionally convenient for G-10 countries with large budget deficits. While the Accord treated commercial loans as risky, and therefore requiring capital backing, government debt was

U.S. Trade Policy Adrift

THE URUGUAY round of GATT is, so we are told, all over bar the signing. For it and all the other GATT trade rounds which have made possible the unparalleled international prosperity since World War II we owe a big thank-you to every American Administration from Truman on. More's the pity, then, that Washington is now poised to load crippling new restrictions on a key area of world trade where the GATT prescription doesn't reach. The Oil Pollution Act (OPA), inspired by what *The Economist* recently called a "sinister alliance" of isolationists and environmentalists, promises to dislocate the greater part of the oil-tanker trade by making tanker owners and operaters wholly liable for any damage done by oil spills from their vessels, while letting the cargo owners off scot-free.

This runs counter to well-established principles of "common adventure" which have held through centuries of shipping history. In the past the rule has been that the liability for oil pollution should be split between carrier and the cargo owner because the vice (the pollution) is in the oil. Admittedly it may be naïve to expect lawmakers of any country nowadays to worry about such logical niceties, especially when most of the casualties belong to other nations (60 per cent of U.S. oil consumption arrives by sea, the great bulk of it in foreign-owned oil vessels). Yet one might at least expect them to look after their own. And from that point of view OPA can only help defeat the declared object of Congress, which is to ensure that the claims of future oil-spill victims can be met. For it excludes from liability the very players in the oil-import game—American oil companies—who are rich enough to pay its swingeing penalties.

The risks of running the gauntlet of actions in American civil courts within the framework of the OPA rules are so mind-boggling that independent tanker owners and charterers carrying oil to the U.S. will become uninsurable. Lloyd's of London, which has already been brought to the brink of ruin by elephantine awards by American courts for asbestosis and chemical pollution, will certainly not be leaping into the breach. On top of that, normal insurance defenses for the insurer must be waived.

"Irrational" is far too mild a word for such draconian treatment of oil tanker owners and operators. Yet a regulatory-impact analysis issued by the U.S. Coast Guard—the body that is supposed to enforce the rules—judges them to be quite sensible. Perhaps the Coast Guard people are just being good public servants and trying dutifully to make the best of a bad legislative job. They only manage to make it appear in any degree rational, though, by making the most amazing assumptions. For instance, they take it for granted that the tanker-owners' usual third-part insurers will joyfully accept primary liability as OPA 90 requires. However, perhaps uneasily sensing that, after all, the joy of the insurers will not be unconfined, they suggest that, if the traditional sources of insurance are not available, there ought to be enough insurance capacity in Russia, China, and Poland!

Or again, if the shipowners were to refuse to do business on such impossible terms, the report blandly proposes that the mothballed U.S. Reserve Fleet—ships of 20,000 to 40,000 deadweight tons built in the Fifties and early Sixties—would cope. The surreal nature of this proposition is demonstrated by the fact that demand is currently served by ships up to 500,000 deadweight tons.

Only blinkered bureaucrats and members of the environmentalist consortium seriously believe the OPA can work as proposed. The exemption of owners of oil cargoes from any liability for pollution damage was apparently adopted as a result of strong lobbying by the smaller oil companies, though doubtless some of the more shortsighted larger ones are happy too. However, if the provision goes into effect as written, their euphoria will be short-lived. For, should the independent shippers throw in the towel and stop shipping oil to American ports, all the oil companies will be obliged to invest in expensive fleets of their own. This is an option they have been at pains to avoid because they would prefer to concentrate their limited capital on exploration, production, and refining of oil rather than on tanker capacity. Needless to say, if they are obliged to become owners of all the tankers they employ, they will then be wholly liable for any pollution damage those tankers cause.

No doubt there are some who be-

Mr. Lewis is former general director of the Institute of Economic Affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treated as being completely riskless, therefore requiring no capital whatsoever. The effect was predictable. Between 1989 and 1992, U.S. commercial and industrial loans declined by $42 billion, to about $600 billion. Over the same period, bank holdings of U.S. Government debt increased by nearly 50 per cent, reaching the same level as the loan holdings. International prudential regulation apparently exacerbated the U.S. recession, while simultaneously increasing the incentives for the U.S. Government to continue its deficit-financed spending binge. Be on the lookout for more such regulation in the future.

4. Cultural dumping. Back in the 1950s, the French intelligentsia railed against the importation of Coca-Cola from the United States, insisting that it represented a grievous threat to French culture. That an entire culture could be undermined by a soft drink is indeed a frightening thought. Thank heavens, French culture proved more resilient than that, and the Fifth Republic survived. More recently, French culture was once again pitted against the forces of American cultural imperialism with the opening near Paris of EuroDisney, an institution which the progeny of the Coca-Cola War veterans decried as a "Cultural Chernobyl." French culture so far appears to be holding up, although EuroDisney is on the brink. Finally came the GATT negotiations, which threatened to liberalize trade in audiovisuals. French politicians demanded "cultural exclusions" to maintain quotas against U.S. productions, ostensibly to safeguard

lieve that, even if this eventually means more expensive oil, it will be a price well worth paying to rid the trade of its "cowboys." True, the oil majors can justly claim that their own tanker fleets are top notch and that they apply the same high standards to the tankers they hire. Indeed, they consistently reject 20 to 30 per cent of the ships offered to them for charter as unfit for service. Yet there is a good deal of humbug here because 98 per cent of the world's tanker fleet is currently trading, and the rejects must be finding work somewhere. What is more, it appears that some of the blacklisted tankers were recently in the big oil companies' own fleets and had been sold. If the big-oil bosses think these vessels are no longer safe carriers they should sell them for scrap, not auction them so that they can carry on trading.

The punitive approach of the U.S. authorities toward oil-tanker operators will surely prove counter-productive. The good, law-abiding ones will quit a business in which they are cast for the role of victims and leave the field clear for the crooks. These, the real cowboys of the trade, will find clever ways of complying with the letter of the law while mangling its spirit. By using "shell" companies or other devices, they will ensure that, when the bill for compensation for pollution comes in, the funds won't be available.

In the wake of the OPA, new regulations about the construction of tankers have blossomed. According to these, all new vessels trading after June 30, 1990, or launched after January 1, 1994, that work the U.S. Exclusive Economic Zone must be of double-hull design. The idea is that if one hull is punctured the other will prevent any leak. It's a fine theory, but in practice double hulls need much more care and maintenance or they suffer from corrosion and a build-up of explosive gases. Furthermore, the increased rigidity will increase the danger of metal fatigue and stress, leading to cracking and consequent leaks.

This misconceived regulation, which is now being phased in, was produced in 1990 to placate popular clamor following the wreck in Alaska of the oil tanker *Exxon Valdez*. That was a bad oil spill and more inexcusable than most, but even environmentalists admit that the spending on the clean-up, much of it counter-productive, was wantonly extravagant. Most of the wildlife recovered quite quickly, and it was good old nature and beavering microbes that did the real job of cleaning-up, whereas the volunteers scouring rocks with steam hoses did more harm than the oil itself. One of the more sensational idiocies was the federally funded experiment to discover how many sea birds had been killed by the spill. This exercise involved a battery of experts and the installation of radio transmitters on 200 freshly killed sea birds whose carcasses were coated with oil and tossed into the waters of Prince William Sound, where their drift pattern was monitored by aircraft. The cost of this, only one of 51 damage assessment studies, was $598,000. All this was in aid of helping the lawyers work out what the owners of the offending tanker should have to pay in damages, and of course in legal fees.

The popular perception which the environmental pressure groups have projected of the oil-tanker industry is grossly misleading. How many people realize that, of the two million tons of oil spilled in the sea each year, only 5 per cent comes from tanker oil spills? The bulk of the oil is discharged from sewage and land-based industrial sources.

The overwhelming majority—99.98 per cent—of tanker transport of oil is undertaken without mishap. This is a magnificent record with which even the pipelines cannot compete.

No wonder the independent tanker-owners, 80 per cent of whom belong to an international association called Intertanko, are disconcerted and somewhat bemused, though far from downhearted. They aim to make their voices heard loud and clear when they gather for their annual meeting in Washington May 9 to 11. Their meeting will be addressed not only by the relevant top experts, like Admiral J. W. Kime, U.S. Coast Guard Commandant, but also, they hope, by Vice President Al Gore. They have confidence in the strength of their case and believe that, once Congress realizes that American interests are threatened by the OPA, it will be amended. But the ship owners face a ruthless and determined enemy in the form of the Greens. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that the tyrant Robespierre was dubbed the "seagreen incorruptible." —Russell Lewis

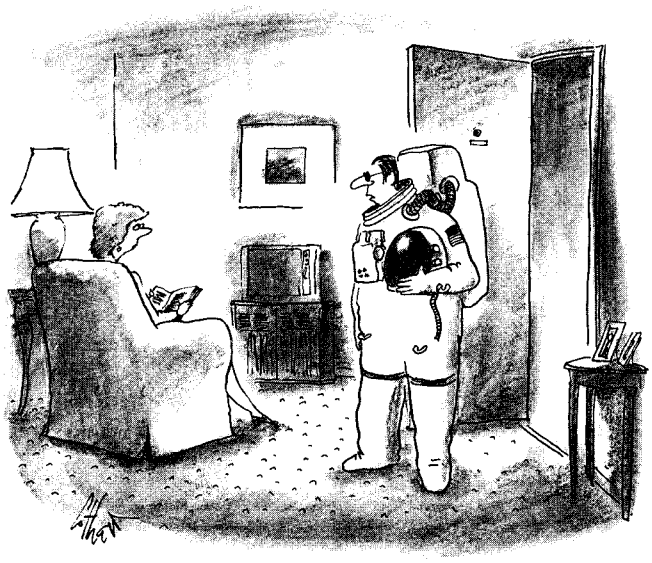
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"European culture." Television and movie personalities signed a full-page ad in the German daily *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* warning of "unprecedented cultural dumping" if the U.S. were to succeed in incorporating film and TV series in GATT. In order to protect European culture, they called upon the European Commission forcefully to defend its directive entitled "TV Without Borders" [*sic*]. As a curious side note, the German text contained certain errors in spelling, grammar, and syntax which lent it a striking resemblance to French. More evidence, one might suppose, of an emerging European culture (with its capital in Paris, of course).

In an age where satellite transmission has the potential to bring an unlimited range of programs into the home, there is simply no possibility of crowding out anyone's cultural preferences. The problem is the massively subsidized European producers, who will undoubtedly start demanding even larger handouts if they are forced to compete seriously for viewer attention. Thus the attraction of the cultural exception to free trade for governments that find themselves "fiscally challenged."

Social Correctness on the Rise

THE driving force behind much of the current fair-trade rhetoric is unemployment and growing income inequality. For the forseeable future, at least, Western governments seem faced with the unpalatable choice between McJobs or no jobs for their less skilled. The steady decline in developed-country manufacturing since the 1960s has led to a corresponding drop in the demand for low-skilled blue-collar workers. The natural tendency of those who have seen their once reliable livelihoods swept away is to demand that their elected representatives act against job poachers, who are less and less likely to be identified as non-union compatriots, and more and more likely to be identified as foreigners. Outside of a few declining sectors like textiles, job-stealing foreigners are hardly the problem. Rapid technological advancement has spawned a revolution in production processes throughout developed economies, raising the premium on the recruitment of the brainy and broadly skilled, while destroying the value of the brawny and narrowly skilled. But since supporters of the latter will get little sympathy railing against the evils of technology, it is inevitable that conscious human agency will be made to appear the driving force behind their plight. Foreigners cheat, and the government must act to protect the nation.



"I'll be gone most of the day."

Rather than address the skills problem head on, Western governments will undoubtedly find it easier just to snuff out unwelcome competition through the imposition of the new international labor standards, green ethics, business principles, and culture barriers discussed above. It is a thoroughly misguided and dangerous strategy, but at least its failure can always be blamed on the low standards of foreigners.

Free speech has held up well against the threat of "political correctness," but free trade is up against a new "social correctness" which would appear to be made of heartier stuff. Free trade may never be quite so free again, so enjoy it while it lasts. For the rules, they are a-changin'. □

Saving the Planet

WORLDWATCH WATCH

To see where Worldwatch's priorities lie, follow it from Washington, D.C., to Bhutan.

STEPHANIE D. MOUSSALLI

THE Worldwatch Institute exists, in its own words, to "save the planet," a miracle it is accomplishing by raising the public consciousness of the need "to create an environmentally sustainable global economy." The Institute, led by Lester R. Brown, is one of the more influential and reputable of environmentalist policy organizations. It produces the widely quoted *State of the World*, an "annual checkup of our global environment," which is used, says the Institute, as a text in five hundred university courses around the country.

So a few years ago I began reading the bi-monthly *World Watch* in the hope of learning the strongest of the environmentalist arguments. Instead, a review of the last four years of this staff-written magazine—which "seek[s] to change the course of history" and which the Institute inflicts on the publics of five other countries in addition to the United States—reveals a utopian ecosocialist world view

Stephanie Moussalli teaches history and political science at Pensacola Junior College in Pensacola, Florida.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite as hostile to human welfare as traditional socialism has ever been.

Oink

THE magazine despises consumerism, for example. "The planet is in danger" from the excessive consumption of the developed world, whose populations of "car drivers, beef eaters, soda drinkers, and throwaway consumers" are devoted, in the tolerant opinion of researcher Alan Durning, to "greed, envy, and avarice." Advertising causes a great deal of this consumerism, substituting "Coca-Colonization" for "clean drinking water" in the Third World, and "third cars and fourth televisions" for "environmental literacy [and] social and sexual equality" in the developed world. One of the few ads Durning likes portrays North Americans as "a gigantic animated pig" and is entitled "High on the Hog." Instead of malls, Durning wants "communities [to] turn main streets into walking zones where local artisans and farmers display their products while artists, musicians, and theater troupes perform . . ."

Of course, circumstances alter cases. After Durning vilified the new Minneapolis Mall of America as "a monument to higher consumption," in the September/October 1992 issue, the staff made a rueful announcement in the next issue that Worldwatch's retirement-fund investors are the majority owners of the mall. Since then, the magazine has dropped the subject of malls and investment funds.

World Watch also worries a lot about automobiles, "the scourge of the late twentieth-century civilization." This is partly because they produce "one-fourth of the greenhouse gases that now threaten the stability of the global atmosphere," but even without global warming, cars are unsustainable because cities do not have "the physical space" to expand parking. *World Watch* writers often use words idiosyncratically; since more than 90 per cent of the greenhouse effect is produced by water vapor, and natural sources account for about 90 per cent of the atmospheric CO_2, "one-fourth of the greenhouse gases" must mean something other than what it says. "Physical space" is another creatively used term, since all the cities and roads in the U.S. combined cover only about 4 per cent of the country's surface, but let it go; the point is that *World Watch* approves of Al Gore's "modest suggestion that the pollution-spewing internal-combustion engine be phased out in another quarter-century."

What should replace cars? The Institute approves of mass transit, solar-powered vehicles, and walking, but what it really loves is bicycles, "the most efficient form of transport ever invented." After all, many cities find bikes "more effective than gridlocked squad cars in chasing criminals." Tanzania uses them to deliver mail, and Malawi uses bicycle-ambulances. In fact, in May, when long daylight hours render Washington, D.C., streets relatively safe, "as many as fifteen" of *World Watch*'s own employees "come to work on their bikes."

Ecosocialist semantics sometimes confuse the unwary reader. I, for instance, got quite excited about a proposal for maritime "property rights" in the November/December 1992 issue, until I realized the author meant governments should divvy up the high-seas commons among themselves. Danish farmers are "making extra money" from compost-produced methane, declared another piece, and, as an enthusiastic gardener, I saw the dollars rolling in, until the next sentence announced this "project" was made possible by "government subsidies." China should adopt "real market prices" for energy, announced one writer, and I thought the *World Watch* staff must have learned some economics, until I read that China "has already made a promising move on this front, having planned to triple the price of oil sold domestically."

The magazine occasionally makes its semantic preference explicit, as in a September/October 1990 feature article in which Sandra Postel asks that GNP be redefined to take "environmental damage" and "human welfare" into account. This, she argues, will cause decision-makers to understand "that at some point growth begins to cost more than it's worth." However, one example she gives—"Anyone who has lost a favorite park to a new housing subdivision knows that not all economic growth enhances the quality of life"—reveals her lofty concern with conceptual economics to be little more than the hostility to newcomers typical of urban homeowners who have lost their free scenic views to the development of a nearby property.

In any event, Miss Postel's belief that word-fiddling will alter real marginal costs and benefits edges over into what the inimitable Petr Beckmann used to call the "stark raving mad" area, and *World Watch* spends a lot of time there. For example:

—"There is a growing belief among scientists that no level of [radiation] exposure is safe" (May/June '91). Right. Since blood is radioactive, what we need is a National Vein Drain Day.

—If governments would only end "the hatreds, racism, and economic and environmental problems that cause people to flee their homes," then refugee problems would solve themselves (November/December '92). Lester Brown for President in '96!

—"Despite being only one among the millions of animal species, human beings control up to 40 per cent of the earth's potential photosynthetic productivity [PPP] from land areas" (March/April '93). I give up, and most of the rest of you had better, too, if we're going to reduce human energy use to one ten-millionth of PPP.

World Watch also opposes bananas, gold mining, fast foods, and meat. It disapproves of beltways, automation, dry cleaning, the spread of conifers in Scotland, and "tree farms masquerading as reforestation projects." On the other hand, the Institute wants to save the world's glaciers and mountains, especially the Himalayas. Actually, I thought the staff had finally slipped its leash on this one until, flipping through a recent *National Geographic*, I saw a nostalgic and moving plea to save the glaciers in southern British Columbia, and realized *World Watch* is just following the eco-fads of the Nineties. And the money; one hundred different agencies currently have people in Nepal to save the Himalayas.

On to Shangri-La

SO WHAT kind of world would get the Worldwatch Institute's seal of sustainability? The answer appeared in a July/August 1990 article with the cover title, "Bhutan, Paradise Preserved."

"*Bhutan?*" I squawked. How dare anyone describe that wretched little Himalayan despotism as Eden? As the imagined strains of "Brigadoon"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wafted through the distance, I sat down to read.

Bhutan is a tiny mountain kingdom south of Tibet where most of the population lives in pre-nineteenth-century conditions. In 1990–91, the per-capita GNP was $180; out of every 100 people, only about 15 could read; life expectancy was around 48 years. On the Physical Quality of Life Index, a scale of 100 on which the United States scored 95 in the mid 1980s, Bhutan got 25.

To author Christopher Flavin, this is paradise. The inside title of the article is "Last Road to Shangri-La." Shangri-La, he tells us, is "the rarest of exceptions: a 'poor' nation where most needs are met, the traditional culture has been preserved, and the natural environment is still largely intact."

Mr. Flavin had just spent four weeks advising the Bhutanese government on how to avoid "the single-minded approach to economic growth" which has brought to "many countries . . . not only falling water tables and choking pollution, but a decade of declining incomes and swelling bellies." The process by which economic growth causes declining incomes is apparently so well understood by *World Watch* readers as to need no explanation. What Mr. Flavin does explain is how "Bhutan has already crossed the perceptual threshold so critical, and so elusive in other countries, to a sustainable society."

It hasn't been easy; the country has had to deal with the "emergence of an industrial sector," "rapid growth in population," and "consumerism." "New business interests," too, "can . . . lead to political corruption of the sort that has stripped the resources and impoverished the people of so many nations."

But the government of Bhutan can handle the "tough choices." It outlawed most private logging in 1979, more recently forbade "a major marble quarry and hydropower project," decided to keep "at least 60 per cent of the country covered in forest," and has put aside some of the best land in the country as "extensive wildlife preserves" and an "elephant corridor." In the opinion of King Jigme Singye Wangchuk, says Flavin, "industrial development and wealth accumulation should be secondary to the goal of sustainability," so the king has declined to invest "huge quantities of capital in counterproductive infrastructure and industries." In 1989, he even protected cultural sustainability by dismantling all his subjects' television antennas. After all, as Flavin points out, when "people are exposed to the 'things' that are available to those who live in industrial societies they often want to have the same . . ."

"Sustainable development," in short, means "no development."

In any event, "wealth accumulation" has not troubled most Bhutanese, the vast majority of whom live in hamlets of four or five huts connected to the rest of the country solely by mountainous mule tracks. Flavin is not without compassion for these peasants, many of whom never encounter outsiders except for "the occasional development worker." The peasants certainly deserve compassion—they drop like flies from tuberculosis and malaria, and have one of the highest infant-mortality rates in the world.

"I keep having the American Dream."

Flavin's solution? Rooftop solar panels, to be paid for by international aid. Solar power is so diffuse that hut-sized panels can produce only a tiny amount of electricity, but Flavin estimates it's enough for "two efficient mini-fluorescent bulbs and a radio—the main uses for power in rural Bhutan."

Of course, if some of the country's incredibly abundant hydropower were developed, and if King Jigme Singye would relax his tyrannical grip on the economy, the Bhutanese would soon be taking care of themselves, and then they might do anything. They might actually prefer power tools, cars, and polyester to their alternatives, even if it meant that suburbia came to Shangri-La. Some of them might become development advisors just like Flavin, and the UN would fly them to exotic parts of the world, and at home they would listen to CDs, and on holidays they'd ship their packages in styrofoam.

Flavin's Choice

WHAT hypocrisy! If Flavin really believed that the life led by the Bhutanese peasant—ameliorated by two fluorescent light bulbs and a little more health care, to be sure—is Shangri-La, he would be living such a life himself. He might even join the actual Bhutanese peasants behind their oxen, except that another thing not allowed in Shangri-La is immigration. No problem; there are places right here in the belly of the capitalist beast where the committed may live the same life. Isolated forests, primitive agriculture, hundreds of acres of land with just one or two people living in a hut (with solar panels)—Flavinesque sustainability is legal and in fact easily available in America.

Flavin doesn't live that way. He has the choice, and he chooses styrofoam.

It's hard to avoid concluding that there are people who love coercive planning a little more than they love the natural world, and far more than they love the Bhutanese. King Jigme Singye, for one, is no stranger to the tools of tyranny. In January of 1990, Bhutan rated 5.5 on the Freedom House political- and civil-liberty scale of 1 to 7. This was about the same as the USSR in its last months. Since Flavin's visit, it has deteriorated to 7, a category shared only by such countries as China, Cuba, and North Korea. Freedom House does not issue such low rankings lightly. Only governments practicing "extreme oppression" and "political terror" qualify for a 6 to 7.

Christopher Flavin, however, is not one to panic in the face of totalitarianism. After all, he is involved with projects like the World Commission on

(Continues on page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

March 25, 1994

Dear Rusty,

I know I've said it before—okay, maybe lots of times before—but the truth is, this time I really think our Administration has turned the corner.

As Bill says, we've learned a lot since Zoe Baird and Kimba Wood and the Travel Office scandal. And since Lani Guinier, the Stimulus Package, reversals on the middle-class tax cut and the Haitian refugees. And we've learned from Vince Foster's suicide, bringing in Mr. Gergen, Nussbaum's resignation, and William Kennedy's demotion, too. You know, in a funny way, I'd say that we were about the best-educated Administration to come along in a long, long while. Uncle Lloyd—the other Uncle Lloyd: Cutler, not Bentsen—says that we remind him of the Harding Administration.

But as hard as it is for me to keep my cool, I have no choice. I'm doing it for Bill.

And for HRC, too. She's been through the wringer, and I think I'm the only one in town—the only one in my house, that's for sure—who has any sympathy for her. And as mad as I am at the "partisan practitioners of the politics of gridlock" (Like the phrase? I made it up. It's sort of my version of the "nattering nabobs of negativism."), I can't go around exploding and yelling from the podium. I have the dignity of the office of the Vice President to consider.

And in the end, it won't really matter because, as I've said, we've turned the corner. Today we had our first totally non-Whitewater-related meeting in a long time. It was a routine National Security Briefing. I was leading it; Bill was preoccupied at his desk with a calculator, a couple of shoeboxes filled with receipts, and copies of his 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, and 1993 tax returns.

I got there first, and had a few moments alone with Bill. I wanted him to know that this meeting wasn't going to get sidetracked by Whitewater.

"Howdy, boss," I said.

Bill raised a hand silently, and continued punching numbers into the calculator.

"You know," I said, "you ought to be using a solar calculator. They run off normal light, and there are no lithium batteries to leak into our groundwater."

Bill looked up from his work. "Al," he said, a little snippily, "do you think you could give it a rest? This is a lot harder than it looks. First I have to fill out Form 14C-E and cross-reference it with Form A-108 Schedule R for all of the years Whitewater was a money-losing venture. Damn these forms! You'd think the bureaucrats could come up with a better way."

Just then, the whole gang from Defense, State, CIA, NSA, Tony Lake, and HRC entered the office to start the meeting. Bill just waved at us to go ahead.

I started the meeting by asking Warren Christopher to summarize our diplomatic options as regards the North Korean nuclear threat. "Chris," I said, "do you think you could give us a quick rundown?"

Chris just sat there, looking blankly at me.

"Chris? Could you summarize that for us, please?"

"Are you talking to me?" he asked.

"Yes I am, Chris," I said, maybe a bit peevishly.

"I'm not Warren Christopher. I'm Lloyd Cutler."

"What we need is a flat tax. That'd solve a few things," muttered Bill to himself.

"Al," cried HRC in an exasperated tone, "you'll get to talk about North Korea after I leave. I haven't been given a security clearance for that. I just dropped by to hear Lloyd's advice on how to handle Whitewater."

"But this is a National Security Briefing," I said.

"Bloodsuckers is what they are," growled Bill. "Bunch of no-good IRS bloodsuckers."

"Exactly," said HRC. "And what's more important to the nation than my security, right? Look, Bill and I need to hear this advice. Lloyd is an old hand at this, a real seasoned professional—"

"I know that," I said, "but I was hoping we could have at least one meeting around here that didn't revolve around a third-rate looting of an S&L."

"And what do we get for all of this money?" Bill grumbled to himself. "A whole lot of nothin'."

"Al," said HRC, "we're hearing Lloyd out and that's final. We brought him in to get his expertise."

Uncle Lloyd cleared his throat. "First," he intoned, "I recommend full disclosure. All the tax returns, all the investment reports, and all the Madison records in your personal possession. Second, Mrs. Clinton, you have to go on TV and hold a Geraldine Ferraro–style press conference for as long as it takes to answer everyone's questions. And third, the Rose Law Firm must release all pertinent Whitewater documents."

"I'm sorry," HRC said. "I'm interrupting an important National Security Briefing, aren't I? You know what, Lloyd? Let's do this another day."

And with that, HRC scurried out of the Oval Office, leaving Bill to his tax forms, and me to order Patriot missiles and the U.S.S. Missouri to South Korea.

See what I mean about turning corners?

Write soon, Al

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light in a Dark Place

COLIN WELCH

FORTUNATE he who, peering apprehensively into the dread Abyss, finds beside him, peering too and holding his hand, the intrepid, benign, and reassuring figure of Professor Himmelfarb. What better guide and comrade could he have? Who better to accompany him into this horrible place?

Some years ago I reviewed a previous book by Professor Himmelfarb. We'd known her here in London, where her husband, Irving Kristol, edited the magazine *Encounter*, of blessed memory. She was and is affectionately known as Bea, less of a mouthful than Professor Himmelfarb. May I use this pet-name? My review turned irresistibly into a paean of praise for Bea, of admiration and respect for her intelligence and good rather than common sense, for her integrity, her firm and upright character. She was, I'm told, to her great credit, disgusted. Such a tasteless rhapsody doubtless offended her innate modesty.

On Looking into the Abyss: Untimely Thoughts on Culture and Society, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Knopf, 192 pp., $23)

I must try to avoid giving offense again; but seriously I don't find it easy. Reviewing these present splendid essays, I could start by testifying to their formidable erudition and wide range; to their prodigious mastery of areas of dark knowledge which many of us don't have or wish we didn't; to their polemic power and capacity to make clear what is obscure or complex; and so on. But when all is said and done, it *is* Bea's own character that, like the emperor's head on the Thaler, gives these essays much of their value.

Her love of truth and freedom, her hatred of callousness and cruelty as of the rotten ideologies that breed and justify them, her respect for tradition and morality, her mistrust of all the repulsive -isms—structuralism, deconstructionism, post-modernism, and so forth—that have brought spiritual and intellectual impoverishment to Academe. For all Bea's attitudes on these and other points, a strong intellectual case can be made: she makes it. Yet I suspect that the reasons why she hates this and loves that lie deep in a character that is admirable if now, alas, a bit unusual.

Roman Genn

May I be impertinent again for a moment? Apart from being a formidable bluestocking, Bea is *au fond* a perfectly normal, decent, natural woman, a devoted wife, mother, and now proud grandmother, in a world in which—I concede—such domestic virtues are no longer seen as normal and natural. Think how many of the aberrations of modern political, economic, and sociological thought would have been moderated, rebuked, or prevented by such domestic considerations. If only Marx and Nietzsche had been proud grandmothers! The world would have been a happier place.

One Richard Rorty, a "respected" American philosopher quoted by Bea, reports that only "a metaphysical prig" believes now in such things as "truth" and "reality." Bea is unabashed: she wondered whether this book should have been entitled *Confessions of an Unregenerate Prig*.

Among the gratefully acknowledged inspirers of this book (it is dedicated to his memory) is the great Lionel Trilling. He declared himself proudly "a nineteenth-century person." Just so might Bea. She has spent much scholarly time in that "other country," has unearthed there and brought back from it much ancestral wisdom, precious but now by intellectuals forgotten or derided.

A characteristic of the nineteenth-century person, according to Trilling, is a belief in the efficacy of free will and in the value of individual freedom. Bea too has this characteristic, governed always by an abiding concern for personal and public morality. Again and again as I read her, the dictum of James Anthony Froude, literally a nineteenth-century person, came back unbidden to mind. I quote from memory: "Morality, when vigorously alive, sees further than intellect and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties." Morality is certainly "vigorously alive" in Bea, though in her case I'd guess it deals consciously rather than unconsciously with intellectual difficulties.

What is this Abyss into which Bea invites us to peer? Trilling introduced it to his students of modern literature. He listed some of its notable inmates—some by choice resident there, others just visiting, curious, fascinated, or hostile. He named them, the great modernists (Yeats, Eliot, Joyce, Proust, Kafka, Lawrence, Mann, Gide, Conrad) and some of their forebears (Frazer, Nietzsche, Freud, Diderot Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy). All of these were for Trilling, and perhaps for Bea profoundly subversive of culture, society, morality, conventional sexuality—of all we once called "civilization." (Incidentally, is not Conrad for one an odd man out here? And what about Dostoyevsky? Let it pass.)

The Abyss was thus for Trilling a literary and cultural Abyss, its resi-

Mr. Welch is the former deputy editor at the London Daily Telegraph.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents "dread beasts." Like Blake's Satanic mills, Trilling's Abyss was a metaphorical conceit, a place of ideas, inhabited by turnip ghosts, so materialists would say. Yet Trilling knew, as Bea knows and fears, that *ideas have consequences*. Beware: the deranged bohemian, the frowsy pedant, the wild poet, the fanatical ideologue, and the unreadable bore may be umbilically connected to Gulags and Holocausts past and perhaps to come!

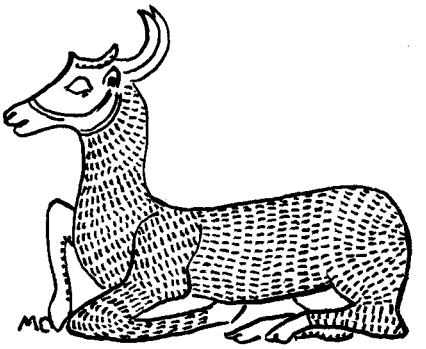
According to Bea, the Abyss has lately got deeper and more perilous, the beasts at the bottom of it more terrifying. ("You thrilled to modernism; shudder now at post-modernism, the movie they dared us to make and you to see . . ."). Relativism now mutates into nihilism, amorality into immorality, irrationality into insanity, sexual deviancy into polymorphous perversity, all to Bea's eloquent dismay.

Trilling and Bea seem alike oddly disappointed that the reaction of students to this carnival of moral deformity is only to breathe "how interesting, how exciting," and to discuss it all seriously, politely, and sophisticatedly, thus socializing the anti-social, acculturing the anti-cultural, and legitimizing the subversive. Well, better perhaps (I agree) if instead they cogently and vigorously desocialized, deculturated, and illegitimized. Meanwhile, cool dilettante interest and polite excitement are surely preferable to frantic subversive fanaticism?

Bea attests that her intrepid voyages on our behalf into deconstructionism, post-modernism, and the rest have immersed her in much "literature" that is instructive perhaps but neither readable nor congenial. Like an explorer returned from the jungle, she shows off amazing flora and fauna, monsters and freaks, in particular incredible specimens of academic gobbledygook. We rub our eyes; surely these must be untypical or parodic? She assures us, no.

Though never without rational hope and humor, she is naturally a bit pessimistic about these ideas and their consequences. One thing may well cheer her up at times—their manifest absurdity, their innate tendency to blow themselves up. Seeking to deconstruct others, deconstructionists deconstruct themselves. Where murder is intended, suicide is achieved.

The "respected" philosopher Rorty, for instance, concedes that Heidegger, another "respected" philosopher, was "a nasty piece of work." Rorty deplores his outspoken Nazism. Heidegger's worst mistake, however, according to Rorty, is to have taken philosophy "seriously" rather than "light-mindedly," "playfully," "aesthetically." Rorty regards an original philosopher as a mere product of "a neural kink." As such is he more to be consulted about wisdom and virtue than any original mathematician, say, or micro-biologist, or chess master? With nothing to say about wisdom or virtue, isn't the philosopher an innumerate mathematician (I know such exist), a chess



master who can't play chess, a plumber who can't measure a pipe? Ignore him—don't ring him in an emergency!

If not noted for wisdom and virtue, what then is the philosopher for? Playfulness? Light-mindedness? Better by far go to Broadway. The boa-deconstructor Derrida offers puns, tedious plays on words: Hegel suggests to him "*aigle*" (French, eagle), hence "power," or "*Ekel*" (German, disgust), ha ha! We yawn, overcome by *Ekel*. The playfulness of bores, the frivolity of "respected" philosophers, is indeed *ekelig*, the mirthless humor of the humorless, a ballet of cripples.

Paul de Man, a leading deconstructionist, wrote embarrassing anti-Semitic articles in a Nazi journal during the late war. His peers have striven tortuously to exculpate him. Bea notes mordantly that they cannot manage this without evasions and distortions, without breaching their own strict but useless literary canons, without deconstructing de Man, his critics, and themselves alike. Is it not a poor philosophy that cannot defend its own darlings with its own intellectual weapons? Have the deconstructionists followed too well the advice of Turgenev's Bazarov—who counseled to the effect that, when you're cutting down the pillars of society, you mustn't forget your own legs?

Bea justly prides herself in taking on the big boys, not just the tiddlers who have said something silly but the real intellectual eminentoes, the mega-gurus. The most conspicuous of these is John Stuart Mill. In his *On Liberty*, a sacred text, she irreverently finds much to criticize and "deconstruct," though here as elsewhere she is scrupulously fair. She notes passages from other works of Mill which themselves seem sharply in conflict with what she objects to.

She looks round her beloved America as it is today. She sees with grief a land in which tainted morality can be practiced, displayed, commended, and subsidized, but not tainted food—presumably because the material is regarded as more important than the spiritual. She points out that, despite the old saw, morality *can* be legislated, yes, and so can immorality. She notes that the crucifix is banned from American public schools, but can be displayed publicly drowned in urine as "art." She quotes a joke, that in America a performer may masturbate on the stage, but only if he or she is paid the minimum wage—can she be sure it *is* still a joke? She notes all this and more, unintended consequences of Mill's ideas.

For Bea, as for Burke, liberty must be limited to be enjoyed. Absolute liberty is indefensible, self-destroying. It tends, like absolute power, to corrupt absolutely. Yet in Marxist circles of American Academe, traditionally limited freedom is scorned as "repressive tolerance." The quest for absolute freedom puts it in mortal danger.

Confronted by the carnival of folly and evil which Bea describes and analyzes, many of us laugh, sigh, shrug, snore, despair, hope for death, or subside into a sort of moral imbecility. Not so Bea, who preserves not only her wits but the grandmother's traditional right and duty to be *shocked*. It is an invaluable characteristic. With humor, it is presumably what has kept her sane.

I can hear her now in the Abyss: "This place stinks. Who's in charge? The Devil? Send him here. I want to see him. It's a pit, a sink! Come on now, children, let's clean this mess up." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Punker to Pinker

JOHN SIMON

SOME BLURBS are worth quoting: "Steven Pinker is professor and director of the Center for Cognitive Neuroscience at MIT. His research in visual cognition and in child language acquisition earned him the Distinguished Early Career Award and the McCandless Young Developmental Psychologist Award from the American Psychological Association, and the Troland Research Award from the National Academy of Sciences. He has also won a teaching prize from MIT, and in 1986 was featured in the '*Esquire* Register' of outstanding men and women under forty." Whether he is still under forty and outstanding is not clear.

The Language Instinct: How the Mind Creates Language, by Steven Pinker (Morrow, 494 pp., $23)

Outstanding or not, Mr. Pinker has just published a book proposing to prove that the language instinct is innate and universal, and that all human beings can, from a very early age, express themselves with more or less equal skill, unless they incur brain damage. A chapter excerpted in *The New Republic* warns against amateur language meddlers, whom Mr. Pinker ridicules as "culture mavens": unfortunates who propose to legislate what is correct language, though unqualified and ignorant.

Since I am the most reviled of the latter, it would not be according to Hoyle for me to review the book. Think of this then more as a response to the attack, along with some reflections on Mr. Pinker's views and competence, and a discussion of the nature of language from my benighted point of view. Let's first examine Mr. Pinker's scientific methodology with regard to the specific topic of me.

Culture mavens, it seems, range all the way from the relatively harmless "wordwatchers" to "the Jeremiahs, expressing their bitter laments and righteous prophecies of doom." Though one eminent figure among them is not mentioned by name, there is no such compunction concerning "the loudest Jeremiah . . . the critic John Simon, whose venomous film and theater reviews are distinguished by their lengthy denunciations of actresses' faces." There's no evidence that Professor Pinker has read any of these reviews; otherwise he might have noticed that the discussions of looks are seldom lengthy, and are integrated into my view of the play or film as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*. It would take a primitive reader, such as Mr. Pinker surely isn't, to spot nothing else of interest.

The first excerpt from my language book, *Paradigms Lost*, that Mr. Pinker quotes reads: "The English language is being treated nowadays exactly as slave traders once handled the merchandise in their slave ships, or as the inmates of concentration camps were dealt with by their Nazi jailers." The author terms this a "tasteless comparison," and goes on to deplore its having been elicited by nothing more than "Tip O'Neill's redundantly referring to his 'fellow colleagues,' which Simon refers to as 'the rock bottom of linguistic ineptitude.' " Actually, it is only one of many examples adduced. And anyone who after a stay in the House of Representatives as long as O'Neill's had not grasped the meaning of *colleague*, if only by listening to better speakers than the Speaker, should be written off as a hopeless case. Note, by the way, that Mr. Pinker sees nothing wrong with his own repetition "referring . . . refers," so what is a bit of gross redundancy to him?

Next we read: "Speaking of Black English Vernacular, Simon writes . . ." followed by this alleged quotation:

> Why should we consider some, usually poorly educated, subculture's notion of the relationship between sound and meaning? And how could a grammar—any grammar—possibly describe that relationship?
>
> As for "I be," "you be," "he be," etc., which should give us all the heebie-jeebies, these may indeed be comprehensible, but they go against all accepted classical and modern grammars and are the product not of a language with roots in history but of ignorance of how language works.

I had a hard time making sense of this, and had to undertake a lengthy search in *Paradigms Lost*. It turns out that Mr. Pinker has taken the first pseudo-paragraph from page 147, where it is embedded in an argument with William Lasher—a professor of linguistics and fellow colleague of his—who is defending such black usages as "we was at the ball game" and "Mary had five card." The sentence preceding the quotation reads: "For Lasher, 'The people who say *was* for *were* or drop the *s* have a grammar that describes the relationship between sound and meaning in their cultures.' " Following on this, my statement becomes, whether you agree with it or not, perfectly intelligible.

Out of context, however, it is not only unclear, it does not even make sense as a lead-in to the next paragraph. But that bit comes from another chapter, and appears on page 165; yet Professor Pinker, with wonderful scientific rigor, appends it without so much as an ellipsis. With equal honesty, he cuts it off before the sentence, "It may be a regrettable ignorance, innocent and touching, one that unjust past social conditions cruelly imposed on people. But it *is* ignorance, and . . . accepting it as correct and perhaps even better than established usage is not going to help matters."

Clearly, Mr. Pinker wants to make me out a racist pig. But he daren't, for good reason, accuse me outright of racism, and contents himself with implications: "There is no point of refuting this malicious know-nothing, for he is not participating in any sincere discussion." Better just to slice his text to ribbons, rearrange it so as to suit your noble and unmalicious purpose, and proceed to malign and insult him. And Professor Pinker concludes his sincere discussion with: "Simon has simply discovered the trick used with great effectiveness by certain comedians, talk-show hosts, and punk-rock musicians: people of modest talent can attract the attention of the media, at least for a while, by being unrelentingly offensive." According to his *tasteful* comparison, you disagree with him and become a punker or some other sort of clown.

So here I am, the Howard Stern of linguistic criticism (though if you look at his jacket picture, it is our hairy professor who looks remarkably like Mr. Stern). The problem with psycholinguists, sociolinguists, and in-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deed linguists in general is that they approach language as scientists (or sociologists!) only, and have no sense whatever of language as an aesthetic artifact, language as art. They study human language as a zoologist does animals, a botanist plants. It is important for them that their morphological or taxonomical surveys not come across many special cases: one or two exceptions may, as they say, prove the rule; too many *dis*prove it. "Why should language be considered such a big deal?" Mr. Pinker asks. Is it "any more extraordinary than coral that builds islands, earthworms that shape the landscape . . . ?" Well yes, the kind of language Mr. Pinker and his colleagues study, and especially the kind they write, is not that much better than what earthworms perform.

Criticizing the language of the plebs is, it seems, like criticizing the song of the humpback whale: "What on earth could it mean for [it] to contain an 'error'? Isn't the song of the humpback whale whatever the humpback whale decides to sing?" Our cognitive scientist refuses to see any differences between an animal's vocalizing and the verbalizing of a human intelligence. He and his likes are best described by the unfortunately untranslatable German word *amusisch*: unvisited by the muses, insensitive to the arts. In the 430 pages of *The Language Instinct*, there are virtually no references to literature. Shakespeare and Shaw are mentioned a few times, and a couple of others maybe once, but all from a nonstylistic vantage point. Conversely, Mr. Pinker has many references to and quotations from popular culture: pop singers, mass movies, comic strips, stand-up comics. When he proudly quotes an epigram from Shaw, he is unaware that Shaw cribbed it from Wilde, who said it better.

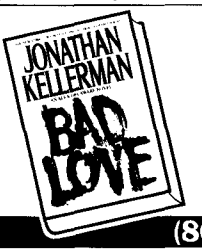
You would think that even a psycholinguist would know a language or two besides English. Mr. Pinker grew up in Quebec, the scion of Jewish immigrants, but whereas there is quite a bit of Yiddish in the book, there is very little French. German seems totally beyond the Pinkerian ken: *Hund* (dog) emerges as *hundt*; "*der hungrige Mensch*" as "*der hungrig Mensch*"; Wilhelm von Humboldt gets an incorrect upper-case *v*. As an adult language, as opposed to that of the three-year-old infant ("a grammatical genius"), even English proves a bit too much for Mr. Pinker. He writes: "Any native speaker recognizes that *thole* [is] not English." But *thole* is very much so, as a glance at a good dictionary would have revealed. As a verb, to be sure, it is archaic and dialectal (though it figures powerfully in John Crowe Ransom's fine poem "Here Lies a Lady"), but as a noun it still means a vertical pin or peg, usually in the side of a boat. What is not English is some of the stuff penned by the professor.

Herewith some samples: "centered around," "the more tissue that is damaged," "in his masterpiece essay," "intriguing" (a Gallicism), "intuit" (a back formation), "discriminate" (as a

transitive verb with direct object), "fronter vowels," "hold of" (for *hold for*), "the reason is because," "jest" (as a transitive verb), "I cannot help but," "the reasons why," "falsified" (for *proved wrong*), "as if it was," "to be perused more leisurely," and "Imagine a society where all and only the redhaired people were made priests." That "all and only" is truly one and only! Of course, SP would try to wiggle out by calling these either ironies or necessary changes in a living language, but unfunny ironies are worthless, and about such change Alexander Pope and Samuel Johnson have made apodictic statements that even SP must have heard of.

Mr. Pinker proudly proclaims, " 'Bad grammar' for 'nonstandard' is both insulting and scientifically inaccurate." True, if you assert that everything the People utter is ipso facto correct. But in that case, why does he make an effort, however imperfect, to write standard English? He declares repeatedly that *whom* is moribund (note, though, the waffling in "used consistently only by careful writers and pretentious speakers"), yet uses it himself half the time. His is not a petty mind hobbled by consistency. Whenever he remembers that "different from" is correct, he uses it; for the rest, it is "different than." But then, as he informs us, "prescriptive rules are, at best, inconsequential little decorations."

Yet at times he betrays himself. Being a populist and kneejerk liberal, Mr. P. is willing to deplore bad grammar when it suits his political purpose. He is perfectly happy poking fun at Dan Quayle's admittedly lousy English. Yet when Clinton asks us to "give Al Gore and I a chance," SP twists himself into a pretzel to justify this along with other popular errors, such as the impersonal "hopefully," "between you and I," and "I could care less." The last-named, for example, is pronounced to be a deliberate irony by people fully aware that "I couldn't care less" is called for. But then what does it mean when he states that "the highest percentage of ungrammatical sentences was found in the proceedings of learned societies"? So when the great unwashed commit grammatical errors, they smell as sweet as the song of the humpback whale, but when academics commit them, they become opprobrious. He goes so far as to uphold the

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books


• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-NR, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

JUST AHEAD!
POLITICALLY INCORRECT T-SHIRTS AND SWEATSHIRTS!
BUY 3 AND SAVE
$7.00 Off your 3rd T- Shirt or Sweatshirt!
See our ads on the next three pages!
1-800-70-RIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polluted stream of *you know, like, sort of, I mean* that pours out of the *os populi*: "I know many gifted prose stylists my age," writes our gifted, fortysomething prose stylist, "whose one-on-one speech is peppered with *sort of* and *you know*, their attempt to avoid affecting the stance of the expert"—in other words, currying favor with the People by proving themselves kindred spirits in subliteracy.

You would think that consistency within a single sentence is the very least our pundit could manage, but no—or, as he would say, "Not!!" We read: ". . . if a generation chooses to switch to a language of the mainstream that promises them advancement . . ." Now, if *generation* is singular in *chooses*, why should it suddenly become plural in *them*? Yet SP admits to becoming enraged by the misuse of *disinterested* for *uninterested*—though he then goes on to defend it, anyway. There is, however, no such palinode where other pet peeves of his, *fortuitous* (for *fortunate*) and *parameter* (for *perimeter*), are concerned.

What can I say to or about this (as he would put it) "conflicted" man that has not been expressed succinctly in two reader letters about his chapter "The Language Mavens," which appeared in *The New Republic* as "Grammar Puss"? (A little irony by the editor?) As Lawrence K. Pettit wrote, "Steven Pinker's remarkable defense of split infinitives, misplaced adverbs, double negatives, the misuse of nouns as verbs, and the confusion of nominative and accusative is made brilliant and cogent by his own avoidance of such barbarisms. Does this tell us something?" And as John W. Hellerstedt, MD, wrote even more tersely, "Re: Steven Pinker. He's right good. Hopefully, him write on—Tonto."

What I myself have noticed over the years is that these permissivists usually come from socially underprivileged backgrounds, and are sentimental populists. They tend to be members of actually or putatively beleaguered minorities—Mr. Pinker doubly so, as an anglophone Jew in Quebec—and may well be the first college graduates in their families. They are, consciously or unconsciously, motivated by wanting to prove their less literate kinfolk right, or, as SP puts it, "lower the level of social distance" between speakers. This reverse class-consciousness reveals itself in such statements as the Pinkerian "psychological unnaturalness" of prescriptive rules, so that "only those with access to the right schooling can abide by them." Well, how about improving our schooling rather than scuttling the rules? But rules, he concludes, are mere "shibboleths, differentiating the elite from the rabble."

Quite so. What Mr. Pinker and such mentors of his as Chomsky, Labov, and Joseph Williams would not even consider is that language is, and should be, not only a means of communication, but also one of differentiation and separation. We do not consider lack of breeding, education, and cultivation a moral flaw, but we have every right to deem it an aesthetic deficiency, whether justly or unjustly incurred. Do we not belong to professional associations, social clubs, circles of friendship to which one has to be, literally or figuratively, elected? If language were merely the make of car you drive, it should not become a shibboleth. But if it is a kind of manners—like not eating with your hands, spitting on floors, or picking your nose in public—should it not be a shibboleth? And if you consider language a work of art—perhaps the supreme art form—should it not separate the sheep from the goats? No one's poetic imagination or linguistic invention suffers from abiding by rules, any more than one's tennis game suffers from being played with a net. □

Homeless, Sweet Homeless

THOMAS J. MAIN

A SALIENT feature of American discourse on social policy is that no matter how improbable, impolitic, or simply wrong the assumptions and conclusions of any particular viewpoint turn out to be, its partisans don't shut up for long. Like old soldiers, discredited social prescriptions seem never to die.

But a partial refutation of that gloomy maxim may come from this new work on the perennially topical issue of the homeless. The latest book by the distinguished sociologist Christopher Jencks, *The Homeless* represents what would, in a more perfect world, be quasi-official recognition of certain realities about homelessness that the policy communities dedicated to the issue have for nearly a decade kept from being seriously attended to. The book is especially noteworthy in that it appears on the heels of the well-publicized new draft report of the federal Interagency Council on the Homeless, *Priority: Home! The Federal Plan to End Homelessness: Building a Comprehensive Solution*, which is an effort to resuscitate the wobbly old paradigm according to which changes in macro-level social trends account for a great deal about homelessness, while the characteristics, abilities, and efforts of homeless individuals are assigned an entirely secondary role.

***The Homeless*, by Christopher Jencks (Harvard, 192 pp., $17.95)**

Mr. Jencks has brought his formidable scholarly mind to bear on the considerable accumulation of studies and data on homelessness. The resulting book is indeed welcome. Intractable issues bend to Mr. Jencks's sedulously non-partisan examination of the data.

For example, although surveys during the 1980s led to rising estimates of the number of homeless people, how much of the rise was real, and how much due to differences in estimation techniques, remained unclear. Mr. Jencks's review of the data convincingly shows that there really was a rise, but that it was from about 100,000 in 1980 to 400,000 by 1988—never approaching the two-to-four-million estimates circulated by the policy community that concerns itself with homelessness.

Or again, in virtually all accounts of homelessness, the deinstitutionalization of the mentally ill plays some role, but how a policy whose heyday was the late 1950s could produce increased homelessness in the early 1980s remained a puzzle. Mr. Jencks persuasively argues that "the answer is that deinstitutionalization was not

Mr. Main is a Research Fellow at the Center for the Study of Child Development at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. He has written many articles on homelessness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a single policy but a series of different policies." Up through the mid Seventies, he shows, deinstitutionalization was largely a matter of deciding where, other than mental hospitals, patients who were not, medically speaking, mentally ill should be cared for. After 1975, "reformers increasingly turned to the courts, challenging physicians' right to commit anyone at all." Chronic patients with nowhere to go were held to be free to leave the hospital if they wanted to; this soon became a policy of throwing out chronic patients with nowhere to go even if they wanted to stay put.

For these and other illuminating discussions—of matters such as federal subsidies of low-income housing (outlays for which turn out to have risen faster than outlays for defense during the Reagan–Bush years)—Mr. Jencks's new work deserves to become the standard handbook on the homelessness issue. But what is more significant about it is that it may shift the relative weighting that mainstream analysts give to social factors on the one hand, and individual factors on the other, in the etiology of homelessness.

It is axiomatic that any social problem is partly a result of macro-level social forces, partly a result of the characteristics and abilities of the individuals involved. Which set of factors is more important in a given case is an empirical issue. But, speaking in purely heuristic terms, the more explanatory weight we give one set of factors, the less we must give the other. If we are of the opinion that trends in the economy in general and the housing market in particular make obtaining low-income housing so daunting that even the most able and persistent among the poor will have great difficulty doing so, then consistency requires that, whatever the actual general level of skills among the homeless, we must attribute a relatively small role to the latter factor in explaining current homelessness. And if we change our opinion, and judge social-level trends to be much less formidable than we once did, the level of personal ability must become correspondingly more significant in our explanation.

Now Mr. Jencks, of course, understands that social problems have both macro-level and individual-level aspects, and he very rightly argues that "in trying to explain this situation [homelessness] we need to replace our instinctive either–or approach with a both–and approach." This is a welcome relief from the dominant liberal analysis of homelessness—embodied in such works as Jonathan Kozol's *Rachel and Her Children*—which seeks to explain away every problematic behavior common among the homeless as being forced upon them by a cruel society. It is also a relief from some more recent conservative reactions against the dominant analysis, which simply point to high rates of mental illness, substance abuse, criminal behavior, etc., and insist that homelessness "really" has to be entirely a matter of individual failings.

But while remaining true to his "both–and" approach, Mr. Jencks casts doubt on whether certain social trends that have been blamed for homelessness are really quite as powerful as the dominant liberal account assumes. In particular, he presents evidence showing that adverse changes in the low-income housing market are not nearly as dramatic as the homelessness policy community has claimed, and also argues that such matters as crack use and the incentives of the shelter system deserve much more serious consideration than they have received.

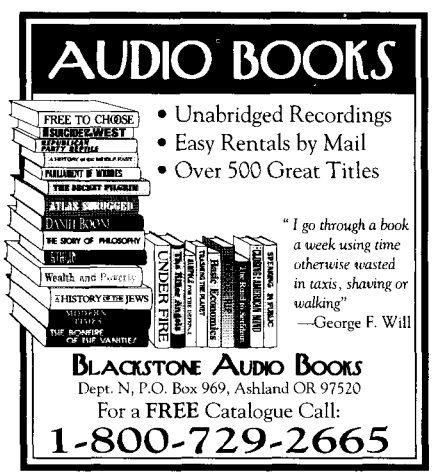
Many studies have pointed to alleged sharp declines in the supply of Single-Room Occupancy (SRO) hotel rooms and in "affordable" rental units as the primary social-level trend responsible for recent increased homelessness. But this theory melts before Mr. Jencks's incisive inspection. "If," he writes, "low-quality low-rent housing had really been in short supply, the cheapest rental units should have had long waiting lists and low vacancy rates." But in fact, vacancy rates in the cheapest rentals were actually a bit *higher* in the late 1980s (9.0 per cent in 1989, according to his reading of American Housing Survey data) than they were in the early 1970s (7.7 per cent in 1973).

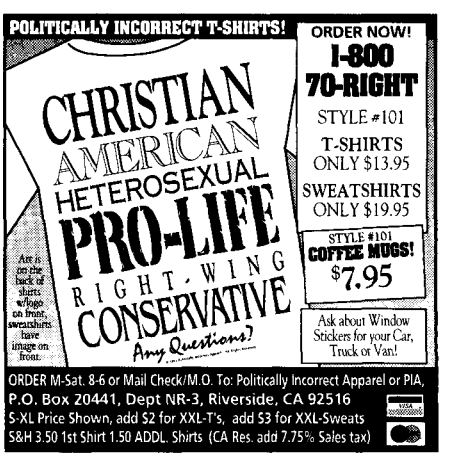
Another version of the housing-market explanation of homelessness points to the fact that, during the 1970s and 1980s, low-income tenants spent a rising fraction of their income on rent. In some accounts, increasing rent burdens were a result of landlords obtaining oligopolistic power and jacking up rents. Poor tenants who could not afford the increases ended up on the street.

Mr. Jencks refutes this, strikingly showing that rent burdens rose largely because the quality of low-income housing rose, and poor tenants chose to pay a larger percentage of their income for the improved housing. Lower-quality but not unlivable units (such as cold-water flats) and dangerous neighborhoods were abandoned even by poor renters in favor of more pleasant apartments and safer neighborhoods.

If most poor tenants chose to allocate more of their limited resources to rent and so got better housing, it is also possible that some poor tenants chose to allocate less of their resources to shelter and so ended up homeless. This would become more likely as the costs of being homeless were reduced. Such considerations lead to the radioactive conclusion that some people in marginal housing will transfer into homelessness as shelters, soup kitchens, and other services improve. Mr. Jencks does not flinch:

> Nobody, rich or poor, wants to spend all


AUDIO BOOKS
• Unabridged Recordings
• Easy Rentals by Mail
• Over 500 Great Titles
"I go through a book a week using time otherwise wasted in taxis, shaving or walking"
—George F. Will
BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. N, P.O. Box 969, Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue Call:
1-800-729-2665



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their money on housing if they can avoid it. If shelters become more attractive or more widely available, or if changes in police practice make the streets more hospitable, some people who have been living in very cheap hotels may well pass fewer nights there and spend more of their money on other things.

This speculation receives support from demonstration programs such as the Experimental Housing Allowance Program (EHAP) operated by HUD during the 1970s. EHAP showed that a 10 per cent increase in income of poor households, or a 10 per cent reduction in the price of their housing, induces a change in their housing expenditure of less than 4 per cent.

In economic terms, EHAP found that the income elasticity of demand for housing among the poor is very low. The poor who live in marginal housing spend relatively little of whatever extra income they receive on "better" housing. In other words, the results of EHAP suggest that if we increased the income of the marginally housed, many of them would continue consuming pretty much the same "package of housing services"—a mixture of shelters, poor-quality rentals, and even public spaces—and spend most of the money on consumption of other goods and services.

But who among the poor would make this choice, and what would they spend the money on instead? The likely constituency for such "rational" homelessness consists of those suffering from substance-abuse problems of various sorts. Again Mr. Jencks does not hesitate to make a very prickly point:

> Whatever their current budgets look like, we have to assume that a significant proportion of today's homeless will spend any additional cash they receive on drugs or alcohol. . . . It might be as small as a third of the homeless or as large as two-thirds.

Mr. Jencks is certainly *not* arguing that closing shelters or giving street people absolutely no help at all will reduce substance abuse. The point is that whatever help is extended has to address the disabilities and behavior problems among the homeless that are the residue of a long chain of personal, though severely constrained, choices. Thus he writes:

> Those who see the homeless as passive victims of circumstances beyond their control often react to this argument with a mixture of fury and disbelief. To say that people choose to become homeless seems indecent. But the homeless are not just passive victims. They make choices, like everyone else. The choices open to the homeless are far worse than those open to most Americans, but they are still choices.

I do not mean to give the impression that in his new book Mr. Jencks has undergone a full-scale conversion to a conservative line on the homeless. He has plenty of deserved criticism to hand out to stingy state legislatures and misbegotten social policies of the Reagan–Bush years. What Mr. Jencks does do is pull together an alternative to the advocate–liberal paradigm on the homeless, an alternative in which the personal choices and characteristics of the homeless finally get the attention they deserve. □

SOUND ON DISC

Beyond Good and Evil

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THERE is little reason for holding forth on the musical greatness of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—just the mention of it has us singing in our own cracked voices the beautiful arias *Là ci darem la mano* and *Dalla sua pace*. But the greatness

of this opera goes beyond its score and includes the overarching contribution of Lorenzo da Ponte's libretto. Here is real theater, real drama, and a morality play as well. It is not the posturings of Italianate opera by a Viennese composer but a work Elizabethan in its drive and its apperceptions. It articulates those mortal questions of good-and-evil and good-in-evil, of undeveloped hearts (E. M. Forster's striking phrase) and developed lusts. Significantly, the two best performances on disc that I have heard of Mozart's *chef-d'oeuvre* are English: the old (1930s) Glyndebourne Festival recording, and the new one from Roger Norrington. Of the two, the Norrington has more power, the Glyndebourne more grace.

Both, however, eschew the show-stopping stellar aspects, say, of the Metropolitan Opera and rely on a blending and matching of voices so as not to interfere with the movement of the drama. And Mr. Norrington brings to his recording that intuition and that *élan* which always mark his work. In musical performance, there is no final word, but I suspect that his *Don Giovanni* will be at the head of the list for a long time (EMI Classics CDCC 7 5489 2).

■ Béla Bartók's *The Miraculous Mandarin* also delves into questions of good and evil, though in a more contemporary and ironic manner. There is the added irony that at a time when everything except overt bestiality is current on stage, screen, and TV, Bartók's rather mild libretto is still tied down by the Lilliputian threads of censorship, as if what offended the Mrs. Grundys of the Twenties and Thirties—and Adolf Hitler as well—would bring tremors to today's stage. You cannot predict how history and musical taste will place Bartók in the future, but there will be no gainsaying that he was out of the top drawer among the post-moderns, if that's where he belongs, and that he had talent that in terms of today's evaluations approaches genius. I first heard Bartók back in the pre-history of the Thirties when he wrote a small exercise for Joseph Szigeti's surprising vio-

Mr. Toledano's classic Frontiers of Jazz *will be re-issued in April by Pelican Publishing Company in Gretna, Louisiana.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lin and Benny Goodman's clarinet liquefactions. *The Miraculous Mandarin* is rich and complex and driving—and excellently recorded by Franz Welser-Most and the London Philharmonic orchestra and choir (EMI Classics CDC 7 54858 2).

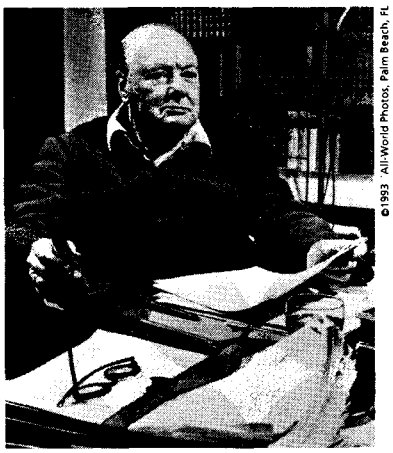
■ Perhaps some sociologist/musicologist will tell us what happened to English music after its great climax in Purcell. Even performance gradually declined, perhaps to allow George Bernard Shaw to fire off some of his darts at the musical scene. It was not until Edward Elgar began writing that Calliope raised her head again. Elgar was no innovator running with the *noctis equi* of modernism. But though he wrote with a nineteenth-century voice, he was a master of orchestration and possessed of a real melodic sense. I call to your attention Volume III of *The Elgar Edition*. An earlier volume included "The Dream of Gerontion," but here we have the "Pomp & Circumstance Marches" (1 to 5), "Cockaigne," and other works—all wonderfully pleasant—and even some piano improvisations (EMI Classics CDS 7 54568 2).

■ When Alec Wilder presented himself during the Swing Era with a small band replete with oboes and English horns, we rejoiced in the anachronisms and in the tastefully arranged sounds. When he wrote *American Popular Music*, a serious and analytical account of what Tin Pan Alley and the musical comedy stage had contributed to the world's music, we rejoiced again. Now the Smithsonian Institution, in its American Songbook Series, has given us an aural commentary on Wilder's work. Like jazz, American popular song is far more complex and musically literate than those who sang and hummed its melodies realized. A "tune" such as George Gershwin's "Love Walked In" is close to the art song, though it makes no obeisance to Europe, and in decades to come the songs of Harold Arlen—perhaps the greatest of those who gave America its singing papers—will perhaps be sung on the concert stage by finger-milking sopranos and tenors, while PhD candidates do their best to push the genre into the *longueurs*. A growing stack of CDs brings together the songs of Arlen, Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Rodgers & Hart, Duke Ellington, and others—and it is to be hoped that composers such as Vernon Duke, who gave us such lovely songs as "April in Paris" and the jumping score of *Cabin in the Sky*, will join the parade. (You can get the complete list to date from the Smithsonian Institution Press, 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, D.C. 20560.)

The editors of this series have done an excellent job in selecting those singers and bands who made the original recordings of the songs, mostly on 78 RPM shellacs. Which gives you, in effect, a second anthology—Ethel Merman, Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Fred Astaire, Billie Holiday, Lee Wiley, Peggy Lee, Ella Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby, and many others. Some mistakes of omission have been made—for example, Harold Arlen singing some of his own songs—but for the most part the choice of selections is very good, with the series becoming a marriage of the best songs and singers extant.

■ The Smithsonian has also reissued the best of Jelly Roll Morton, that prodigious genius who rose from the bordellos of Storyville in New Orleans to the top rank of jazzmen. Jelly Roll Morton was a jazz pianist, composer, band leader, and arranger who ranks with Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, and Duke Ellington in that great company who brought jazz out of its ragtime form and combined it with other elements in American music to give us the jazz that burst onto the nation in the Twenties and then on to the world during the Swing Era.

Forgotten during the years when Benny Goodman and the big bands took over the dance halls and radio, Morton nevertheless left his mark in a series of outstanding recordings made in the late Thirties. The Smithsonian collection, on three CDs, takes him from *Pianist and Composer* in New Orleans, through his greatest days in *Chicago: The Red Hot Peppers*, to *New York, Washington, and the Rediscovery*. That "rediscovery" was mostly among those jazz aficionados who looked back to the New Orleans days. The Smithsonian, however, should issue on CDs that series of sessions at the Library of Congress in which Jelly Roll nipped at a bottle as he talked and sang an oral history of jazz. There have been bowdlerized versions of these sessions, but jazz lovers deserve the full measure. □



Imported from England

Wartime Speeches of
Winston Churchill

Historic recordings of his world broadcasts and speeches, 1939-1945
Powerful and inspiring

2 cassette set $18.00 + 3.50 s/h
Visa, MC, Amex accepted

Order toll-free 800-370-1066

DAVIS & CO.
P.O. Box 3816
Portland, Maine 04104

Satisfaction guaranteed

ORDER NOW!
1-800 70-RIGHT
STYLE #104
T-SHIRTS ONLY $13.95
SWEATSHIRTS ONLY $19.95
STYLE #104 COFFEE MUGS! $7.95

POLITICALLY INCORRECT T-SHIRTS!

I BELIEVE LIFE IS SACRED, MARRIAGE IS FOREVER, GOVERNMENT IS TOO BIG, AND HOMOSEXUALITY IS DEVIANT BEHAVIOR.

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

I BELIEVE THAT UNBORN CHILDREN WITH BEATING HEARTS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO LIVE.

UNPOPULAR AS IT MAY SEEM, I DON'T MIND BEING...

Politically INCORRECT

Art is on the back of shirts w/logo on front, sweatshirts have image on front.

ORDER M-Sat. 8-6 or Mail Check/M.O. To: Politically Incorrect Apparel or PIA, P.O. Box 20441, Dept NR-3, Riverside, CA 92516
S-XL Price Shown, add $2 for XXL-T's, add $3 for XXL-Sweats
S&H 3.50 1st Shirt 1.50 ADDL. Shirts (CA Res. add 7.75% Sales tax)

NATIONAL REVIEW
READERS' SERVICE

If you have an inquiry about your subscription, would like to change your address, or would like to order a gift subscription, please call our readers' service representatives at
(815) 734-1232
Please call between 7:00 A.M. and 10:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Tradition

DIGBY ANDERSON

AFTER what John Buchan calls a "star turn" at Arras, General Hannay is ordered back out of the trenches of the Great War to England. He is to become Cornelius Brand. His orders are to pose as a pacifist and to mix with pacifists, the "shirkers," in order to find among them those who are betraying their country to her enemies. Buchan's views on the pacifists are, shall we say, robust. Hannay must "sink into the life of the half-baked . . . people who split hairs all day and are engrossed in . . . selfish little fads . . . and nauseous follies." He finds these people not in proper old English manors but "gimcrack arty little houses" in a town called Biggleswick.

Among them are the Weekses, "three girls who lived in a house so artistic that you broke your head whichever way you turned in it. It was their fashion never to admire anything that was obviously beautiful, like a sunset or a pretty woman, but to find loveliness in things which I thought hideous. . . . They hadn't much use for books, except some Russian ones [especially] *Leprous Souls*." They had a novelist friend, "the worst sort of blighter [who] considered himself a genius whom it was the duty of the country to support . . . He sought 'reality' and 'life' and 'truth,' but it was hard to see how he could know much about them as he spent half the day in bed. . . . Tuberculous in mind and body [he took his joy in] making jokes about the war."

There was Dr. Chirck, who lectured on " 'God' . . . a new name he had invented for himself [and] a terrible woman who had come back from Russia with what she called a 'message of healing.' "

Hannay is to join with a U.S. agent, John S. Blenkiron, to find the evil genius at the center of a spy ring giving secrets to Hun submarines. The adventure takes them to Glasgow among both treacherous socialists ("Them and their socialism. There's more gumption in a page of John Stuart Mill than in all that foreign trash") and the decent working men who "hate three things, the Germans, the profiteers, and the Irish." Then on to the Scottish isles, hidden messages, mysterious submarine landings in secluded bays, and chases across the hills, a change of disguise into an ordinary soldier, and flights and fights across Europe until the traitor is nailed.

John Buchan's *Mr. Standfast* is one of more than a dozen adventure novels he wrote, including the better known *Prester John*, *Thirty-Nine Steps*, and *Greenmantle*, and the less known *Courts of the Morning* and *Prince of the Captivity*. They are books essentially of the Twenties and Thirties but they stand in a much longer tradition. Arguably, it starts with Harrison Ainsworth and G. A. Henty's historical novels in the mid nineteenth century, for instance *Windsor Castle* and *A Cornet of Horse*. A slightly later figure is Robert Louis Stevenson, with such stories as *Kidnapped*; another, Conan Doyle and *The White Company*. But it got into full swing in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The key figure who is said to have influenced the Thirties writers was Anthony Hope (*Rupert of Hentzau*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and some ten others). Then came Rider Haggard, who was much more prolific than readers of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* know, and Baroness Orczy, author of at least 25 and best known for her Scarlet Pimpernel novels.

Add in P. C. Wren (*Beau Geste*), Percy Westerman (*Wilmshurst of the Frontier Force*), Rafael Sabatini (*Sea Hawk* and twenty-odd more), then later Russell Thorndike (creator of the pirate-parson *Dr. Syn*), Dornford Yates with his Bentley car chases across Europe to Transylvania to dig for buried treasure while consuming vast quantities of champagne, and Sapper, and you have the main part of the tradition. The last figure is probably C. S. Forester with his Hornblower books.

But what a tradition. The total output must be over three hundred novels, a glittering treasury of reaction, just the thing to form the character of any conservative boy and to reinvigorate conservative men. Girls too may read some of the tradition, but not Henty and Westerman.

What sort of tradition is it? Strong stories—yarns—and adventure: moral adventure. Good against bad. The heroes are brave, truthful, and usually—Dornford Yates is the exception here—self-deprecating. Hornblower has his nervous cough and shyness. The Scarlet Pimpernel's alter ego, the fop Sir Percy Blakeney, is the ultimate in playing down secret manly achievements. The values are patriotism, decency, friendship, honor, and, more than courage, a sort of recklessness in pursuit of duty, but a recklessness that does not put others at risk. Rider Haggard's heroes are always deciding to go on against all odds even when the Kaffir bearers have deserted them, taking away supplies and ammunition. Hornblower is forever cooking up schemes to "cut out" some vessel the Dons have anchored in an "impregnable" harbor. There is much wry humor in the face of adversity. This combination of strong adventure narrative, morality, and ironic self-deprecation has, as far as I know, no obvious equivalent in American literature.

As a boy, one read them for all this, the adventure and the morality. As an adult too, but for something else as well. For these books are the ultimate in political incorrectness. That is the point of the Buchan quotations above. They are incorrect on gender, class, nationality, progress, and multiculturalism. That does not mean they take the opposite view to the politically correct, or what the politically correct commissars would set up and then denounce as the opposite view. (Incidentally, how like Robespierre and his Committee of Public Safety today's PC police are.) Ladies, while decidedly ladylike, are not weak foolish things. They are plucky, jolly loyal, and in Buchan's novels capable of walking across mountains at a steady pace. Hope's Queen Flavia is as much concerned to do the honorable thing as his

Mr. Anderson mentioned some of these authors in an earlier review of William Bennett's The Book of Virtues *and received many requests for further information on them. This column is a response to those requests.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hero, Rudolf Rassendyl; her duty as Queen comes before her love for Rudolf. Sir Percy's wife, Marguerite, is as plucky as he.

In some books, ladies hardly figure and romance is rare. If you want all fighting and no love-business, the general rule is go for the sea. Girls are not supposed to go on boats, and the pirate-parson Dr. Syn even seems to avoid them on land. It is, however, noteworthy that the only bit of sex I can remember is when Hornblower is on land—but that is with a French lady, which is rather different. Nor are Africans all cowardly Kaffirs. Both Buchan and Haggard have black heroes, of a sort, in Prester John and Chaka. Chaka's Zulu military organization, says Haggard in *Nada the Lily*, is "the most wonderful in its way the world has seen." Chaka was a "colossal genius" though "a most evil man who slaughtered more than a million human beings" including his mother.

Which author in the tradition is the most incorrect? Buchan is probably incorrect about more things than anyone else. But Baroness Orczy goes further on one topic, one particularly commendable to Americans. She is quite good on the foul mob dancing the *carmagnole* and singing the everlasting "*Ça ira*" round the rouged and painted idol of the Goddess Reason. But her supreme achievement is the wonderful episode in which Sir Percy rescues the Abbé Edgeworth. When the foul zealots have set their hand on Louis, the Lord's anointed, it is Edgeworth who confesses him and prays with him at the guillotine. It is Edgeworth who raises the crucifix and cries out, "Son of St. Louis ascend to Heaven," as "the crime that can never hope for forgiveness, the sin against the Holy Ghost," is committed. The Republican mob pulls hairs from their dead king's head and dip them in his blood. And it is only their bloodthirstiness, their eagerness to bid as the executioner auctions off first the breeches for twenty *louis*, then the coat for thirty, that distracts them from the Scarlet Pimpernel spiriting away the faithful priest to safety. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

George Wallace: American Populist, by Stephan Lesher (Addison-Wesley, 587 pp., $29.95)

WHEN Governor George Wallace blocked the door of the University of Alabama to keep two black students from registering in 1963, a maintenance crew had painted white lines on the ground to mark where Wallace would stand, where federal agents would approach and then stop, where reporters would gather. Racism for Wallace, if not for many of his aides and supporters, often seemed more a matter of political theater than hatred; thus he rarely allowed his race-baiting to eclipse his vote-getting. And he did a lot of that—winning five terms as governor, the last in 1982 (by which time he was actively seeking black votes), and running for President three times. In this sympathetic biography, Mr. Lesher argues that the Wallace brand of populism—with promises of tax relief for the little guy, attacks on the Federal Government, and calls for law and order—has figured in some way in all winning presidential campaigns since Richard Nixon. "History," Mr. Lesher writes, "already has substantiated his idea of America." This glosses over too much: Wallace's us–them stemwinders, for instance, sound less like Ronald Reagan on free enterprise than Ross Perot on NAFTA. But, more modestly, it can be said that any party that ignores Wallace's unwashed middle class is doomed. Reading this engaging book, one can't help feeling a bit of admiration for a man who was a brave fighter, even for cowardly causes. —RICH LOWRY

Discovering the Laws of Life, by John Marks Templeton (Continuum, 300 pp., $22.95)

THIS IS a collection of daily readings on such old saws and verities as: "It is better to love than to be loved"; or "Lost time is never found again"; or "Men are punished by their sins, not for them." Some of it is familiar Twelve Step wisdom ("Holding onto grievances is a decision to suffer") but the tone is more active than therapeutic. A highly successful businessman and author, Mr. Templeton doesn't soothe so much as prod us on to "leave no stone unturned" in our quest for the good life. At 82 he's a man of amazing zeal, and yet at no point does one ever have the impression of the aging lion of industry holding forth on How I Did It. If anything the book attests to remarkable humility; his Laws are drawn from higher sources, often from the Bible, with Mr. Templeton merely explaining how his own experience has borne each one out. As with most such books, its value depends chiefly on one's impression of the author, the sense that he knows more about life than we do. Few among us will have cause for doubt. —MATTHEW SCULLY

I Shot an Elephant in My Pajamas, by Morrie Ryskind (Huntington House, 238 pp., $12.99)

THE YOUNG Morrie Ryskind, who later wrote some of Hollywood's funniest films and was an early contributor to *NR*, got hooked on humor the night his mother took him to see Will Rogers in a benefit performance at their neighborhood Yiddish theater; Rogers did his monologue in Yiddish and brought the house down. Ryskind grew up in New York in a warm, close immigrant family. Kicked out of Columbia for his opposition to U.S. involvement in World War I, he became a *New York World* reporter. This led to collaboration with the Gershwins and Broadway giant George S. Kaufman. One show starred the Marx Brothers, and later became one of several hit movies Ryskind wrote for them. Moving to California, he became a top screenwriter, but this career dried up soon after his growing conservatism led him to testify before Congress about Communist influence in the film business. He became a successful syndicated columnist and strong supporter of his friend Ronald Reagan. Late in life, in 1983, he began this beguiling and happy autobiography. —PETER HANNAFORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Travel

GARHWALS/HINDUKUSH/KARAKORAMS. Escorted overland safaris: Mountain tribes, jungles, plains, cities. Capers, Box 2789, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213. 310-657-0916.

Literary

America's biggest selection of

Bargain Books

FREE CATALOG offers thousands of publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints. **SAVE UP TO 80%** on yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed. Over 40 subject areas: **Politics,** Biography, History, Science, the Arts and more, starting as low as $1.95. Write:

HAMILTON

Box 15-918, Falls Village, CT 06031

SLICK WILLIE WIRE—Newsletter featuring Clinton clinkers, critiques, and crossfire. 800-45-SLICK.

DO YOU HAVE A BOOK to publish? Established co-operative publisher can help. Call 919-782-0281.

"DANGER AHEAD: Seven Major Problems With Clinton Economics." A must-read special report. Send $3 to the Institute for the Study of Economics, 13237 Montfort, Suite 544-N, Dallas, Tex. 75240.

TRAIN OF THOUGHT—"an audio magazine (cassette) bubbling with an elclectic blend of stories, essays, humor, mystery & music." (*Washington Post*). Free catalogue. 800-676-7166.

Vacation Rentals

MAUI—IDYLLIC OCEANFRONT 1-bedroom condo. $525 weekly. 818-796-3451.

BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED COLONIAL INN located on easily accessible Loyalist Island of Green Turtle Cay, Bahamas. Has attracted celebrity guests of every description, including a former U.S. President (Republican, of course), but mostly caters to nice ordinary folks. 60% repeat clientele. $55 double occupancy. Includes English breakfast, delightful dinner. Information: Sue Davies, 90 Edgewater Drive #PH24, Coral Gables, Fla. 33133. 305-665-5309. Direct: 809-365-4138.

Real Estate

MAKE IT MANHATTAN. Corporate co-op jewel. Stunning turnkey renovation in finest residential hotel off Park in 50s. One bedroom, excellent lock-off closets. Call 212-753-8600 Ext. 1703.

COLORADO DREAM. Rushing stream on 845.74 acres, next to government land. House & out buildings in outstanding setting with spectacular mountain views. $995,000. Call Ed at LPI. 800-495-2526.

Hotels

NEW YORK CITY

THE BEDFORD HOTEL

118 East 40th Street,

New York, N.Y. 10016

(Between Park and Lexington Aves.)

Here is the "great small hotel" you look for in a big city . . . beautifully decorated rooms and suites and friendly attentive service combine to offer you total comfort at an ideal mid-Manhattan location. Fully equipped kitchenettes are available.

Ask About Discount Rates

For *National Review* Readers

Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)

FAX (212) 697-1093

Restaurant — Cocktail Lounge

Educational Opportunities

¡ Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning. 91 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

Our 22nd year.

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 129 Guilford, CT 06437

YOUTH LEADERSHIP SCHOOL. Get started right politically! Our program launches hundreds of conservatives each year. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

FOREIGN SERVICE CAREERS begin here. Conservative? Looking for a job in the foreign service? The Leadership Institute can help. 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

HOMESCHOOL YOUR CHILDREN. Avoid violence, drugs, low standards. Information: 800-578-0387.

WIN FAVORABLE COVERAGE for your conservative cause. Public Relations School will teach you to get your message through hostile media. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, Va. 22151. 800-827-LEAD.

SAVE—Students Advocating Valid Education—is available to help students organize on campus to support excellent education and oppose PC. Call 612-780-8584 or write: SAVE, P. O. Box 49051, Minneapolis, Minn. 55449-0051.

FREE VIDEO. Accredited external degree programs. Holistic health care, nutrition, naturopathy programs. Also computer science, management, psychology & counseling, education, and other specialized programs. 800-945-1566. LaSalle University, Dept. #9640, Mandeville, La. 70470-4000.

Speak Spanish French or any of 81 Languages as diplomats do, using the same U.S. State Department easy self-study cassettes and Textbooks. Call for free Catalog:

Audio Language & Knowledge Institute

1202 Lexington Suite 272, NY, NY 10128.

800 722 6394

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes! Accredited bachelor's, master's, doctorates. Free revealing facts. Thorson-NR, P. O. Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

BE A PARALEGAL!

Attorney-instructed home study prepares you for an exciting future in America's hottest career. **Free booklet: 800-223-4542.**

Name _____ Age ____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The School of Paralegal Studies, Dept. LE173 6065 Roswell Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30328

Friendship Etc.

Single and Christian?

Share the insights of prominent Christian writers about issues that affect your life. Meet other single adults who share your values.

CALL 1-800-505-0505

FOR FREE INFORMATION AND COMPLIMENTARY NEWSLETTER

Among friends

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE® for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. P. O. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. 800-233-CMLS.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national service, has been getting unattached people together since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 610-358-5049.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES & eligible British gentlemen seek friendship, romance & marriage with American ladies & gentlemen—all ages! Free details: English Rose Introduction Agency (Dept. NR), Suite 2, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent, England. Tel/Fax: 011-44-843-290735.

RUSSIA, SCANDINAVIA, BRITAIN, France, U.S.A., etc.: Professional men, women worldwide seek friendship, marriage. Scanna International (est. 1980), P. O. Box 4-NR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 800-677-3170.

FOR THE BEST in Asian correspondence contact Pacific Rim Connection, P. O. Box 24882 GMF, Barrigada, Guam 96921.

PHILIPPINE PEN PALS: All Color photos—addresses included! *Hands Across the Sea*, P. O. Box 860, Saco, Me. 04072. 207-282-0682.

GORGEOUS ASIAN WOMEN! Penpals, romance, marriage. Color photos, $1. P.I.C., Box 461873-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. Free 32-page photo catalogue! Correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190NR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 408-980-7488.

ASIAN PENFRIENDS! Sunshine International Correspondence, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. 808-325-7707.

THAI, ASIAN, WORLDWIDE, LADIES seek friendship, romance. TAWL, P. O. Box 937-NR, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-0937. 808-329-5559.

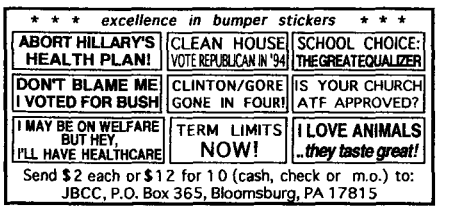
JAPANESE PENFRIENDS! 110 Pacific #208JW, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. 816-942-1668.

T-Shirts & Bumper Stickers

NEW!
ANY 3 T-SHIRTS $24.95 (plus $5 P&H)
CLINTON
Compost & Manure Co.
"YOUR LOAD IS ON ITS WAY"
1-800-422-6067
* Single T's- $14.95 + $2 P&H
* XXL T's+$1ea; XXXL T's+$3ea
READ THESE
WHAT DID THE PRESIDENT KNOW & WHEN DID HE SHRED IT?
WHAT DID HILLARY KNOW & WHEN DID SHE SHRED IT?
suport publick skools
When your organization needs printed T-shirts,
WE PRINT T-SHIRTS
call us.
Karl Marx
2/$6 4/$10 no P&H
800-422-6067
Blue Mountain Graphics
125 Liberty St. Allentown, PA 18102

"KENNEDY FOR LIFEGUARD": Button or Bumper Sticker $3. T-Shirt $15. The Right Stuff, 2627 S. Grant Street #48, Arlington, Va. 22202.

"HILLARY'S HEALTH CARE MAKES ME SICK!"©: Bumper stickers, 1/$3, 2/$5, 5+/$2 each. H.H.N.E., Box 702105, Tulsa, Okla. 74170.


* * * excellence in bumper stickers * * *
ABORT HILLARY'S HEALTH PLAN!
CLEAN HOUSE VOTE REPUBLICAN IN '94
SCHOOL CHOICE: THE GREAT EQUALIZER
DON'T BLAME ME I VOTED FOR BUSH
CLINTON/GORE GONE IN FOUR!
IS YOUR CHURCH ATF APPROVED?
I MAY BE ON WELFARE BUT HEY, I'LL HAVE HEALTHCARE
TERM LIMITS NOW!
I LOVE ANIMALS ..they taste great!
Send $2 each or $12 for 10 (cash, check or m.o.) to:
JBCC, P.O. Box 365, Bloomsburg, PA 17815

"CHELSEA HAS TWO MOMMIES": Bumper stickers, $2 (3/$5). T-Shirts $16.75. Free catalogue. LiberTees, P. O. Box 1332, Merlin, Ore. 97532.

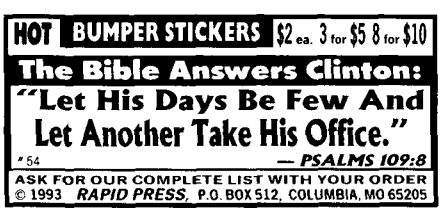
You knew it.
We knew it.
Now everyone can know it!

Dan Quayle was right!!

*** BUMPER STICKERS ***
Send $1 each or $8 for 10 (cash, check, or m.o.) to:
IRSC, 200 South Meridian, #400, Indianapolis, IN 46225

CREATE YOUR OWN bumper sticker! You pick the phrase. $3 each plus $1 shipping per 5. Timothy Jensen, P. O. Box 1095-N, Mission, S.D. 57555.

Bumperstickers, Buttons and Envelope Stickers
NEW
NEW
GORE in '94
pre-paid by WHITEWATER committee for president
I Love Animals They're Delicious!
COME ON! HE'S GOTTA BE INHALING!
Clinton's 1040 EZ Tax Plan:
JU$T $END IT ALL!
HILLARY'S National Healthcare = Efficiency of Postal Service and Compassion of I.R.S. at bargain prices of Pentagon.
IMPEACH HILLARY
First Hillary Then Gennifer NOW US!
WARNING: Accelerate for Liberals
SPOTTED OWLS Taste Like CHICKEN!
HE'S TAN, RESTED, AND READY!
NIXON IN '96!
Clinton/Gore Leaders of a NEW DEGENERATION
IMPEACH the Clintons
1+ $3 ea. 5+ $2 ea. 25+ $1.25ea. 100+ $1 ea. 250+ $.85 ea!
STYLES AND ITEMS MAY BE MIXED AND MATCHED TO REACH PRICE BREAKS
Postage & Handling $0-10: $1.50
Please add $1 for each additional $10 (i.e. $11-$20: $2.50)
Send check or $ order: The Rascals/YL!
833 N.St. Mary's St., San Antonio, TX, 78205.
Order inquiries, Free Catalog (210)225-3437
MC/VISA/DISC 1-800-726-7105


HOT BUMPER STICKERS $2 ea. 3 for $5 8 for $10
The Bible Answers Clinton:
"Let His Days Be Few And Let Another Take His Office."
— PSALMS 109:8
ASK FOR OUR COMPLETE LIST WITH YOUR ORDER
© 1993 RAPID PRESS, P.O. BOX 512, COLUMBIA, MO 65205

Coffee Service

OFFICES, SHOPS, HOMES—try our "Home Brew" Gourmet Coffee Prepacks. Receive *free* ten-cup coffeemaker! Contact: D'Amico Foods. 718-875-5403; Fax 718-875-0998.

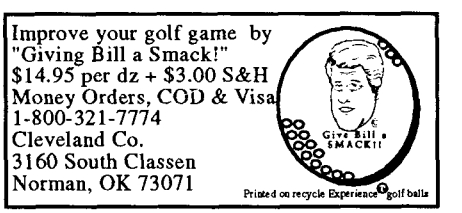
For Sale

THE CLINTON MONEY CLIP MAGNET. Perfect for home or offfice. Send $2.25 to: Unobtainium Enterprises, 1240 South Julian Street, Denver, Colo. 80219.

MISS LUCY'S HOUSE. Acoustic new folk music by Marianne Paluso. 10-song chrome cassette. Strong Judeo-Christian values. "Hauntingly beautiful" and "[Marianne's] songwriting can only be described in superlatives" declared *Home & Studio Recording* magazine (6/93). $10 each. Mountain Pony, Box 90247, Knoxville, Tenn. 37990.

WHITEWATER DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
D/B/A/ ROUGH WATER AHEAD
EMBROIDERED HATS
LIMITED EDITION
ORDER YOURS TODAY!
Embroidered Black Cap $15.95
Embroidered Black Polo Shirt
100% Cotton S,M,L,XL $25.95 XXL $28.95
CREATIVE EMBROIDERY, Inc. Dept. AN
4585 N. Dixie Hwy. Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334
Credit Card Orders Fax: 305 771-9465
M/C, VISA, Check, Money Order
Add $3.00 for Shipping/Handling
FL Residents Add 6% Sales Tax
SHIPPED IN 5 DAYS

CLINTONOMICS—IF IT'S not one thing, it's another . . . and when it is one thing, it's another! HILLAREFORM—It's to die for! Crying towels—golf style. Specify @ $14.75 each plus $3.25 S/H per address. Check/M.O. to: DCT'S, P. O. Box 690565, Tulsa, Okla. 74169-0565.


Improve your golf game by "Giving Bill a Smack!"
$14.95 per dz + $3.00 S&H
Money Orders, COD & Visa
1-800-321-7774
Cleveland Co.
3160 South Classen
Norman, OK 73071
Give Bill a SMACK!!
Printed on recycle Experience golf balls

UNCOMMON TALKS "The Constitution Today," by Otto Scott, audio tape. Send $10: P. O. Box 539, Penn Valley, Calif. 95946.

HAVE FUN!
SLICK WILLY DOOR MATS
Reads "Wipe Feet Liberally"
Get one: Invest in America
High quality, 5 color print
on 18X27" Gray Pile Olefin Mat
$19.95 + $4.00 Shipping and Handling
Check or M.O. to BUBBA
3333 Buchanan, Memphis, TN 38122
AND PULL A CLINTON!
(901) 454-1543

Financial

INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO ANALYSIS. Integrate Zacks, ValueLine, etc., with custom algorithms into Windows program. Automate data download, selection, report generation within Windows. ParkereSSe Ltd. 703-752-2711.

Business Opportunities

MARKET CRASH
Banks too. Profit wildly.
Own stocks? INSURE them cheaply.
No stocks? Multiply your money!
(Average 1,000% Dec. '91, Proof avail.).
Sleep better!! An HONEST firm.
Four Seasons Investing
(310) 202-0934

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET PAID for reading books! $100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing (Dept. C-638), 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

ORTHODONTIST, SOUTHEAST U.S., 36-year practice, seeking qualified orthodontist to purchase practice, allowing retirement. Deeply committed Judeo-Christian ethic. If character and integrity are not important, do not respond. Résumé to NR Box 2213.

Computers

LOBBY CONGRESS with "Influence" PC software. Free information. 800-532-8788. NR4184.

GET THE MOST OUT of your computer system. Computer expert will show you how to maximize the productivity of your PC or network. Extremely cost-effective solutions using packaged software where possible, custom programming if necessary (Xbase, C++). F. Bruce Pettit, CDP. 516-889-7558.

Games

PLAY-BY-MAIL POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS. Create candidates, tackle issues. Details $5. Tri-J Communications, Dept. NR, P. O. Drawer K, Galveston, Tex. 77552.

Miscellaneous

WANTED: VCR'S OF "Wings of the Morning" and "Vivere." R. Bannon, Box 811, Montpelier, Vt. 05601. Or call 802-229-0703.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $4.00 per word (10-word minimum). Phone number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P. O. Box, S.A.S.E., etc.) count as one word.

Frequency Discounts: 4 times, $3.75 per word; 6 times, $3.50 per word; 8 or more times, $3.25 per word.

NR Box Numbers: $10 additional (one-time only charge). Responses forwarded by 1st-class mail.

Display Ads: Minimum 1-inch, maximum 9 1/2 inches (vertical). Width 2 1/4 inches. One time, $200 per column inch; 4 times, $185 per column inch; 8 times, $170 per column inch; 10 or more times, $150 per column inch. Camera-ready art (to size) must be provided. Display rates apply to Classified section only.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check, money order (payable to NATIONAL REVIEW), MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address: Tony Savage, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. FAX: 212-696-0304.

Restrictions: The primary function of the Classified section is to facilitate one of the essential mechanisms of the free marketplace by bringing together willing buyers and willing sellers. However, *NR* may reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, without comment. Such rejections are almost always based on our interpretation of common decency and good taste. Partisan political viewpoints expressed in connection with specific goods or services are the sole responsibility of the advertiser, and are not necessarily a reflection of *NR*'s editorial position.

BOWMAN

(Continued from page 24)

you're a man." Such a spectacle makes one wonder with Michael Barone of *U.S. News & World Report* if Mrs. Clinton has become "a liability to feminism." Certainly the potential of feminist solidarity to be a liability to journalism was evident in the admission by Margaret Carlson of *Time* to Howard Kurtz of the *Washington Post* that "as much as we try to think otherwise, when you're covering someone like yourself, and your position in life is insecure, she's your mascot. Something inside you roots for her. You're rooting for your team. I try to get that bias out, but for many of us it's there."

Many have taken this as an indiscretion, a damaging admission by Miss Carlson, but it is also an honest recognition of the feminist dilemma over Whitewater. This is that the kind of indulgence toward Mrs. Clinton's past activities that she would like to claim and that certain feminists would like to give her risks putting this paradigmatic Nineties woman on a new kind of Victorian pedestal. As Miss Carlson told Howard Kurtz, "She hasn't been taken on personally. Some men reporters may still treat her like a girl. It's condescending." Can it be feminist to crave such condescension? Perhaps the "moment of human truth" with Mrs. Clinton came when she told *Newsweek* that the reason she had resisted making disclosures about Whitewater was that she had "a big thing about" privacy—as if she were a teenager complaining that her mother had read her diary. This feminist, at least, wants to reserve the right to be treated like a girl when it suits her.□

MOUSSALLI

(Continued from page 46)

Environment and Development, which is making plans "for the entire planet into the distant future." In any event, people don't place too highly in his ranking of values, as he indicated in a casual remark that "[m]aintaining the health and happiness of the population is as essential to protecting the natural environment as any program to control logging . . ."

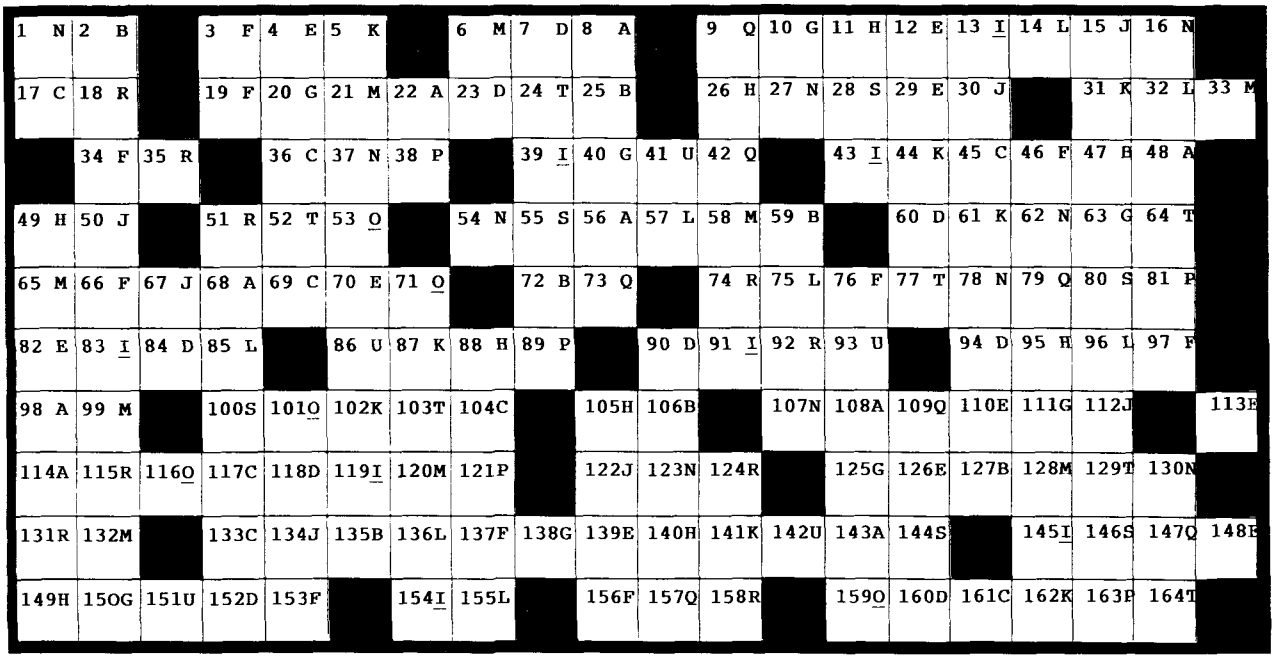
Why such antipathy to people and freedom at Worldwatch? The adolescent millenarianism typical of radical environmentalism is undoubtedly one reason the Institute endorses such devastating sacrifices of (other) people's lives and welfare. Then, too, there is the sheer glamor of power. Insisting on democracy wouldn't elicit many invitations to spend "four weeks . . . advising the Royal Government" with "a private meeting" with the king thrown in. And this king, handsome and young, exotically garbed but fluent in English, married to four sisters but frequently to be found on his basketball court, is practically a fairy-tale prince. Western writers frequently compare his regime to Camelot, and refer to its magical qualities. The seduction of Flavin must have been a matter of routine to Jigme Singye.

Flavin's sort of Shangri-La ought to be rated "X" and reserved for consenting adults only. But the Bhutanese haven't consented to this life on the cutting edge of ecosocialism. If I were Bhutanese, and saw a child die from a sudden fever that antibiotics could have cured if it hadn't taken two days to walk to a clinic, or watched my husband grow old prematurely behind a team of oxen and a friend, unmarriageable because of physical handicaps, grow sour for lack of modern job opportunities, and knew that one of the causes of all this was Worldwatch's apocalyptic chic, I think that I might even come to regard Christopher Flavin and company as oppressors and exploiters instead of paradise preservers.

Stable democracies like the United States mute the influence of fanatic movements, so that even an ecosocialist Vice President, for example, must constantly compromise. In such countries, Worldwatch-type policies afflict primarily that relatively small percentage of the public which is poor, while only making the middle class less comfortable, rather than desperate. But in some parts of the Third World, Worldwatch's genteel passion weds the naked violence of government in its worst state, and begets frequent misery and occasional horror. This is roughly the same allocation of misfortune between the free and unfree worlds that traditional socialism made. Perhaps we need a new version of the Committee for the Free World, which, through 1990, devoted itself to delegitimizing leftist fellow-travelers in the West. Certainly something is needed to prevent Worldwatch from changing "the course of history." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Bacon's was one — 114 108 68 8 143 56 98 22 48

B. Not for polite company — 106 59 2 25 47 127 72 135

C. Pols hiring their nearest and dearest — 161 69 133 17 36 117 104 45

D. Beat about the bush (3 words) — 90 160 23 84 152 118 7 60 94

E. Its new name is Burkina Faso (2 words) — 139 113 12 29 70 148 110 4 82 126

F. Lead us not into this — 153 66 46 19 156 3 97 137 34 76

G. Usually — 138 40 125 111 20 63 150 10

H. Basketball break — 95 149 140 26 105 49 11 88

I. Forceful — 119 39 145 83 91 13 154 43

J. Speech defect — 50 122 134 15 67 112 30

K. Rodgers and Hammerstein hit — 44 102 5 162 87 31 61 141

L. Marginal scrawling? — 155 75 85 96 136 57 14 32

M. Old or New — 21 33 132 99 128 65 58 120 6

N. Cowboy's first ride? (2 words) — 123 1 107 54 130 37 62 78 16 27

O. Burros—but really stupid ones — 101 159 116 53 71

P. Like the overworked professor at exam time — 163 38 81 121 89

Q. Does Fido's job — 73 147 42 109 157 79 9

R. Does the job — 124 35 18 158 74 51 131 92 115

S. Important church body — 28 55 80 100 146 144

T. Intellectual of the Fifties — 164 64 77 52 103 24 129

U. Adjust — 142 151 41 93 86

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. NATIONAL REVIEW: *Yikes:* "Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders's recent musings about legalizing drugs edge her over in the direction of William F. Buckley Jr. and Milton Friedman. That sound you hear is Hell freezing over."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Learning From Hong Kong

NEW YORK, MARCH 14

"Our tax system siphons out of the private economy too large a share of personal and business purchasing power. Surely the lesson of the last decade is that budget deficits are not caused by wild-eyed spenders but by slow economic growth and periodic recessions. In short, it is a paradoxical truth that tax rates are too high today and tax revenues are too low and the soundest way to raise the revenues in the long run is to [lower] the rates now." Yes, it does sound like Jack Kemp, but the excerpt is from John F. Kennedy, addressing the Economic Club of New York in 1962. Beginning with the Administration of Ronald Reagan, heightening at the time of the 1981 tax cut, critics of supply-side reasoning overwhelmed the economic culture of the United States. It is for that reason among others an important political development that when Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen went to Tokyo in January, his message to the Japanese was this: "I believe that cutting the income tax is putting money into consumers' pockets where they can buy products and, frankly, raise their standard of living."

The evidence pours in.

In Japan, the top marginal tax rate is 50 per cent, though there are many other taxes, of course, as in the United States. In Hong Kong, the top marginal rate is 15 per cent.

What share of the economic load do the high earners bear?

In Japan, the taxes of the top earners account for about one-half of income-tax revenue. In Hong Kong, the wealthiest—who pay only 15 per cent—account for 70 per cent of the revenue.

Inquire now about the other end of the economic scale. Even the poorest Japanese pay some income tax. In Hong Kong, up until a few weeks ago, 46 per cent of the people paid no tax at all. A week ago, Financial Secretary Sir Hamish Macleod, surveying the proceeds from taxes, adjusted the tax to remove 420,000 Hong Kong residents from the rolls entirely. So that at this point 58 per cent of Hong Kong residents pay zero taxes, and all the expenses of the colony are adequately coped with by the highest tax—15 per cent. Mr. MacLeod took the occasion to make some projections. When China takes over the government of Hong Kong in 1997, the colony will have a surplus in its treasury of U.S.$34 billion. Governor Chris Patten, who is doing his best to implement self-government before the Communist juggernaut sweeps down, has announced that China will in 1997 inherit "the largest dowry since Cleopatra."

The data tell us a great deal, but mostly not about what we don't know in economics, but what we refuse to heed in economics.

David Brooks is deputy editor of the European edition of the *Wall Street Journal*. He wrote a week ago an incisive editorial in which he reminds us, that for all the legendary brilliance of educational training in France, there is an abysmal ignorance of economic truisms. That would appear to account for Prime Minister Balladur's truckling to any interest group on any subject, provided the protest is passionate enough, and passion is a birthright of the French. Their training, points out Mr. Brooks, is philosophical in its complexion. Is it *right* to surrender French culture to Hollywood? Is it *right* to permit British fishermen to bring their produce to sell in France, when there are French fishermen who cannot compete at such prices? Is it right to jeopardize the living of French farmers, merely to further the general aim of encouraging a free market that will reduce prices, and augment the standard of living? And what about the notion of permitting younger people to accept a lower wage—so that they can do *something*? Twelve per cent of the French are unemployed. Is that right?

No, it isn't "right"—but the staggering welfare load of France (about 50 per cent of GDP pours into government enterprises) causes economic sclerosis, and if that is not "right"—do something about it. Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany are telling us something, which is that the generations that rose up in the Sixties seem to prefer stagnation and unemployment to such alternatives as are dramatized by Hong Kong. □

© Mal Ent., Inc.

Ka-Pow! He's Famous

NEW YORK, MARCH 16

Mr. B. Drummond Ayres Jr. of the *New York Times* filed a story last week under the headline, "In a City of Graffiti, Gangs Turn to Violence to Protect Their Art." "'Sometimes when I'm walking down the street and I see this bare wall, the urge hits me and, like, I just can't control it,' Alex Alvarez said, explaining why he is one of thousands of teenagers scribbling graffiti in Los Angeles." We learn that the artists are called "taggers," that in their zeal to protect their turf there are now "frequent beatings," that one tagger is thought to be responsible for "three recent slayings." Alvarez is quoted, "I write my name up there and—KA-POW!—I'm famous."

KA-POW could also be used to describe the sound of a rattan rod descending on the bared buttocks of the young tagger, which is what would happen in the event he attempted practicing his trade in Singapore. And that is what the current dispute is all about, engaging the attention even of the President of the United States.

Some time ago an 18-year-old American living in Singapore with his mother and stepfather undertook, with a group of accomplices, to paint graffiti on 18 automobiles and to switch license plates.

The taggers were apprehended. The news stories do not advise what were the sentences meted out to the Singaporeans, but much attention has been given to the sentence handed down to the American. The fine is $2,230, the jail term is four months: and there is to be corporal punishment, six strokes.

Now those of us innocent of the use of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rattan in Singapore are understandably skeptical of the report by the father of the boy. The complaint, reverberated throughout the echo chambers of Western sensibilities, is based on the father's metaphor. The paint was washed off the vandalized automobiles, said the father, but six strokes of the rattan inflicts scars on the human flesh, and "those scars will not wash off."

We do not know if the authorities in Singapore have confronted the scar question. What they have said is that under Singapore law, the offender might have been subjected to sixteen, not six strokes; and that Singapore was not going to have one set of laws for its own people, and another for Americans.

One's mind traces back to the furious debates a generation ago over the Status of Forces Agreement. When U.S. troops began to move in, in pursuit of treaty obligations, in Europe and Asia, the question arose, Were U.S. soldiers subject to the identical punishment natives would receive, even when cultural differences shouted at you their irreconcilability? The Status of Forces Agreement survived the objections of Americans who backed the Bricker Amendment, which would have denied to any signatory to a treaty the exercise of rights over Americans not expressly authorized by Congress. One American soldier, out for an evening of relaxation, was entrapped by a Turkish doll into exchanging some dollars for the local currency. KA-POW, the American was taken in by the police and flogged. Although the Agreement was signed and ratified, the diplomatic understanding reached under the table was, I suspect, that an American caught drinking booze in Saudi Arabia would not have his hand chopped off.

Now the Singapore sentencing of the 18-year old comes close to the line over which cultural differences become critical. In Malaysia and in Singapore, people who are caught trafficking in drugs are hanged. That does not cross the line, inasmuch as people are also hanged in the United States. And flogging was legal in Maryland until the Second World War. Whether if it were revived it could withstand a challenge pleading the constitutional guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment we cannot know.

If indeed a stroke by a rattan rod results in a scar, we can (I write as a layman) denounce the practice as intolerable, a form of torture. If it does less than that, which is probable given that as many as three dozen strokes are authorized under the law, then we are justified in holding our peace, relying on the convention that, when in Rome, one does as the Romans do.

And perhaps even ask ourselves wistfully whether the government of Singapore, were it given jurisdiction over Los Angeles for a year or two, might not spare the bodies and save the lives of the dozens and hundreds—and thousands?—of citizens, young and old, who as things now stand are hostage not merely to the courts and their elected representatives, but also to taggers, who want to do something that, KA-POW, makes them famous. □

Clinton's Dying Plan

NEW YORK, MARCH 11

Michael Barone, a columnist for *U.S. News & World Report*, adds his voice to a quite general clamor against the excesses and misjudgments of Hillary Clinton. He complains about her bad judgment in endorsing a health plan the axes of which slip from the memory an hour or two after a sweaty session devoted to mastering them. Then Mr. Barone says almost in passing that there isn't any way the Clinton health plan is going to get through Congress. Under the circumstances the whole thing is a great dissipation of political and analytical energy, serving no purpose save to remind us all that improvements should be made. But one wonders that this was necessary. A snowfall over your driveway should be enough to remind you to remove the snow.

The political insiders are consoling themselves, indeed congratulating themselves, by saying that even though the Clinton program will not pass, something will pass, and the voting public will think of Mr. Clinton as responsible for it. This is entirely possible—people go around congratulating Clinton on ending the recession. But in the matter of health, the one great reform that is needed is not in prospect. It is to do away with all employer contributions to health care and let the money now going from management to insurer go instead from management to insured. That is the key to true progress. But even under the constraints of the crazy management-insurance arrangement, progress has been made simply by the exercise of a little native ingenuity.

The people at Forbes have been sending out a package calling attention to their own experience, chronicled in the *Reader's Digest* last October. The Forbes Plan was orchestrated before Mr. Clinton was nominated for President, which makes it difficult for people who praise it or, better, emulate it, to give Mr. Clinton the credit.

It is this simple. Along around 1990, the Forbes Company studied the rising cost of health insurance for its few hundred employees and decided something had to be done. It turned to its employees and said: If you submit medical/dental claims at the end of a year that are less than $600, we'll match the saving. For instance, John submits $400 in claims in a year, which is to say, $200 less than the limit. So Forbes gives him a bonus check for twice the saving, or $400. That is a wonderfully good incentive not to spend needlessly on medicine.

How can Forbes do this? It is of course as simple as that the insurance company now finds itself facing diminished claims, rather than increased claims, and reduces the cost of its insurance to Forbes. Instead of the anticipated 20 per cent rise in insurance costs, after the first year, Forbes's premiums were *down* 2 per cent. And many Forbes employees are enjoying the fruit of their own husbandry, which is as it ought to be.

The Forbes plan is of course one of myriad designs that a free society can exfoliate to provide what is everywhere desired, a decrease in the cost of medical overhead. The problem of the uninsured needs to be treated empirically, and indeed is already being treated incrementally. Last year the per-capita expenditure on medicine for those who had insurance was $1,400. The per-capita expenditure on those who did not have insurance was—$900. If there are 37 million uninsured—that is the figure we all hear, though every now and then Mr. Clinton expands it, as he most recently did, to 57 million—where is the money coming from? We are talking about more than $30 billion.

What the public is yearning for isn't so much the universalization of health care as it is the security that comes from portability: coverage that sticks with you like a birthmark, from job to job, in sickness and in health. The notion that the way to provide this is to have presidentially appointed bureaucrats preside like the college of cardinals over mother health tells us nothing more than that statism continues to be the major tropism of Democratic policy wonks. Universalize the savings Forbes has engineered, go one step better and let the employee buy his own insurance with pre-tax dollars, specifying his own deductible, and the problem dies of atrophy. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

The Only Kind of Air

INCREDIBLY, many conservatives are still haunted by charges of "mean-spirited rhetoric" at the 1992 Republican convention. Personally, I thought it was great; I haven't had so much fun since the Girl Scouts and the Mormons got a shock from my broken doorbell.

The conservative at war with his own temperament is a curious spectacle that began in the New Deal, when Republicans were shamed into joining the race to compassion. At first a merely fatuous Me Tooism, it grew into the logic-defying desperation of Eisenhower's earnest credo: "I'm a conservative on fiscal issues but a liberal on human issues."

Thirty years ago Barry Goldwater called himself a "cheerful malcontent." Now Bill Kristol calls himself a "cheerful pessimist" and Rush Limbaugh calls himself "a harmless little fuzzball." The Christian Coalition recently advised its members to soften "intemperate rhetoric and show more tolerance"; instead of using metaphors like "religious war," they should substitute sports analogies because they "sound playful."

At the American Cause conference on ending welfare, Charles Sykes took his idioms from the old vaudeville melodrama about the evil landlord and the sweet young mortgagee: "We don't need to be perceived as simply flinthearted about this. We need to re-establish what it means to really care about people and show that conservatives are not simply pennypinchers. There is a conservatism of the heart."

How, pray, is it possible to practice conservatism of the heart and at the same time "bring back the stigma of unwed motherhood"? You can't just say, "The stigma is back." Knowing the words is not enough, we must also know the tune, and as anyone can testify who was in junior high when Ingrid Bergman got caught, it is a heartless chorus involving shunning, smirks behind hands, and smug hubris ("It won't happen to me"), and it is sung chiefly by other women.

These heart-and-caring conservatives sound like transfer students trying to be popular fast. Or like those Nice Women who flutter around saying, "I just want everybody to be happy," whenever a family fight gets interesting. Before getting bogged down in A Place Called Slop they should realize that if they lack the courage of their temperament, it won't be long before they lack the courage of their convictions.

The conservative temperament is masculine-realist; the liberal temperament is feminine-idealist. In literary terms it assays out to classicism versus romanticism. Ours is most assuredly a bleak mindset, but as Dryden scholar John J. Enck pointed out: "Reason, as the seventeenth century regarded it, tends to unearth in even the most personal and intense suffering, ironies whose very recognition furnishes a sardonic strength."

I have found this to be true. Somebody is always calling me "mean-spirited," while my more imaginative enemies have come up with "Fascist Flossie" and "Ku Klux King." I refuse to try to soften myself, however, because I understand the benefits of the conservative temperament.

Conservatives fare better psychologically because we don't expect much of human nature. Our outlook provides an answer to the question that destroys so many idealists: "How can people do such things?" I knew a Jewish woman who read one Holocaust book after another, trying to find the answer in ever more arcane speculations. She thought if she could trace the Holocaust to Wagner's music, German cleanliness—anything—she would understand it and be able to banish her horror. She eventually had a nervous breakdown because she clung to her idealistic belief in the perfectibility of mankind. A conservative, by contrast, readily admits that human nature is inherently bad and people are capable of anything. It's not a pretty thought but it explains the inexplicable, which is some comfort.

The liberal temperament, however, is based on the discomfiting arrangement that Tennessee Williams called "the kindness of strangers." In an egalitarian democracy the only source of respect and dignity is the "niceness" we practice on each other. It's an eerily sinister version of the behavior of royalty, who must be gracious all the time because it makes the common people feel safe. The difference is that being smiled upon by a queen is reassuring, but being smiled upon by a determined humanitarian makes people aware of the arbitrary nature of the humanitarian impulse and leaves them feeling more, not less, insecure.

REAL humanitarians tend to be curmudgeons because they must deal with bureaucratic blockheads. One of the shortest fuses in history belonged to its foremost angel of mercy, Florence Nightingale, who was also a foremost female misogynist. Admonished by a do-gooder about the dangers of exposing patients to night air, she exploded: "It's the only kind of air there is at night!"

To thine own self be true. If liberals call you mean-spirited, ask: "Don't you ever feel like saying what you really think instead of smiling and saying what you're supposed to think?" They have to agree, else look like one-celled blobs without a nervous system, floating in a Petri dish.

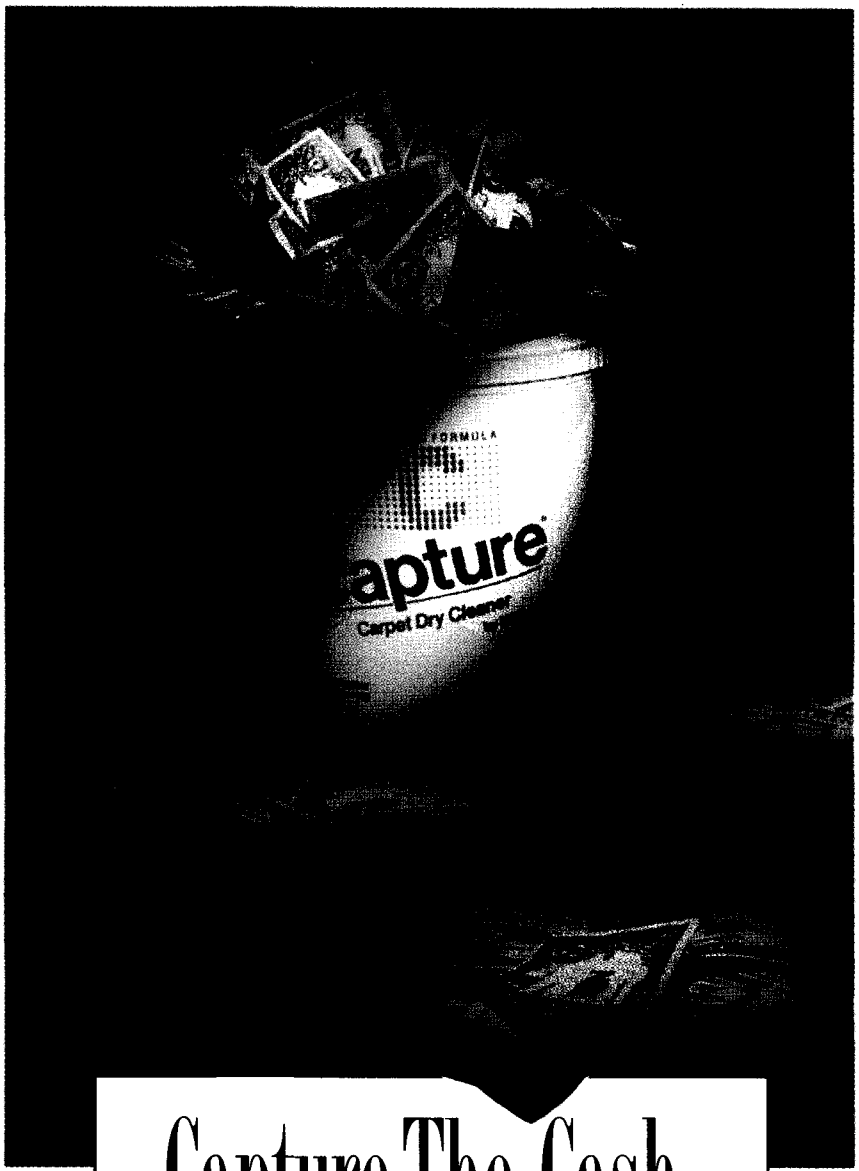
If you really want to destroy them, offer my cure for crime: "The only thing that really works is fear itself." The New Deal rhythms drive them nuts. —FLORENCE KING

"Sin taxes? Now, why didn't I think of that?"

Miss King's first book, Southern Ladies and Gentlemen, *has just been reissued in paperback (St. Martin's).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILLIKEN



Capture The Cash.

Now there's a way for you to cash in on a great Milliken product without a big investment! We want you to be a Milliken Place dealer. So we've got a great offer for you. With just a small investment, and minimal floor space, you can clean up selling Milliken's extraordinary dry carpet cleaner.

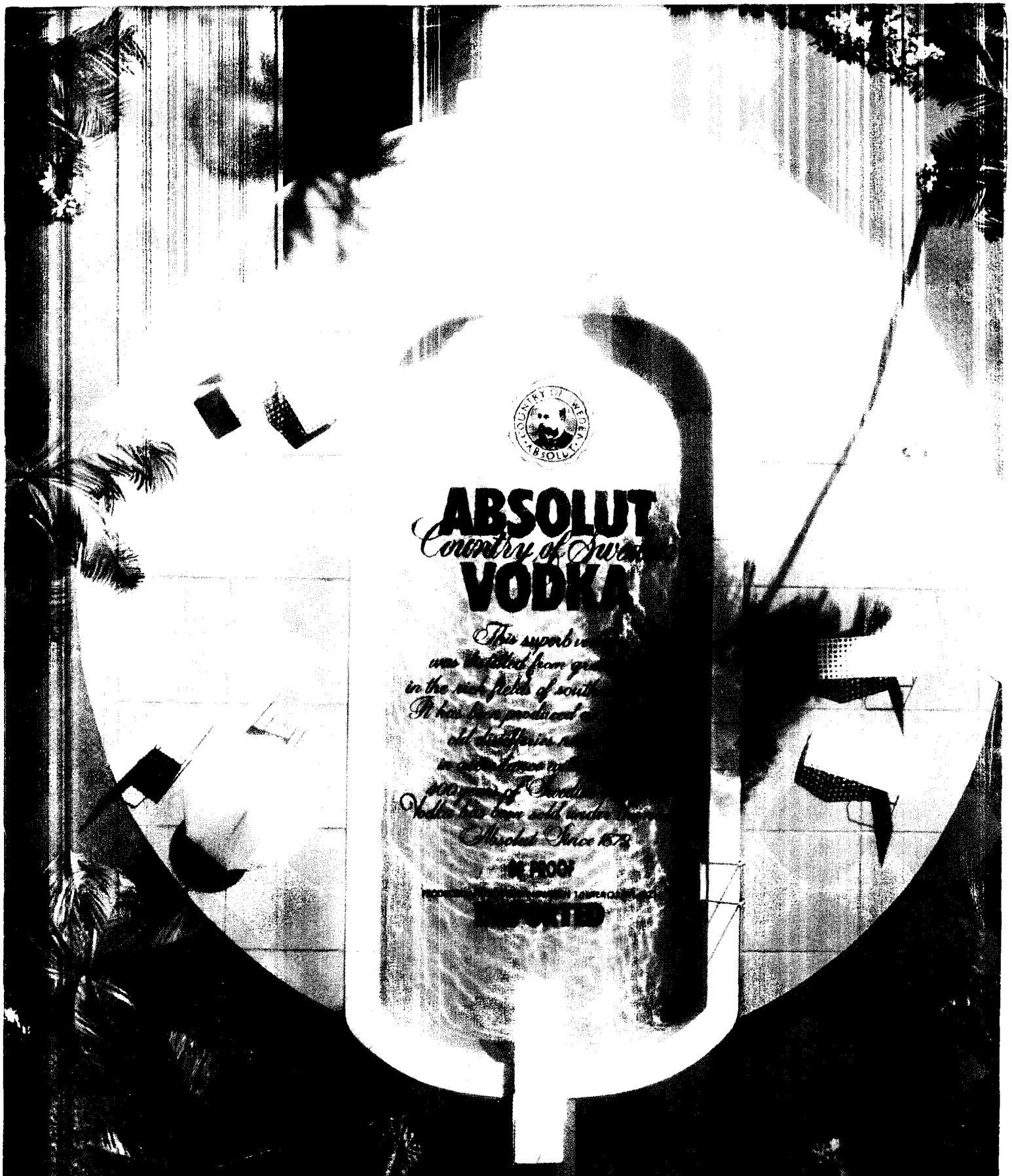
Just call

1-800-223-1535

8 am - 5 pm Eastern Time

And capture the cash,
with Capture by Milliken.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ABSOLUT L.A.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF VODKA/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1987 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED